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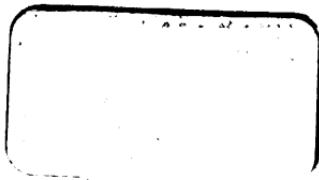


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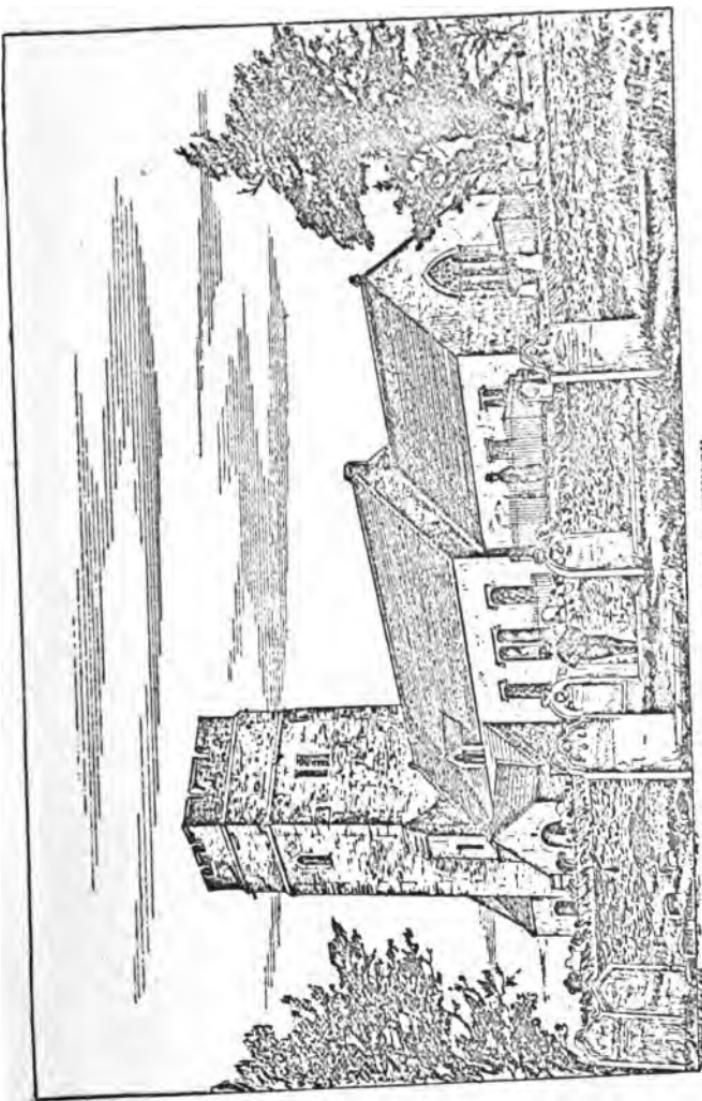


FROM THE BEQUEST OF

THOMAS WREN WARD

TREASURER OF HARVARD COLLEGE
1830-1849

Le Reynolds



THE PARISH CHURCH.

HISTORY

OF

LLANGYNWYD PARISH,

(WITH ILLUSTRATIONS).

BY

T. C. EVANS (CADRAWD).

"Cared pob un ei gynheitref"—*Let every one love his native place.*—WELSH PROVERB.

LLANELLY:

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P R E F A C E.

In presenting this volume—a History of my native Parish of Llan-gynwyd—to the public, I beg to acknowledge the great assistance of several esteemed friends. First and foremost, I have to express my thanks to our Vicar, for his kind permission to make use of his contributions in the old *Bridgend Chronicle*, on the Rev. Samuel Jones, of Brynllwarch; as well as letters written by the late Mrs. Pendril Llewelyn, in the *Merthyr Guardian* (1845), and her translations of Will Hopkin's Songs. I am also indebted to the Vicar for his permission to search the Parish Registers, and his willing help in deciphering many a partially obliterated passage in the older records.

I am, likewise, under great obligation to David Jones, Esq., Norton Lodge, Wallington, for his kind, and, indeed, invaluable aid, in obtaining for me, from the Record Office, the British Museum, &c., transcripts of the ancient documents, and other material contained in the present History, and for many useful suggestions and much kind help.

My best thanks are also due to Mr. Rhys D. Morgan (*Ab Lleurug*), Maesteg, for translating, expressly for this work, several songs and fragments of poetry, and for other valuable assistance. While the labour of procuring facts and searching for material has devolved upon myself, I am indebted to Mr. Morgan for much in the way of amplification and criticism upon subjects with which he is well known to be conversant. Notably has this been the case in the passages referring to the Ledgers of the Rev. John Parry, and the various local poets.

Last, but not least, must be mentioned the late Mr. John Howell, of St. Athan, to whom I am indebted for many favours. It is to be regretted that Mr. Howell's contributions to the English Press are not better known by his own countrymen. He was a man

richly endowed with those high mental qualifications which constitute the true genius.

I trust that the friends among whom I have lived will not deem it presumptuous in me that I appear before them in the capacity of a local historian. The work has entailed a considerable amount of labour, and has not been devoid of anxiety. I have no other ambition than to be the means of rescuing and preserving, for the generations that will follow, the history, traditions, and the conversation of the native inhabitants of this typical old Welsh Parish; and should my efforts prove interesting to the many sons and daughters of "Yr Hwnt Blwyd," who may be found scattered over the four quarters of the globe, and remind them, wherever they may be, of the happy days spent among these hills, I shall feel content.

Care has been taken not to make use of any quotation without reference to the original, from which it will be observed how great are my obligations to others in this respect.

With these explanations, I desire to submit the toil of years to the judgment of my readers.

THE AUTHOR.

Llangynwyd Village,

April, 1887.



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HISTORY OF LLANGYNWYD.

CHAPTER I.

Name of the Parish.—Patron Saint.—Situation—Extent.—Division.—Population—The river Llyfniwy.—Geology.—Soil, &c.



THE prefix *Llan* was at first applied to churches and chapels indiscriminately, and in determining the antiquity of chapels, it may be considered that such as have their names compounded with this word are of the older kind. But as the word is understood at present it means not only the Church, but the sacred spot which surrounds it, and in this sense the idea of "Enclosure" is also observable in its compounds: *Gwinllan*, *perllan*, *corllan*, *ydlan*, &c.°

The most common names of Parishes in Glamorganshire are compounded of *Llan*, a village church, or place of meeting, prefixed to the name of the adopted patron saint of the place: the patron saint of this church being St. Cynwyd,—hence *Llangynwyd*. In the Genealogy of the Cambro British Saints, St. Cynwyd is represented to have been the son of Cynfelyn, the son of Garthwys, the son of Môr, the son of Ceneu, the son of Coel Codebog. St. Cynwyd and his five sons, Clydno, Eiddyn, Cynan, Cynfelyn Drwsgwl, and Cadrod, are said to have been chieftains of North Britain, who had embraced a religious life, and become saints of the congregation of St. Catwg at Llancarfan, and St. Cynwyd is presumed to have been the founder of Llangynwyd.† He is mentioned in some old writings as "*Cynwyd Cynwydion*,"— and "*Cynwyd Fawr*," evidently to distinguish him from other persons of the same name, but of less celebrity. It may be further mentioned that the names of his sons, Cynan and Cadrod, are still retained to this day in the names of the two largest farms in the Middle Hamlet, namely, Bryncynan and Maescadrod.

• Vide Rees's Welsh Saints. † Owen's Cambrian Biography.

The manner in which the Parish is set forth in ecclesiastical documents is generally "Llangynwyd with Baiden." Baiden is the old name for the Hamlet which is now styled Llangynwyd Lower. The change in the name was made at the time of the introduction of the new Poor Law Act, about 1836. The old name (Baiden) is still retained in County Lists of Voters, Land Tax papers, &c.

The Parish of Llangynwyd is situated in the Hundred of Newcastle, in the Parliamentary division of Mid Glamorgan; and forms the largest portion of the ancient Manor of Tir Iarll, i.e., *Earl's Land*. It consists of four Hamlets (the Parish Church being in the Middle Hamlet), which are called by the natives "Parcels," seemingly the same as the Norman French *Parcella*, and, doubtless, have been in use by the inhabitants since the Norman knights took possession to themselves of the best part of Glamorganshire after the Conquest. The higher Hamlet, and the most northern, is in the Neath Poor Law Union, the other three are in the Bridgend and Cowbridge Union.

The Parish is about eight miles long, and the average breadth is about three miles, consisting of 15,461 acres, 1 rood, and 17 perches; the acreage of the different Hamlets being as follows:—

	A.	R.	P.
Llangynwyd Higher	6623	1	13
Cwmdu	4179	3	20
Llangynwyd Middle	2586	2	37
Llangynwyd Lower, or Baiden	2070	1	27

The population of Llangynwyd Parish in the year 1801 was only 804; in 1831, it had increased to 1726, but the last census showed a more remarkable increase still, on account of the extensive Coal and Iron industries which have been developed in the Cwmdu and Higher Hamlets. The returns for 1881 were as follows:—

Names of Civil Parishes.	Males.	Females.	Persons.
Cwmdu ...	3181	3051	6232
Llangynwyd Middle	324	331	655
" Lower ...	248	203	451
" Higher	1296	1148	2444
Total	5049	4733	9782

The Valley is named after the Llynfi river, which runs in a southerly direction, rising at a place called *Coed-cae-fyrrch*, and flowing for some miles through the centre of the Parish, receiving in its course several tributary brooks, until it takes in the Cwmdu brook below Pontrhydyff, when it comes in contact with the Parish of Bettws,

and forms the eastern boundary of the Middle and Lower Hamlets; until about a mile below the southern boundary of the Parish it empties itself into the master drain of the district, the Ogmore, near St. Brides Minor. The greater portion of the Parish is wild and mountainous, abounding in mineral wealth, the development of which will be noticed in a succeeding chapter; the chief mountains being *Pwll-y-Iwrch*, the *Garn-Wen*, and *Mynydd-y-Caerau*.

Geologically, the formation is that known as the Carboniferous, or coal-bearing rocks, and most of the Parish is on that section called the Pennant Sandstone. The soil consists mainly of the broken-up fragments of the sandstone, and the small beds of clay that occur in it, in some places reduced to a state of gravel, &c., by denudation; where the clay occurs, the water fails to penetrate the sandstone, with the result that beds of Peat abound in different places. That portion of the land, which is of a gravelly nature, is most amenable to tillage. The chief landowners in the parish are Lord Dunraven; C. R. M. Talbot, Esq., M.P.; J. P. Treherne, Esq., Coytrehen; Colonel Turberville, Ewenni; and Wm. Llewelyn, Esq., of Court Colman. Llangynwyd Parish seems to remain, one of the very few which are left, of the typical old Welsh Parishes. Ancient customs and traditions, which in other parts of the country were long ago lost sight of and forgotten, are here only within comparatively the last few years passing away; indeed, many of them are even yet spoken of, and remembered. Hidden among the barren hills, far away from the highroad of business, Llangynwyd has been left behind by the progressing world, and were it not for the discovery of the immense wealth of Coal and Iron, which the hitherto despised hills contained, it might even now be what it was described by the Esquire of Margam to have been some 70 years ago, "A gloomy valley, in which the only living inhabitants seemed to be, an old oak tree, and a venerable raven."*

Now, however, times have changed. Llangynwyd has to a great extent taken up a place in the march of progress, and though its development has only been as yet very partial, we find that the old landmarks are fast being removed, and that the tramp of commerce has in a few short years done more to obliterate its many relics of antiquity, than had the gentle foot of time in as many centuries.

*Mr. C. R. M. Talbot, in a speech at the laying of the memorial stone of the Maesteg Town Hall.

CHAPTER II.

The varied spelling of Llangynwyd in ancient documents.—Why called "Yr Hen Blwyf."—The Lordship of Llangynwyd or Tir Iarll.—The area of this Lordship reduced by Robert, Earl of Gloucester.—The earliest inquisition extant respecting this Lordship.—Also in the reign of Edward the First and Edward the Third.—The first Survey of the Parish.

THE Parish Register, dated 1662, is inscribed as that of "Llangonwyd." In the reigns of the Georges the name of the Parish appears under the several forms of Llangonnloyd, Llangonloyd, Llangonwyd, Llangynod, Llangynwyd Vawr, Llangynwyd, &c., at which latter change seems to have stopped, etymologists apparently being satisfied that the acme of purity has been attained. Examples of this varied spelling will be presented to the reader in the ancient documents to be cited in the course of this history, and he will then be able to follow in detail the several mutations which have been here summarised.

In the familiar speech of the natives and older inhabitants of the Parish, amongst themselves and their neighbours, the Village of Llangynwyd is known by the affectionate diminutive of "Llan";—while the Parish itself passes under the name of "Yr Hen Blwyf." Names of this kind have sometimes been given by the inhabitants themselves in praise of the place they live at, or in glorification of some peculiar and valued characteristic; but quite as often it has been bestowed by spiteful neighbours to perpetuate the recollection of some unfortunate circumstance of olden time, which the new dwellers in the place would willingly wish forgotten. Respecting the name of "Yr Hen Blwyf," there is a tradition which ascribes its origin to a source such as that just hinted at. A carpenter in the Parish, it is said, had to make a coffin for a young man, aged eight and twenty, and, having to put the age upon the lid, was sorely puzzled how to express the age in figures. Recollecting at last that four sevens made eight and twenty, he solved the difficulty by inscribing upon the coffin lid:—7777. He was quite satis-

fied with this new style of numeration until it came to be subjected to public criticism, when he found he had made a ridiculous mistake. This, says the tradition, was the occasion which gave the name of "Yr Hen Blwyf" to Llangynwyd. It is probably what the Italians call *ben trovato*: that is, "Well found," or invented, and is no doubt the invention of a local wag. Another and far better origin for the name is found in the fact that the Parish was once co-extensive with the large Lordship of "Llangynwyd" (for the name mentioned by Leland, *Tir y arth*, or *Tir Iarll*, was its popular and not its official title), and included the Parishes of Margam, Pyle, Kenfig, Bettws, as well as what is now known as Llangynwyd proper. Let it be here remembered that in ancient times the division of the country into Parishes (as we understand the term) did not exist in Wales in any strict sense until long after the Norman adventurers had established themselves, and had divided and sub-divided their conquests. Indeed, it may be doubted whether the boundaries of Parishes were fixed with exactness throughout Wales—particularly in the hilly parts of the country—much before the reign of Henry VIII. This, it may be inferred, was the reason why the diminished area finally left as the Parish of the mother Church of Llangynwyd came to be called "Yr Hen Blwyf."

The Lordship of Llangynwyd, or Tir Iarll.—The history of this Lordship begins really with the assumption of ownership by Fitzhamon as part of the spoil which he retained for himself out of the conquest of Glamorgan. There is, indeed, what purports to be an earlier notice of it to be found in the *Iolo M.S.S.*, but that portion of the old Bard's gleanings is of very doubtful authenticity, and must be received with caution. It will there be found stated that the dispossessed "Lord of Llangynwyd and Tir Iarll" was "David, the son of Owen Goch, the son of Ithel, and that his arms were 'sable' a chevron argent, between three wolves' heads or snouts goutte's de Sang." This careful addition of the "arms" borne by the unhappy chieftain quite spoils the illusion, which might otherwise perhaps be conjured up, respecting the existence of this David ab Owen Goch, for the science of heraldry did not exist in those early days, nor, indeed, in the fully developed form of the legend quoted until two hundred years later.

The Lordship as it existed in Fitzhamon's time was one of noble proportions, and such as the conqueror of Glamorgan might well apportion to himself, as his share of the plunder in the western part of the County. According to present

measurement the modern Parishes of Llangynwyd, Margam, Pyle (with Keufig), and Bettws make up between them the respectable total of 41,854 acres. Fitzhamon is not often thought of in connection with this Lordship. It is recollect that he resided sometimes at the Castle of Kenfig (within the Lordship), and with that recollection most people seem to be content, preferring to think of him as more closely associated with the imposing Castle of Cardiff, or perchance with his Grange at Boerton. But we may be quite sure that if the history of the Lordship of "Llangynwyd" for this period could be recovered, it would be found that Fitzhamon's having so large a tract of country in this part of his Seignory, had much influence in consolidating his conquest. His successor, Robert le Fitz le Roy, Earl of Gloucester, curtailed this Lordship considerably by the extensive grant of lands made by him to the Abbey of Margam which he had founded; constituting the land so granted a Lordship of itself. Other portions were severed by sub-feudation—as *Hafod-y-porth*, &c.; eventually the Lordship of "Tir Iarll" (as it came to be called from the Earl of Gloucester,* its owner) was reduced to the area of the Parishes of Llangynwyd and Bettws. The Lordship is self-contained and compact, neither extending into nor including parts of any other Lordships. The earliest inquisition extant respecting the Lordship is one held in the 46th year of the reign of Henry III. A.D. 1262, when the value was found to be £27 9s. 7½d. It will be noticed that at this time the Mill at Kenfig forms part of the manorial property. The fact that eighty houses had been destroyed in the war, tells us that the outer Welsh had no regard for their fellow countrymen who had bowed to Norman rule, but harassed them without mercy. The following is a copy of the original document:—"Extent de Langunite per preceptum Domini Regis facti per sacramentum Griffini ab Rees, William ab Yorath, Roger ab Griffio, Owen ab Yorath, Llewelyn ab Yvor, Tudor ab Rees, Rees ab Owen, Owen ab Rees, Caradoc ab Gwallter, Madouc Vychan, Yorath ab Gronow, Howel ab Phillip—

* Robert, Earl of Gloucester and his successors appear to have made great efforts to conciliate the people to their rule by numerous concessions of a popular character. The men of the hills were allowed to retain unmolested their "*Moga a Dgrop*"—and other local customs to which they were attached; and in the Lordship of "Tir Iarll" the national taste for poetry and bardic contests were encouraged by the De Clare, who endowed the Bardic Chair of Tir Iarll with sundry privileges and profits, of which mention will be made when the chair itself becomes the subject of a chapter.

	<i>K.</i>	<i>L.</i>	<i>d.</i>	
Qui dicunt quod de reddit assiso ..	iiij	ij	ij	ob.
Et de redd molendini quod est ad feedi... ..	—	L	—	
Et de consuetudine ad Lardarium ..	—	xxi	—	
Et sunt xij acres terre que valent ..	—	ij	—	
Et de plaucent et perquesitatis cur ..	vij	—	—	
Et molendinum de Kenefoic valet ..	xij	xiiij	iiij	
Summa ...	<u>ii^oxxvi</u>	<u>ix</u>	<u>vij</u>	<u>ob.</u>

"Et dominus Rogerus de Clifford de domo domini com, tenet totum residuum ejustum villa de Kenefoic et est ibi advocatio Ecclesie de Langonit quae pertinet ad com quae valet vj Marcas."

"Et las ibi iiij^m Mansiones destruct per guerram." Then follow the names of the jury in order as above. In an inquisition post mortem in the 24th year of Edward I. it appears as "Tirarthle Extent," in the 23rd of Edward III. as *Traharlech (?) Castrum et manerium et extenta*.

The earliest known survey was that held September 8th, 1650, under Philip, Earl of Pembroke, by Sir James Palmer, Knt.; William Herbert, of Swansea; William Herbert, of Cogan, Esquires, and other commissioners. The boundaries are the Parish of Llangeinor in the Manor of Ogmore, to the East; to the south the Manor of Newcastle, Court Colman, and Tythegstone; to the west the Lordship of Havod-y-Porth and Margam; and to the north the Parishes (?) of Michaelstone-super-Afon and Glyncorrwg in the Lordship of Avan Wallia.

The lands are freehold, leasehold, and by patent; meaning presumably by grant. There are two Courts Leet annually on the days of Saints Phillip and Jacob (1st May), and Saint Michael (September 29th). At one of these the Grand Jury choose three sufficient tenants from whom the lord selects one bedell or bailiff, who is also steward. A Court Baron may be held monthly if required. The heir of a tenant dying in the Manor is subject to a heriot of the second best beast. The lord has 5s. in every alienation, and 5s. 8d. from every stranger purchasing. The tenants and resiants have common of pasture in the lord's Forest on Forest Vawr of about 500 acres. There is no suit of Mill. Sir Thomas Mansell has the advowson of Llangonydd. There is coal under Forest, or Brombil, the lord's land. The tenants usually mustered with their arms before Sir Thomas Mansell as a lieutenant of the Hundred. Tenants are told off to watch two beacons at *Mynydd y Caer* (in the Parish of Llangynwyd), and *Y Fael Vass*, in the Parish of Margam.

"Mizes" are due from the tenants and inhabitants, being £36 payable in equal instalments in 5 years, beginning at the first St. Barnabas Day after entry.

In 1650, a ruined wall was reputed to have been a Castle, and Forest Vawr was also called "*Fforest y Castell, Mynydd y Gaer*"—which name however is more likely to be derived from a camp than a castle. At times the tenants of the manor seem to have been turbulent, for in the account of B. de Badlesmere 2nd Edward II., he gave credit for two hundred marcs received from the men of Neath, and fifty from those of Tir Iarll on account of fines imposed upon them of 400, and of 200 marcs respectively, for having risen against the King.

The Lordship of Tir Iarll followed the descent of the County fee until Thomas, Viscount Windsor, sold it with other Western Lordships to Mr. Herbert Mackworth, of the Gnoll, who sold it to Mr. H. Grant. It is now vested in the devisee of the late H. Grant, his son, who died in 1861.

These particulars of the Manor are from a series of Articles on the Manors of Glamorgan, which appeared in Vol. 9, 4th series of the Arch. Cambrensis from the pen of Col. Clark.



CHAPTER III.

Ecclesiastical History.—The greater or Rectorial tithes.—Farming of the Rectory of Llangynwyd.—Letters Patent dated 1544.—Valuation of Vicarage, and Living.—List of Vicars.—Churches of Maesteg and Spelter.—An old Terrier.

THE greater or Rectorial Tithes of the Parish of Llangynwyd, were, previous to the Reformation, annexed to the Abbey of the "Blessed Virgin" at Margam. In the valuation of the temporalities of the Abbey, taken at the Dissolution, Llangynwyr (which I take to be Llangynwyd) appears valued in "Redit Assize" at $ijij^a vi. viij^a$. There is also a "Tythyng Barn" valued at $xl.$

The "farming" of the Rectory of Llangynwyd was on the 11th December, 1537 (28th Henry VIII.), devised to Lewis Blethen for twenty one years. In the 10th of James I., 1613, these tithes are in the hands of Henry Doddington as Crown Farmer of the same. He brings an action in that year against one Owen Parkins for tithe of lambs in the Exchequer Court, of which the following summary taken from the official records may be given:—

"Llangonwood—Rectory of Henricus Doddington Crown Farmer of the Rectory of Llangonwood, and of the Chapelries of Hafodeporth, Llanfigleth, Trisent, and Crickferne, Glamorganshire; brings an action of Trover against Owinus Parkins with respect to certain lambs parcel of the tythes of the said Rectory and Chapelries.

"The Jury say with respect to parcel of the trespass, to wit, one lamb of the one hundred mentioned in the declaration; that the Crown being seized in demesne and as of fee of, and in the said Rectory with the aforesaid Chapelries on the 11th December, 28th Hen. VIII., under the Seal of the Court of Augmentations demised them to me, Lodivicus Blethen, for 21 years by the name of the Rectory of the Parish Church of Llangonwood, in the Diocese of Llandaff, appertaining to the late Monastery of Margam, with Chapelries of Hafodeporth, Trisant, Llanfigelletth, and Crickferne: with all houses, barns, tythes, &c., &c., to the same belonging in Llangonwood, Hafodeporth, Trisant, Llanfigelletth,

Crickferne, Crykastell, South-feller, and Indifferne Froddell, and *ex parte boreali aquas de Kenfig.*

" And the Jury further say that by Letters Patent dated 5th August, 35th Henry VIII. (1544), the Crown being seized in demesne as of fee of, and in the following lands, &c. (late parcel of the possessions of the said Monastery) granted for ever to Risius Mansell, Mil, the Manors of Horgro *alias* Horgrove, and Pille *alias* Pyle, in the Co. of Glamorgan, in South Wales, with all their appurtenances whatsoever in the towns, fields, Parish or Hamlet of Horgo *alias* Horgro, and Pille *alias* Pyle, aforesaid, and a Water Mill with the appurtenances called *Skippe Mills* in the Town of Margam, with its appurtenances; also the Messuage called the Townen in Margam together with eight acres of arable, and six acres of pasture land to the same belonging: also the site of a late Water Mill called Cricke Mil, in Cricke, in the said Parish, together with all other the Crown possession, late appertaining to the said Monastery in Brodemede, Brombil, Eglose Nunney, Cryke, and Pentre, in the said Parish of Margam, and in the Parishes of Marcrose and Pille *alias* Pyle, to be by him held in as full and ample a manner as the same were enjoyed by the late Monastery. By virtue of which grant the said Risius Mansell became seized in demesne as of fee of and in the premises and upon his death they descended to Edwardus Mansell, Mil: as his son and heir who also dying, they descended to Thomas Mansell, Mil: as son and heir of the said Edwardus.

" And the Jury further say that subsequently by Letters Patent made 17th July, 37th Henry VIII., the Crown granted for ever to me, Jacobus Gunter, and Williamus Lewis, the Rectory of Llangonwood and the Chapelries of Havodeporth, Trisant, Llanfigelieith, and Crickferne (Glam.), with the right of patronage of the Vicarage of Llangonwood, with their spiritual and temporal appurtenances in the towns, fields, Parishes and Hamlets of Llangonwood, Hafodeporth, Trisant, Llanfigelieith, Crickferne, Crike Castell, Southseller, Indiferne, and Froddell (Glam.), to hold the same in as full and ample a manner as they were enjoyed by the late Monastery. And the said Jacobus Gunter and Williamus Lewis being so seized of the latter premises on the 10th August, 37th Henry VIII., made a feoffment thereof for ever to me, Willielmus Morgan, who, on the 4th day of August 1st & 2nd of Phillip and Mary, sold them for ever to one Juna Clarke, who dying, they descended to the plaintiff Henricius Doddington as his son and heir.

"And the Jury further say that the lamb in question was the tythe of lamb arising from Hafodeporth aforesaid, and came to the defendant's hands by finding, and that as servant of the said Thomas Mansell he (the defendant) had appropriated it to his master's use; but whether he is or is not guilty, the Jury are ignorant, and pray the advice of the Court. But they pronounce him not guilty of the residue of the trespass."

These tithes are now held by the Earl of Dunraven.

The Vicarage, in the valuation of Pope Nicholas, is rated at £6 13s. 4d. At the Dissolution it was valued in the King's Book as follows:—

Eccles Pal^{is} de Llangynwyd—

				K.	s.	d.
Valor vic' ad firma	xix	vj	vij
Deduconces:				—	—	vij
Epo et arch'	—	—	—
Archi	—	v	—
Epo	—	—	xx
<hr/>				<hr/>		
X ^{ma} inde	Et rem clar.	xix	v	—
		—	xxxvij	vj

The advowson of the Church was in 1262 in the hands of the Lord of the Manor. Subsequently it passed into the patronage of the Abbey of Margam. Henry VIII. granted it in 1546 to Gunter and Lewis, the persons named in the preceding pages; from whom, in the same report, it is traced to Henry Doddington, who must have held it in 1613. How it passed from him or his representatives to the Mansell family does not appear, but probably by purchase; for in Brown Willis's return 1719, Lord Mansell is put down as patron.

The net value of the living of Llangynwyd with Baiden in 1875 was returned as £300, with house annexed. There is also one and a half acre of Glebe. The tithes are stated to be £170 os. id. There are besides impropriate tithes, amounting to £146 19s. alienated, and in the hands of One Lay Owner. The £130 to make up the £300 a year is derived from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners of England since 1866, when J. D. Llewelyn, Esq., gave up the patronage to the Bishop.

No list appears of the early Vicars, nor, indeed, is there a complete one of those who have held the benefice since the Reformation. The official Records are singularly incomplete in this respect, and the imperfect list which now follows is a collection from many sources:—

John ab Morgan was Vicar of Langunwode in 1560.

Sir Hugh Meredith, Vicar of Llangyonud in 1608.

John Howard was inducted 19th July, 1622, on the presentation of "Anna David, vidu."

Michael Roberts.—Inducted 30th January, 1638, on the presentation of the King, during the minority of Sir Henry Mansell, Bart.

David, or Griffith Davies, was ejected by the Puritans. He had no "fifths" allowed him. Walker thinks that he lived to the Restoration, and was repossessed of the Vicarage, but died a few years after.

Samuel Jones.—No record of his induction.

John Hutton.—No record, he succeeded to the benefice on Mr. Jones's ejection in 1662; and held it until his death in 1705.

Thomas Edmund was Vicar in 1706; he begins the second book of Registration in that year, and styles himself "Vicar of Llangynwyd."

Morgan Thomas.—No record. He appears to have held the living from 1707 to 1763. He is buried in the chancel under the altar table.

William Thomas.—His signature appears in the books in 1775. His name is on the bells cast in 1786. He was of the family of Eglwys Nynud.

John Parry.—Inducted 6th July, 1790, on the presentation of Lord Vernon,

William Thomas.—Inducted 11th July, 1829, on the presentation of Lewis Thomas.

Richard Pendril Llewelyn.—Presented in 1841, by J. D. Llewelyn, Esq., *Penlle'r gae*.

There are two places of worship which might be considered as branches of the "Old Parish Church." The Maesteg Church is a very fine modern edifice, and was built in the year 1851, by public subscriptions.

The other is at Spelter,* in a licensed room. A Curate for each is supported by the Llandaff Church Extension Society the, Pastoral Aid Society, Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and and by private subscriptions.

English and Welsh Services are held in all the churches every Sabbath, the Vicar officiating at the Parish Church.

The Endowments of the Maesteg Church are £100. by the late Mrs. Oakley, of *Tanybwch*, Meirionethshire; and £1 from W. Gibson, Esq., of Ongar, Essex. These two sums, together with several years' interest thereon, were paid over,

* A new church is now being erected on Penlan Farm in the Higher Hamlet, at a cost of about £1000, to be completed by next Spring.

in the year 1870, to the Governors of Queen Ann's Bounty, who invested them in the "three per cents.", yielding about £4 13s. per annum.

The Curates in Charge at present are :—

Maesteg—Rev. D. J. Llewelyn.

Samuel Rees (Lay Reader).

Spelter — Rev. Samuel Jones.

AN OLD TERRIER OF THE GLEBE LAND,

DATED 17TH JUNE, 1771.

Extracted from the Registry of the Consistory Court of Llandaff:—

"A Terrier of the Glebe Land, Messuages, Tenements, Tithes, and other Rights belonging to the Vicarage of Llangonoyd, in the County of Glamorgan, and Diocese of Llandaff; and now in the use and possession of William Thomas, Clerk, Vicar, there taken, made, and renewed, according to the old evidences and knowledge of the ancient inhabitants this 17th day of June, in the year of our Lord Christ, One thousand seven hundred and seventy one, and exhibited in the primary Visitation of the Right Reverend Father in God, Shute, Lord of Llandaff, at Cowbridge.

"*Imprimis, The Vicarage, House.*—It is built and covered with stones, contains two rooms below, and two rooms above: not wainscotted, ceiled, or floored. Within a few yards of the Vicarage to the east, is a small house containing one room below, and one above, built and covered with stone. There are also three other houses* contiguous to each other lying to the east side of the road leading by the Churchyard towards Bettws, each of the houses contains one room below, and one above, neither of which is floored, wainscotted, or ceiled.

"*Item.*—One enclosed piece of Pasture, containing about an acre of land lying to the south of the Vicarage House, on the east side abutting to part of Gadlys Estate, on the west and south sides of the road leading from Langonoyd to Bridgend, and on the north abutting to the garden belonging to the Vicarage.

* These houses were taken down when the new Churchyard was made, and the greater portion of the gardens is enclosed within the said grounds.

" *Item.*—Adjoining to the small building already mentioned near the Vicarage House is a garden containing a small piece of ground, and contiguous to the Glebe; fenced with a turf bank and hedge, not walled. There are also five small gardens belonging to the respective dwellings above mentioned, not walled.

" *Item.*—In the Churchyard are three Yew trees, and fourteen Ash trees, young and old, of very little value.

" *Item.*—The Tithes of wool and lambs are paid to the Vicar or his tenant in their proper kind. Also a Tithe goose on every three, Tithe pig after the first litter. Honey in kind. The Tithe of cows for six months payable the last Monday of May, the last Monday in every month during the continuance of the six months. The whole milk of three days from the cows every month is apprehended to be due, but it was always paid in cheese.

" Also a modus of half-penny is claimed for every calf in the Parish, half-penny for every she foal, and a penny for every he foal, and one penny in lieu of Tithe hay for every separate hay-loft. Upon what grounds these modus and customs are claimed we do not know.

" *Item.*—The Church and Churchyard walls are repairable by the Parishioners, and the Chancel by the Vicar.

" We have no regular Sexton. The Clerk is appointed by the Vicar; paid partly by the Vicar, and partly by the Parishioners.

" In testimony of the truth of the above mentioned particulars, we the Minister, Churchwardens, and chief inhabitants have set our hands the day and year above written.

The chief inhabitants—

WILLIAM THOMAS, *Vicar.*

DANIEL JOHN, *Maesteg.*

DAVID WILLIAMS.

The mark X of

THOMAS JAMES.

The mark X of

WILLIAM MATHEWS.

The mark X of

EVAN EDWARDS,

The mark X of

ABRAHAM EDWARDS.

The mark X of

GRIFFITH ROWLANDS.

EDWARD WILLIAMS.

DAVID LEWIS.

Witnesses—

THOMAS GRIFFITHS, *Clerk.*
LEWIS THOMAS.

"A true and perfect copy of all and singular the goods, books, ornaments, and utensils belonging to the Parish Church of Langonoyd.

"*Imprimis*, four bells in repair, and two decayed.

"*Item*.—One pewter Flaggon* and one pewter dish, the former marked I. L. and M. T. The latter A. M.

"*Item*.—One silver chalice with cover dated 1576.

"*Item*.—One linen cloth for the Communion table, Communion table, and Font.

"*Item*.—One blue pulpit cloth, and cushion for the same, one large chest, two biers, two ladders.

"*Item*.—One surplice.

"*Item*.—Two Common Prayer books, one Welsh, and the other English.

"*Item*.—One large Welsh Bible.

" WILLIAM THOMAS, *Vicar*.

" DANIEL RICHARDS,

" DAVID JOHN,

Churchwardens.

" June 1st, 1771.

" At the primary visitation of Shute, Lord Bishop of Landaff, held in the Parish Church of Cowbridge.

" This Terrier was then exhibited with the Registry of the Consistory Court of Landaff by Daniel Richards and David John, Churchwardens, &c., two of the persons subscribing the same, and at their request lodged there in order to preserve a perpetual memorial of the Rights, &c., belonging to the Vicarage of Langonoyd above mentioned.

" JAMES DAVIES, *Registrar*.

" Examined—

" EDWARD STEPHENS, *Deputy Registrar*."

* Cannot now be traced.

CHAPTER IV.

Full description of the Church.—Baiden Chapel.—The Bells.—The Church Plate.—Extracts from the Parish Registers.—The Rev. J. Parry's Ledger.—Monumental inscriptions.—The ruins of the Old Castle.—The Roman Camp.—*Twmpeith dimith*.—The Lettered Stone on Margam Mountain.—And the Chancel Stone.

HE plan of Llangynwyd Church consists of a western tower, a nave, with south porch, and a chancel. The tower is square and embattled, rising in diminishing stages to the height of 60 feet, and is devoid of ornamentation or buttress. West of the tower, and attached thereto, is a low building erected in the last century, and used as a school house. It is now handed over to the Sexton for the storage of tools and biers.

An examination of the architectural details shows that the original building was a simple structure of the thirteenth century, which in the fifteenth century underwent complete renovation, and received the impress of the style of architecture—the perpendicular—then prevailing. To this period belong the east window, the tower, the font, and singular to say, the moveable massive benches which still form the seating of the nave. Sometime in the seventeenth century, another but less complete renovation took place, which also left its mark on the building in the three debased Gothic windows east of the porch in the south side of the nave. A new roof was probably put on at the same time, for upon an oaken wall plate in a line with the gallery, the date "1688" may be seen deeply cut in the wood. Whether the roof was entirely removed at that date is open to doubt, for some of the couples visible in the open roof are apparently older work.

The chancel arch is the chief and indeed the only noticeable architectural feature remaining of the thirteenth century church. The workmanship is rough and rude, the stones are undressed, but the design is remarkably free and vigorous. There is an attempt at ornamentation, inasmuch as the head is roughly recessed, and about one foot below the

spring of the arch an impost, chamfered on its lower edge, forms a kind of capital to the plain side of the pier. A hagioscope or *squint* on each side of this arch enabled the worshippers in the side of the nave to witness the ceremonial at the altar.

The chancel has a modern ceiling. The east window is a pointed one of three lights, the head being filled with perpendicular tracery. The south wall is pierced with two two-lighted trefoil-headed windows of undetermined date, but apparently earlier than the east window. West of these is a priest's door, spanned by an obtuse pointed arch.

The oak benches in the nave (already spoken of) owe their preservation through the four or five centuries they have stood in Llangynwyd Church, chiefly to their massive character, and in part to the gentle usage they must have received. Nevertheless they look their age. There are twenty-five of them, but within living memory there were as many as thirty. The greatest care should be taken to insure their preservation. The ends are formed of square-topped slabs of oak, over three inches thick; the backs and seats are a trifle thinner. Each will seat five persons. The ornamentation at the ends is but slight; but what there is, is in spirit, perpendicular.

Pulpit, reading desk, and clerk's pew, are an example of that curious piece of church furniture called somewhat profanely a "three-decker"— sounding-board, and all complete. This was put up by a local tradesman in the year 1826, copied from a design which was prevalent in the reign of the Georges. As a piece of joinery it is excellent, and reflects infinite credit upon the man who made it. What is more, it does not appear to be much out of place where it now stands. This, too, is worthy of preservation. It is a link in the chain of historical continuity. The font is formed of a massive octagonal block of free-stone, a rudimentary stem being shaped by the removal chamferwise of the material between bowl and foot. It is destitute of ornament; but the principles of the design are those of the perpendicular period.

Thrown across this part of the nave, and some distance advanced from the west end of the Church, is a spacious gallery lighted by a two-light Dormer window, on the south side, over which was placed a vertical stone dial by one of the Powells, of Tondu, on which is inscribed (*in Latin*)— "Given by E. P., of Tondu, in the year 1686."

An arch, late pointed in style, of fine proportions and excellent workmanship, rising almost to the roof, opens out

from nave to tower, and is led to by a flight of four steps. This beautiful arch is now filled to half its height with a lath and plaster partition, apparently for no other purpose than to screen from view the lumber stored in the base of the tower. The tower has a western door, the outer ornamentation of which is a good example of perpendicular. Towards the south is a debased two-light window lighting the lower part of the tower. Access to the ringing chamber is obtained from the nave by means of a newel staircase, formed in a square projection carried up to the height of the chamber, on the south-east corner of the tower. The staircase door is under an obtuse pointed arch.

Thus it will be seen that though the most ancient features in this Church date from the thirteenth century, the impress which it bears most strongly is that of the fifteenth, and the mark has also been left of the declension of style which supervened in the seventeenth century. Whenever the time may come that Llangynwyd Church shall once again, as in several past periods of its history, undergo renovation, let us hope that "restoration" will be most religiously avoided, and that the interesting features and accessories now found as part of the structure within its walls will all be preserved and handed down intact to a distant posterity.

BAIDEN CHAPEL.

This Chapel was situated on *Mynydd Baiden*, on a field called *Cae dan y Capel*—part of the farm named in olden times, "Tir y Capel,"—the property of Lord Wimborne, and now held by Mr. D. Thomas, of Ty-talwyn. The old Chapel was in a ruinous state long before the close of the last century, and there remains at present nothing but a portion of the old walls to denote the spot where once the Chapel stood. The Chapelry of Baiden is mentioned in several ancient documents as being connected with the Vicarage of Llangynwyd, and it is said that the late Rev. Bruce Knight endeavoured to obtain proofs of its being really part of this living, but his efforts were unsuccessful. Upon his authority, however, we are able to state that it was erected about the end of the 17th century, but how long services were held in it is now hard to say. It seems most probable that it was built by, and for the accommodation of, the families of *Cwm-yr-isga* and *Cefn-Ydfa*, and it may be, also, that of the Powells', of Tondu; and when these families became extinct, the Chapel was left untenanted. If it ever were connected with the Llangynwyd Vicarage by legal rights, it has long

since been severed from it; and remains at present a real specimen of a Church disestablished and disendowed.

THE BELLS.

The bells are six in number, and for quality of tone they are considered excellent. The largest of them is called the "tenor bell," and the smallest is styled "treble." They are always kept in good working order, and are generally played during the Christmas season.

They are also called by number; the smallest is called the First, and so up to the largest which is the Sixth. The following inscriptions are to be seen on each respective bell:—

On the first—"John Llewelyn and Thomas John, Churchwardens; William Bilbie, Bell Founder, Chewstoke, 1786."

" „ second—"The Rev. William Thomas, Vicar; William Bilbie, Bell Founder, of Chewstoke, Somersetshire. *Fecit.*
1786."

" „ third—"Abr. Rodhall, of Gloucester, cast us all.
1730.

" „ fourth—"Griffith Jenkins, Churchwarden. 1730."

" „ fifth—"Rev. Morgan Thomas, Vicar. 1730."

" „ sixth—" *I to the Church the living call,
And to the grave do summon all.* 1730."

The first and second bells cracked; and they were recast, which accounts for the different dates on them, and the different makers.

CHURCH PLATE.

The Church plate consists only of a Silver Cup, with cover, and two alms dishes of old pewter.

This Communion Cup* is the only article which deserves special attention. The cover bears the date of 1576.

In the reign of Edward the VI., it was decreed that the Lord's Supper should be administered to the people, and

* The following communication with reference to the Communion Plate was sent to the Vicar, by T. M. Fallows, Esq., Chapel Allerton, Leeds:—

"The marks on the old 'Communion Cup' and patten cover are London marks. The lion passant and Leopard's head are London. The mark [+] is the maker's mark, and the letter (t) is the date letter. To indicate the year of assay—1576-7, which agrees in every respect with the inscribed date on the patten cover. It is an interesting old Cup, and is without doubt the original 'Communion Cup' of the ancient Chalice. The word Chalice, it may be noted, was expunged from the Prayer Book

that the Cup in particular should no longer be withheld from them. This interesting relic must have been one of the very first that the Laity at Communion Services were allowed to drink from, and it remains a venerable witness of a victory won over priestly intolerance and assumption, and should be to us a reminder of the many conflicts fought, and the blood spilt before that victory was gained.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

" Evan, son of David ab Evan and Jonetta Richard, was baptized 27th July, 1662.

" Griffith Prees and Cecilia Nicoll of Llangonwyd, were joined in Marriage on the 16th day of October, 1662.

" David Thomas ab Thomas was buried 6th of October, 1662.^{*}

N.B. 20th "Llwyni"
" Henry John (who lived at Bryn-y-Rhyg), coal falling upon him at Llwyni, on the 22nd day of January, 1682, was killed about the third hour of the afternoon—but was found and extracted thence on the 3rd day of February; and on that day about the 8th hour in the evening was buried 1682.

" The aforesaid H.J. was extracted on the 4th hour of the afternoon of Feb. 3rd, '82.

" Henry, son of Henry John and Catherine Peter, was baptized on the 2nd day of March, 1682, posthumous. This is the son of Henry John, who was killed by coal falling on him at Llwyni as is shown in the page.

" Charles Aylward, son of Lewis Aylward, and Jonetta Loughor of Kenfig, was baptized on the 6th day of June, 1683, in the year of his age.

" Benjamin Aylward, the son of Lewis and Jonetta, aforesaid, was baptized the 10th day of November, 1683, in the year of his age.

" Anna Jenkins, relic of Edward Jenkins of Gadlas, was buried on the 15th day of the month of November, 1692, in the year of her age.

" Be it remembered that Richard Edmond was denounced, excommunicated, on the 10th day of June, 1694.

" Be it remembered that Lewis Thomas Edwards o

from 1552-1662, and the Bishop's visitation questions constantly refer to whether 'the Chalice has been destroyed, and the 'Communion Cup' provided?' I hardly think any symbolism is intended by the thrice interlacing leaf pattern, not very unfrequently it does not interlace at all, and some times it does so four times; and I suspect that any symbolism in those days would be discarded as superstitions or something of the sort. Pewter marks are not understood much at present."

* The above are the very first Entries on the old Registers of this Parish, and are written in Latin.

Llangonwyd, was denounced, excommunicated, on the 20th of January, in the Parish of Margam, per Gwil. Lewis, clerk.—And was denounced and excommunicated in the Parish of Llangonwyd, on the last day of March, 1695, by me, John Hutton, clerk.

" Dionysia Liddon, relic of Evan Thomas, pauper, was buried 3rd February, 1696.

" Dorothèa Worthington, a pauper, widow, was buried on the second day of June, 1702.

" David Jenkins (nihil habeus) was buried on the 14th day of April, 1703, in the year of his age 88. 22/

" Rachel Powell (*alias* Middleton), relic of Thomas Powell, of Llwydarth, was buried on the 8th day of Aprii, 1704, in the year of her age 67.

" Lena Wynne, a pauper, was buried 30th of January, 1704.

" Watkin Jenkins, Gentleman, was buried the 22nd day of December, 1708.

" The old man of Pontrhydygyff, collier, was buried April 19th, 1797

" Mrs. Edmunds, mother of the late Colonel Edmunds, of Cowbridge and daughter of the late Rev. Morgan Thomas, of Maescadlawr, and late Vicar of this Parish, was buried here on Sunday, the 18th day of February, 1798. She lived with Dr. Saunders, at Bridgend.

" Evan Evans, son of Morgan Evans, of Penian, was buried February 18th, 1798. The said Evan Evans was married at Lalestown to Ann Lewis, February 10th, 1798, was taken ill February 13th, and died February 16th, 1798.

" John Williams, commonly called John of the Forest, bachelor, was buried on Monday, the 9th day of September, 1799. The stoutest man in the neighbourhood.

" Morgan James, widower, of this parish, was buried on Tuesday, the 30th day of January, 1800, aged 84 or thereabout. He lived at Llwydarth with Rees Hopkin, who was married to one of his daughters, and there died a regular Churchman, and Communicant as long as he was able.

" Mrs. Smith, widow of the late Mr. Smith, surgeon, of Bridgend, was buried on Monday, the 27th day of December, 1802.

" George, son of Thomas Bevan, of Brynllwarch Fach, in the Middle Hamlet, labourer,—by Lucy, his wife—was buried on Thursday, the 19th day of February, 1801, of a consumption, aged twenty-one years. His father was a labourer, as above, but himself was by trade a tailor.

" Elizabeth Nicholas, a poor English woman in the

Middle Hamlet, was buried on Sunday, the 26th day of December, 1802.

" Ann, daughter of Mr. L——y, gent., of St. Fagans, by Catherine Thomas, of this parish, was christened on Friday, the 7th day of February, 1800; born the Tuesday before in that part of Gadlys House wherein Lewis David and his wife live.

" Phillip Williams, Esq., of the Parish of Cadoxton, Juxta Neath, and Catherine Maddocks, spinster, of this parish, were married at this Church on the 23rd day of November, 1758, by Morgan Thomas, vicar.

" In the presence of { Thomas Richards.
 } Edward Williams.

" George Howells, of the parish of Wenvoe, bachelor, and Mary Moses, of this parish, spinster, were married the 25th day of May, 1765.

" The Rev. Mathew Deere, clerk, of the parish of Ystrad-Owen, and Margaret Maddocks, of this parish, spinster, were married this 27th day of June, 1766, by Mr. William Thomas.

" Rees Hopkin, of this parish, and Margaret James, spinster, were married by license this 29th day of May, 1773.

" In the presence of { Morgan James.
 } Edward Williams.

" Robert Jenkins, of the parish of St. Bride Major, widower, and Catherine James, spinster, of this parish, were married by license, this 8th day of December, 1781, by me, Wm. Rees, curate of St. Brides Minor.

" In the presence of { Edward Williams.
 } Morgan James.

" Hopkin Hopkin, of the Parish of Lisworney, and Margaret David, of this parish, were married by license this 6th day of July, 1784.

" Joseph Gwynn, of the parish of Llandewi, bachelor, and Elizabeth Williams, of this parish, spinster, were married by license this 20th day of April, 1794, by me, Edward Williams.

" In the presence of { John Clarke.
 } Edward Williams.

" Sir James Laroche, of this Parish, Baronet, and Elizabeth Thursley, of this Parish (widow), were married by license, this 13th day of July, 1795, by me, John Parry, Vicar.

" In the presence of { John Morgan, of Neath.
 } William Parry.

"William Thomas, Bettridge, of the Parish of Tidixton, bachelor, and Gwenllian Maddocks, of this parish, spinster, were married by license, this 8th day of November, 1801.

"Lewis Thomas, of the Parish of Baglan, to Miss Elizabeth Jenkins, spinster, of this Parish, were married by licence, this 2nd day of February, 1787.

"In the presence of } Phillip Jenkins.
 } Mary Jenkins.

THE REV. JOHN PARRY'S DIARY, WITH EXTRACTS THEREFROM, 1790 TO 1812.

There is always something pathetic and sad in the perusal of the written thoughts of one who has long since passed away. The feeling that, while the hand that wrote is dust—and the active mind that controlled the willing hand is, to us, long stilled and inactive,—the written characters bear as strongly as ever they did the peculiar characteristics of the dead hand—the living impress of the vanished mind—brings with it a strange solemnity. In spite of ourselves, we handle the time-stained pages reverentially, and read with respect the words that clothe the writer's thoughts. And, let us not forget either, that herein we have a proof, if one were needed, that though men pass away—though the scenes that know them must, some day, know them no more,—though even their names must pass away as surely as though they were "writ in water"—their thoughts *live*, and, in one form or another, must be immortal.

But there is an interest of another kind that clings round such relics of dead men as we have now before us. Here is the quaintness of expression of nearly a hundred years ago. We see, as in a mirror, the country vicar of that date, living his obscure, but useful life—with a keen eye to the main chance, doubtless; but, we are compelled to think, as regular, as systematic, as sternly conscientious in the discharge of his sacred functions as he was in the business observances of his daily life. We have a minute picture of the religious customs of the parish in Mr. Parry's day, and more than a glimpse of the change that has taken place in the cost of living during the period that has since elapsed; while now and then comes a touch of nature that perhaps does more than all the rest, to paint for us life at the quiet parsonage of Llangynwyd; and to shew us that men (and boys) were then in their nature much as they are to-day. Such a touch is the entry in one of the books, written evidently by the good clergyman's nephew, "David Parry, Soldier in the King's regulars I hope I will be."—"God save the King."—For during these

eventful years, the sound of the war trumpet rang through Europe and England; and re-echoed from America, reaching even the quiet village of Llangynwyd. Like most boys of his age at that time, young David Parry could imagine no higher destiny than to fight for his King—against “the usurper” Bonaparte—the evil genius, as he was considered to be, of England, and the English.

Not that this feeling of combativeness and military ardour were, even here, confined to the youth. Under date March 16th, 1798, we find the following entry, in the handwriting of the Rev. J. Parry himself: “Paid a Guinea contribution at a vestry, towards defending our King and country”; and indeed, there is this further evidence of the reality and exuberance of the rev. gentleman’s loyalty, under date the 13th of the same month: “Paid for Toddy, ye day ye volunteers rec^d ye colours, 2/-.” By to-day, the Rev. J. Parry is dust and ashes,—his nephew David, whether his darling wish was gratified or not, probably sleeps too soundly to hear the war trumpet, however loudly it may be blown; pity that even now, the air is as full of wars, and rumours of wars, as it was during the lifetime of the much hated Napoleon, in the year of our Lord, 1798.

But apart from these occasions of special excitement, the life of our diarist, as pictured by his own hand in the pages before us, was evidently quiet and regular enough. He was evidently ready enough to be confidant and account-keeper, perhaps also money-lender, to all the parish; but his occupations left him so much leisure that his Diary seems to have been resorted to more by way of passing the time than for any other purpose—the entries are so lengthy and diffuse, and here and there is a task that has evidently only been entered upon as a kind of mental relaxation. Such is this, an elaborate calculation of what one acre of land should produce by way of tithe:—

“1 acre of land will keep 10 sheep: What will 10 sheep produce of tithes in 4 years? 10 x 4 = 40. 40 sheep will produce 20 lambs—

	£ s. d.
2 tithes at 4s. per head 0 8 0
And 40 lbs. of wool—4 lbs. tithe 0 4 0
	<hr/>
	£0 12 0

That the good man’s tithes were not levied upon this entirely *fancy* plan we have abundant evidence. Here is a specimen of how the matter was arranged:—

"An account of David Griffiths, tithe from himself to me, John Parry—
the last day of December, 1801, for the said year—

	f. s. d.
7 calved cows 0 12 3
5 calves (the two others were dead)	... 0 5 0
14 lbs. of wool	... 0 14 0
9 lambs at 4s. per lamb	... 1 16 0
1 goose	... 0 1 0
1 hay loft	... 0 0 1
1 family offering	... 0 0 6
8 lbs. of Mich. wool at 8d. per lb.	... 0 5 4

The said David Griffiths promised to pay before next Llantrissant fair, December 4th, 1801—a promise, which, by the way, "the said David Griffiths" failed to fulfil to the letter, as we find further on. David Griffiths paid the above the 11th day of January, 1802.

It would be thought that between his spiritual duties and this laborious system of obtaining payments for them, of which we have given a specimen, Mr. Parry found his time fairly occupied. But we are inclined to think that he managed to find time for a little sport, or what is the meaning of this entry?—"January, 1798. paid to huntsmen, 2s." And moreover he had evidently the control and management of the village school, then attached to the Church. We are glad, moreover, to see that he had room in his mind and his heart for melting charity—and note with pleasure such entries as this—"January 8th, 1798. Paid Mr. Saunders for a visit to a poor man, and drugs, 12s. 6d." The eccentric goodness of the kind-hearted clergyman is also strikingly shewn by the following entry, which we transcribe in full. "Be it remembered that David Williams paid 3s. 6d. of tithes on Monday, the 10th day of March, 1800, due Michaelmas last—but not for the turnips nor the heifer he sold before she came to the pail, but I think he should, and that is again to be settled. We both likewise agreed that tho' his daughter enter'd school on July 4th, 1799, that her half-year will not be up until 1st of May, 1800. She has been in school most of the interim, but as being a poor man I consider not to charge him the whole, but a part of ye time, and then he is to have the 2 quarters for 5s."

And even in the midst of these multifarious calls upon his time, leisure was found to make sermons. Whether they were good or bad, history saith not, but they were evidently appreciated by Mr. Parry's brethren, both Churchmen and Dissenters. Under the heading of *Books lent* are these entries:

"Mr. Jones the Preacher :—

Vol. 1st of Beveredge Thesaurus,
Vol. 1 of Discourses.

Mr. ——, of Tytanglwst :—

1 Vol. of Bishop Landaff's Tracts.

Mr. Powell, of Glyncorrwg :—

1 Vol. of Wilson's Sermons.

Mr. Hancorn :—

1 Vol. of Sermons.

Mr. Pritchard, of Corlanna :—

6 Discourses, December 3rd, 1804.

January 26th, 1805. 5 more Discourses of Manuscript.

May 13th, 12 with 2 behind will make 14.

September 14th, 1804. returned 7, took 5.

December 29th, 1797. sent 2d Manuscripts to Evan Madoc.

So that it would appear that Mr. Pritchard, of Corlanna, distributed to his flock spiritual food that had been compounded at Llangynwyd Vicarage. Clergyman, farmer, magistrate, and the rest; will it be believed that this most industrious man was also a coal owner? Such, indeed, he was—the forerunner of those, who, in these later days, have taken from this neighbourhood untold wealth in "black diamonds," and have made the valley that was once peaceful, pastoral, and well wooded, to be smoky, grimy, and noisy. Here is the not very cheerful statement of Mr. Parry's doings in this direction :—

	£ s. d.
The collier's wages for a week 0 12 0
The carter 0 5 0
The man at the winch...	... 0 9 0
Timber for the pit 0 7 0
 The weekly outgoings	
The weekly receipts from the coal	... £1 13 0
The outgoings exceed the receipts by	... 0 16 0
	... £0 17 0

That this was the untoward result of mining operation in that day may be accounted for by other entries, which shew that coal mining could not, at the then ruling prices, be made profitable :—

	£ s. d.
January 11th, 1797. coal, 2 loads	... 0 0 5
April 6th, 1798. paid Thomas Bowen for 9 loads of coal...	0 4 10½

In startling contrast to which are some of the following :—

		£ s. d.
½ lb. yellow soap	...	0 0 5
Quarter of mutton	...	0 3 9
Almanack	...	0 0 9
Lump sugar	...	0 1 4 per lb.
Brown do.	...	0 0 10 "
Tea	...	0 9 9 "
½ lb. of starch	...	0 0 6
Horse stable and dinner	...	0 0 8
½ of coffee	...	0 1 2
		} 1796 .

It would appear, further, that whatever Mr. Parry was able to bestow in the way of pecuniary charity upon his poorer neighbours, was not the superfluity of his own plenty; but that it was the outcome of a really charitable heart, giving from his own by no means large resources. If we have wondered, in reading over the "Diary," at the keen eye which the good parson evidently had for the main chance, and the minute attention which he gave to the matter of tithes due to him; there are passages here and there which shew these apparent characteristics of his to have had their origin really in the stern necessities of his position. His income, meagre as it was, had to be hardly earned. Evidently unable, from insufficient means, to keep a curate, he had himself to officiate in the Churches of Bettws and Llangeinor Parishes, of which he held charge, in addition to that of Llangynwyd; and every Sunday he preached in each of the three places. Truly, these were the days when parsons had to be men of sinew and muscle, as well as tender pastors and careful shepherds! Small wonder that Mr. Parry's handwriting and orthography shew here and there faults that we should, in these days of Higher Grade Schools, and free Universities, be shocked at. Just and careful in his dealings with his fellow men, the Vicar of Llangynwyd kept the accounts of his own private income so strictly as to make them appear like a profit and loss account with himself,—taking note of every item, for and against himself, with the most rigid accuracy.

This is the statement of his Income and Disbursements for the year 1798:—

		£ s. d.
From Baiden	...	15 19 4½
" Middle Hamlet	...	24 17 6
" Cwmdu	...	30 1 3
" Higher	...	35 12 5½
		£106 10 7
Disbursements extracted		... 22 3 9
There remain clear value 84 6 10

		£ s. d.
Brought forward	...	8 4 6 10
From Llangeinor	{ Salary from Margam Rent of Cwm mawr	10 0 0
" "	Newton	10 13 4
" Bettws, salary	...	9 0 0
		<hr/>
		12 0 0
		<hr/>
		£126 0 2

Not a very extravagant income, considering the work done for it! In these days, in which the pulpit even in Wales, appears to be taking its due standing, I doubt whether any of the itinerant preachers, commonly called *Jacks*, much less a beneficed clergyman, would undertake to preach 52 sermons for the paltry remuneration of £12, or an average of some 4s. 7½d. per sermon! I think that "*John Nicholas, my common workman*" (who appears in one of the following memoranda), with his 1s. 6d. an acre for hay-mowing, and 1s. a day for "*different work, at different times*," made rather a better bargain of it than did his reverend employer. So it is, that thews and sinews are to this day esteemed more highly than brains!

And, indeed, Mr. Parry's income, small as it was, did not always reach the amount shewn for the year we have noted. In the year 1801 we find that disbursements being deducted, the income accruing from Llangynwyd Parish fell to £82 17s 3d. with however the following remark:—"The rent of my own dwelling-house and field, and my own tithes, I leave out, and I am sure goes in repairs yearly, and my clerk's salary." In fairness to Mr. Parry, it should be stated that the clerk's salary was thirty shillings annually. But why the note as to the dwelling-house, the field, and the parson's tithes? Can it be that at that day, as now, there were folk who grumbled at tithes, and at parsons, and at their pastors and masters generally? Were there in those days those who grumbled that the parson was paid too highly; and that the farmer was down-trodden and oppressed? Were there *Radicals* in those days? If not, wherefore the half-explanatory, half-apologetic note of the parson?

Let us now give a few more extracts from the Diary, to exemplify still further Mr. Parry's careful and methodical habits; and to throw some light on the price of labour, and of commodities in daily use at the beginning of the century:—

John Nicols accounted with J. Parry as follows, December 3rd, 1797. I owe him nothing, nor he me.

December 14th, 1797.—I owe Morgan 13 shillings, after he works with me two days more.

December 20th.—Paid the aforesaid Morgan, 13 shillings. J. PARRY.

Mary Jenkins's account made the 18th of July, 1805 :—	£ s. d.
I ow'd her nothing, but paid her every farthing to May 1st,	
1805.	
She has had from that time to this day, the 18th of July	... 0 9 0
She had at Mabsaint	... 0 1 6
A shilling to have a pair of Stockings	... 0 1 0
She had three shillings to buy a handkerchief	... 0 3 0
Two shillings after	... 0 2 0
Shoes to Jenkin Nicholas	... 0 7 6
	<u>£0 7 6</u>
I owed her for half-a-year service	... 1 5 0
	<u>1 12 6</u>
Balance	... £0 7 6

She had the 7/6 the 31st day of December, 1805.
Paid October 26th, 1803, to Rich, John, for threshing my
barley; number of Stacks, 12½, @ 1/- per Stack £0 12 6

The following was the rate of wages paid to a farm
labourer in 1799 :—

Richard John's account made November 9th, 1799, with J. Parry.	£ s. d.
2 days scattering lime	
6 days with Cae Will Hopkin	
1 day with Richard Bowen	
4 days mattocking wheat	
1 day drawing potatoes	
35 perches of ditch in Cae Gwenith @ 2½d. per perch	... 0 9 4
	<u>£0 16 7</u>
Richard John owed me for cheese	... £0 3 0
	<u>£0 13 7</u>
House rent	... £0 10 0
Paid November 30th, 1799	... £0 3 7

Made an account with John Nicholas, my common workman, on Saturday, the sixth day of September, 1800, as follows :—

To him for beating, and burning 156 perches of beating in Brynau ...	£ s. d.
For mowing 16½ acres @ 1s. 6d. per acre	... 1 19 0
For 8 days, working at different work and at different times, this day included 1 4 9
	<u>£3 11 9</u>

Be it remembered that I sent a cheese down to Sir James Laroche, the 27th day of November, 1797.

December 24th, for a mug of ale at Bettws	£ s. d.
To singers at Llangeinor 0 0 1
November 25th, 1796, from a marriage at Llan 0 3 6

Jenkin Harry—the schoolmaster's—salary in 1805 :—

Be it remembered that he, Jenkin Harry, received of me the sum of

* Meaning the Welsh word *Fais*, a measure of capacity, equal to 4 bushels.

£7 10s. od. for one quarter's salary, the 2nd day of September, 1805.—due the 20th of August, 1805. As witnesseth my hand,

J. PARRY

From these extracts, the reader will readily gather all needful knowledge of Llangynwyd, and its inhabitants, at the period the Diary was written. Living simply, labouring hard for small wage, there does not seem to have been much to choose between parson and people, between the pastor and the humblest of his flock. And there appears too much to shew, that the lot of our forefathers was not, after all, so much harder than that of their descendants. True, a daily wage of 8d. to 1/- a day would appear to the field-labourer of to-day to be beneath contempt; but when we look at the prices of the necessaries, and, indeed, of some of the luxuries of life at this time, the wages do not appear so inadequate. In those happy days, stockings (not the flimsy machine-made abominations of to-day, but strong, warm hand-knit woollen leg comforters) were to be had for a shilling a pair! Shoes were procurable, it is evident, at seven shillings and sixpence; and these again were of leather, and not, as now, of brown paper, and made by honest Jenkin Nicholas, a neighbour, sitting on his well-used shoemaker's bench, and not turned out by the gross from the factory of the shoddy-man. Nay, in the good days of 1796, one might be married for the ridiculously small sum of three shillings and sixpence, and, should the newly-married repent of his rash action, and betake himself to the flowing bowl for comfort,—were not temporary oblivion of trouble and jollity and happiness easily attainable, with ale at one penny per mug? Happy days!—happy to the peaceful dwellers in Llangynwyd, living their quiet lives under the kindly care of the good parson,—and content so long as the day's labour procured the day's subsistence, and the Mabsaint afforded a periodical return of merry intercourse and innocent pleasure!

And, remembering how, during the years chronicled by the Diary, the world outside our borders was agitated with wars, torn with anarchy, and deluged with blood:—how Bankruptcy stalked through England,—how Rebellion raised fire and sword in Ireland, and the guillotine drank the best blood of France; and later, how the French Eagles hovered over the bloody fields that marked the advance of Buonaparte,—we say again, happy days! We claim, in these later days, to have more knowledge, greater refinement,—nay, possibly a truer and higher religious sense. We may well ask ourselves, however, whether our lives are more peaceful, happier, or more productive of good to our neighbours and of service to Heaven, than were those of our predecessors in this parish, though

their advantages were fewer, and their claims to the regard of the world urged with less persistency.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS.

The Powell family of Llwydarth and Tondu :—

"Here lyeth the body of Anthony Powell, Esq., deceased, the seventeenth day of January, 1618.

"Here lyeth the body of Thomas Powell, Gent., deceased the 13th day of December, 1630.

"Likewise here lyeth the body of Anthony Powell, who died the 6th of July, *Anno Domini*, 1631.

"Here also lyeth the body of Edward Powell, Esq., deceased February, *Anno Domini*, 1634.

"Here also lyeth the body of Thomas Powell, Gent., who died the 16th day of January, *Anno Domini*, 1683.

"Here lyeth the body of Edward Powell, son to Thomas Powell, of Tondu, deceased December the 8th, *Anno Domini*, 1686.

"Here lyeth the body of Thomas Powell, of Tondu, who died the 10th day of October, *Anno Domini*, 1728, aged 53.

"Here lyeth interred the body of Thomas Powell, Esq., of Tondu, died January the 4th, 1756.

"Here lyeth the body of Edward Powell, Esq., late of Tondu, in this Parish, who died the 20th day of December, 1771, aged 57 years.

The following Epitaph is inscribed on one of the stones, and refers to the above Ed. Powell, buried in 1686 :—

"Twice twelve years told a wearied breath,
Have exchanged for an happy death;
My course was short, the longer is my rest
God taketh them soonest, whom he loveth best."

It is recorded that in these graves lie the remains of Ieuan Fawr ap y Diwlith. These tombs (three in number), are on the western side of the Church Porch, and the "Coat of Arms" of the family is still visible on each tomb.

THE CWMYRISGA AND CEPN YDFA FAMILIES.

"*Yma claddwyd Lewis Maddock, 17 Hydref, 1618,*

"*Ag Anthony Maddock, 17 Ionawr, 1684.*

"Here lyeth Jennet Maddock, widow, 25th March, 1713.

"And Catheirine Maddock, spinster, 26th May, 1727.

"And Elizabeih Maddock and her sister, who were twins, 19th April, 1738.

"Here lyeth the daughter of Anthony Maddock and Elizabeth his wife, who died the 23rd January, 1741.

"Here lyeth the body of Elizabeth, the wife of Anthony Maddock, who died the 21st day of April, 1767, in the 57th year of her age.

"Here lyeth the body of Alice, daughter of Anthony Maddock, who died the 7th of April, *Anno Domini*, 1700, aged between 6 and 7 years.

"Here also lyeth the body of Ann Maddock, the daughter of Anthony Maddock and Ann his wife, who died the 9th of November, 1721, aged 32.

"Here also lyeth the body of Anthony Maddock, who died the 25th of May, 1730, in the 65th year of his age.

"Here also lyeth the body of Anthony Maddock, who died the 16th day of December 1764, in the 69th year of his age.

"If arts or parts could save from death,
If groans and tears could give new breath;
My hopeful grief had lived still,
Mourn not for me, it was God's will."

There are three tombs, with strong iron railings, fastened to the south wall of the Church, and inscribed on one is the following:—

"This tomb, erected by Anthony Maddock in the year 1700."

THE TY-NEWYDD FAMILY.

"Here lyeth the body of Jacob Price, died 23rd of June, 1688.

"Here lyeth the body of Morgan Price, died 7th July, 1716, aged 78.

"Here lyeth the body of Rees Morgan, son of the said M. Price, who died Feb. 16th; 1731, aged 54.

"Here lyeth the body of Catherine Price, spinster, died 14th Feb., 1734, aged 21.

"Here lyeth the body of Jennet, wife of the said Rees Morgan, who died March 18th, 1756, aged 72.

"Morgan Price, Esq., of Ty-Newydd, died June 21st, 1778, aged 68.

"There fled as great a soul as ever warmed a Welshman's breast."

"Mary Price, daughter of Morgan and Gwenllian Price, died 1743, aged 2 years.

"Rees Price, son of the above M. and G. Price, died Sep. 15th, 1761, aged 16.

"The above Gwenllian Price died the 6th day of Feb., 1772, aged 62.

"Richard Price, Surgeon, son of the above M. and G. Price, died Dec. 7th, 1793, aged 56.

"In Memory of Thomas Smith, Surgeon, nephew of the above R. Price, aged 21, buried at Ath, in Flanders, June, 1794.

"Jennet Smith, died April, 1770, aged 3 years.

"Also Richard Price Smith, died January, 1780, aged 1 month.

"Ann Smith Pritchard, died August, 1790, aged 5 months.

"In Memory of Morgan Price Smith, who for nearly fifty years lived at New House, in this Parish, where he died Sep. 9th, 1854.

"Also Mary, his widow, who died April 14th, 1855."

Near the Tower on the south side, "lieth the remains o the Rev. Evan Phillips, Curate of this Parish, he died Sept. 11th, 1783, aged 34." On the front panel of this tomb is an Epitaph in Welsh, composed by the eminent Clergyman, the Rev. D. Jones, of Llangan, which is as follows :—

"Melus odiaeth oedd cael hwno,
Anwyl Iesu, yn dy hedd;
Melus eto fydd cael codi
'N ogoneddus ar dy wedd :—
Dere'n fuan ar y cwmwl,
Gyda bloedd yr udgorn mawr,
Casglâ'n gryno d' etifeddon,
O lochesau llwch y llawr.

"Sweet, O Jesus, 'twas to slumber,
In thine arms in peaceful rest,
Sweeter still, when thou shalt call us,
In thy form to join the blest :—
Quickly come on clouds descending,
Bid thy mighty trumpet sound,
Till thine heirs their grave bonds rending
To eternal life shall bound.

"R. D. M."

This rev. gentleman was a native of Llangrallo, and was a distinguished preacher.

Sacred to the memory of the Rev. Thomas John Williams (Myddfai), for six months a faithful minister of Christ at Maesteg Episcopal Chapel, who died 25th March, 1854, aged 36 years.

"This tomb is erected as a slight tribute to his worth, and as a token of their affection by a sorrowing congregation."

" Yn briddyn daw dyn er doniau—uchel,
 Er awchus gyneddfau ;
 Ymddalied y meddyliau,
 Ar well byd, ar arall bau."

"Erected by some of the Old Parishioners in friendly remembrance of Thomas Evan, for 45 years Parish Clerk of Llangynwyd, who died Dec. 30, 1877, aged 76 years.

"Lluniodd fedd glwyswedd a glân—i luoedd
 Lawer o bob oedran ;
 Heddyw hwn sydd ei hunan,
 Yn wr mûd dan y gro mân."

THE OLD CASTLE.

From what remains of the Old Castle, it appears that it must have been at some period a building of some strength, and its position is a sufficient proof that it was built and occupied for military purposes, long before the introduction of Artillery. The date of its erection, and indeed its history, are quite unknown. The distinguished antiquarian,—Mr. Clarke, of Dowlais,—is somewhat sceptical as to any Castle having existed here; but what may be seen at present of the ruins will satisfy any one who has seen it, that it was one time a place of considerable importance. Rice Merrick, in his history of Glamorganshire's Antiquities (1578), mentions seven castles as having been situated upon the mountains, of which Llangynwyd was one, that of which was called *Castell Coch*.

The Castle was built in one of the most secluded spots that could be found within the Parish, and though it is only a little over a quarter of a mile distant from the Parish Church, it is only known to those who are intimately acquainted with the locality, for it can hardly be seen from any of the roads leading to the village.

It stands in a deep glen, and on each side a stream runs close by, the streams uniting at the bottom of the Castle ground. These streams, at the time the Castle was occupied, were feeders of the deep moat, which is still to be seen, surrounding the whole building. The ground upon which the Castle stood, with that which is supposed to have belonged to it, is about two acres; but if we take the field adjoining the Castle, which bears traces of having been formidably entrenched, and undoubtedly was connected with the Castle, it would be considerably more.

Some are of opinion that it was built upon a still older encampment, and that it was erected by the Welsh inhabiting these hills, who gave such good account of themselves,

and proved such formidable enemies to those who invaded our country.

From what is seen of the outer walls, it is evident that there was no great art displayed in the erection of the structure. The materials found on the spot only were used, nor can we find that even lime to any extent was employed. Its plan resembles, and might be copied from, that of the early Romans, who invariably preferred to build in an oblong square, unless there were important reasons to the contrary. It appears to have only consisted of a single court, or ward; the sides of which were flanked by towers. The great hall, and domestic apartments, built upon the outer walls, looked into the court. A wet and a dry moat surrounded the whole, and entrance to the Castle was obtained by the drawbridge that crossed the moat, and the barbican on the adjoining field towards the west, in the direction of the old encampments on the side of Margam mountain.

Like other old Welsh Castles, this has its traditions. One of these is to the effect that there is a subterraneous passage, leading from the Castle to Pontrhydycciff, a distance of about two miles, and that inside the Castle, in some of its concealed rooms, is still an iron chest full of treasure, guarded by superhuman agency; and that an old man who lived a long while ago in the neighbourhood, at one time attempted to abstract the treasure, but failed to get near the chest on account of the light being blown out by the guardian Spirit. The present condition of the Old Castle and its surroundings is, perhaps, of greater interest to the Botanist than the Antiquarian; as the whole is clothed with rich verdure, containing some rare specimens of indigenous plants. The following interesting species may be seen growing over the ruius and its vicinity:—

In the moat grows *Cnicus palustris*, *the marsh thistle*; *Aspidium Filix Mas*, *male fern*; *Scolopendrum Vulgare*, *Hart's tongue fern*; *Geranium robertianum*, *stinking cranesbill*; *Rubus Idens*, *wild raspberry*; *Pyrus Ancuparia*, *The Mountain Ash*; *Circea lutetiana*, *Enchanter's night shade*; *Stachys Sylvatica*, *Wood woundwort*; *Epilobium Montana*, *Mountain Willowherb*.

Amid a profusion of hazel bushes, &c., around the entrance to the Castle, are seen:—*Lastroëa Filix Foemina*, *The lady fern*; *Lactuca Virosa*, *Wild lettuce*; *Asplenium trichomanes*, *Common maiden-hair Spleenwort*; *Oxalis Acetosella*, *Wood Sorrel*; while the stones around are covered by the *Marchantia polymorpha*, or *Common liverwort*.

In the main building, some fine Oak and Ash trees look down upon a forest of *Angelica Sylvestris*, *Common Angelica*,

once much used as a sweetmeat when candied. *Pteris Aquilina*, *Common brake*; *Digitalis purpurea*, *Common Fox-glove*, which grows in abundance everywhere. The sloping south bank of the moat is nearly covered by a thick growth of *Pinpinella Saxifrage*, *Burnet Saxifrage*; by the bank of the brook is found *Eupatorium Cannabinum*, *Hemp Agrimony*. In the fields, and beside some roads in the neighbourhood, may be found the *Lastrea Oreopteris*, *the sweet scented Buckler fern*; *Betonica officinalis*, *the Wood Betony*.

Perhaps the rarest plants found in the district are the *Drosera longifolia*, *Narrow-leaved Sundew*; and the *Drosera rotundifolia*, *Round-leaved Sundew*; the insectivorous plants referred to by the late Charles Darwin. In the same bog grows the *Narthecium Ossifrageum*, *Lancashire Asphodel*; *Carex pulicaris*, *The flea Carex*; *Rosa rubiginosa*, *Sweet brier*; *Polygala Vulgaris*, *Milkwort*; *Erica tetralix*, *Cross-leaved heath*. In the summer months on the tips at Maesteg are seen growing the *Oenothera biennis*, *The sweet scented Evening Primrose*.

On the hills scarcely anything is met with but *Sheep's fescue grass*, *Festuca Ovina*, *Moor Corn*, *Juncus Squarosus*, and *Juncus lamprocarpus*.

THE ROMAN CAMP.

This old encampment is in a very good state of preservation. It is situated on the Llangynwyd side of Margam Hill, on Ty'n-Cwm Farm, and the spot was known to the older inhabitants of the Parish as the "Bwlwarcau,"* and this name was adopted by the late Ordnance Survey. There is no doubt that it was constructed by the Romans during one of their journeys through this part of the country. The discipline of the Romans was chiefly conspicuous in their marches and encampments. They never passed a night, even in the longest marches, without pitching a camp, and fortifying it with a rampart and ditch. Persons were always sent before to choose and mark out a place for the purpose. This encampment corresponds in every respect with the form of the Roman *Castra*, in which an army remained but one, two, or, at most, three nights. Its form is square, and it is surrounded by a ditch about nine feet deep, and twelve or fifteen feet broad; and a rampart composed of the earth dug from the ditch, and divided into two parts, called the upper and lower. There are other encampments higher up on the mountain, but whether they are relics of the Romans, or the work of a later period, we are not prepared to say.

* See note on origin of this term in " Davies' History of West Gower."

On the summit of the same hill are still visible some traces of what is said to have been a Roman road, which is known by the inhabitants as "Heol y Moch";—which is supposed to lead from the Baiden Hills to this encampment, and thence in a northerly direction, descending *Blaencynacron* Mountain, and crossing the intervening valley, to ascend the brow of the Garnwen, and to traverse the ridge as far as *Cymmer*; thence in the direction of Hirwain, and from there to Brecon. Portions of this old thoroughfare still retain suggestive names, such as *Rhiw-tôr-y-Cymry* and *Cawsi* (causeway), *Talsarn*, &c.

Y TWMPATH, OR CRUG Y DIWLITH.

This is a huge mound or hillock on Margam Mountain, about two and a half miles west of Llangynwyd Church, and about the same distance eastward from Margam Church, and is considered one of the seven wonders of Glamorgan. It may have been the exact spot in former days where the Hamlets of Cwmdu and Llangynwyd Middle conjoined, and where both met on the eastern edge of the boundary of Margam Parish.

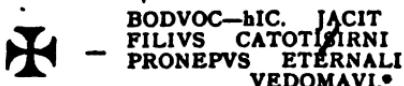
It is supposed that after a great battle fought on this hill, the slain were laid to rest under this *twmpath*. It seems to be alluded to in the Myfyrian Archaeology, vol. iii., p. 275, under a series of "triads," which were said to have been recited "*Ger bron Twmpath Prydyddion Tir Iarll.*" We read that the bards of *Tir Iarll* were in the habit of assembling alternately on the 24th of June of every year on the *Twmpath*, in the Church of *Llangynwyd*, and the Church of *Bettws*, to hold their *Gorseddau* or Bardic Congresses. But what is most interesting concerning this mound is the general tradition, that no dew was ever seen upon it, hence the name by which it is still known. Of course, were this the case, it would have been truly one of the seven wonders of the world; but the hillock was never dewless, and it would have been the last place for the Welsh bards to respect, much less to hold their *Gorsedd* upon. Was it not one of the choice delights of a certain eminent bard to see clusters of dew on clover—"Tew wthi ar feillion"?

The name, *diwlith*, is only a corruption of the word *Duw-lith*. It was customary in ancient days to perambulate the bounds and limits of parishes, and an exhortation was given at certain stations on the journey; an example of such exhortation may be seen in the book of Homilies, and given by the clergyman of either parishes, when the bounds were beaten, it would be, indeed, *Duw-lith*, a lesson from God. It may be further said that the words *Duw* and

llith, as commonly spoken, give a most accurate idea of the way in which the word *dwlith* is pronounced by the inhabitants of the immediate district.

THE LETTERED STONE.

This ancient stone or monument was placed about two hundred yards from the *Twm-path*. It is about 5 feet in length, 1½ feet broad, and about a foot thick, while the face of the stone bears an inscription entirely in Roman Capitals; the whole being in excellent preservation. There was in olden times an affirmation among the ignorant people of the neighbourhood, that whosoever should read the inscription would soon die. The following is the inscription:—



G/

The above inscription has perplexed the profoundest scholars, and the true meaning has not been ascertained yet. Taliesin Williams thought it to be of as early date as A.D. 300, while Prof. Westwood, of Oxford, thinks it is more probably of the fifth, or even the sixth century. Dr. Jones again, in his "History of Wales," p. 111, regards Bodvoc, as identical with Madoc, a kinsman of the last Llewelyn, whom, he says, led an army to Glamorgan, and was buried on this mountain, and maintains that the inscription on the stone alludes to him. See also the *Book of Margam*, p. 199, and Enderbie's *Cambria Triumphans*, p. 331. Dr. Jones's conjecture is supported by a quotation from an Ode in the *Myf. Arch.*, vol. 1, p. 425, which was composed by the Bard Casnodyn, who flourished between 1290 and 1330, on "Madoc," which reads thus:—

"Llew glw gloewlan Lan-Gynwyl."

In the same poem, several local names are also mentioned, such as *Gaets* and *Margam*, which proves beyond any doubt that Madoc had identified himself with this part of Glamorganshire. To our mind, Dr. Jones is nearer the mark than some other historians who say that Madoc's army, after many struggles, was defeated by King Edward I., and himself taken prisoner in 1295, and confined for life in the Tower of London.

THE CHANCEL STONE.

This curious old stone was found about 30 years ago in the

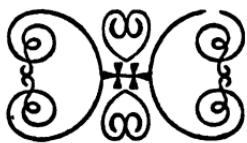
* Dr. Jones translates this inscription as follows:—"Hers lies Madoc ab Cedydd ab Sern of North Wales."

HISTORY OF LLANGYNWYD.

middle of the chancel wall, when the said wall was taken down to be rebuilt, and it is presumed to have been placed there when the Church was restored in the year 1688. The stone is extremely hard, and does not appear to be of a kind that occurs in the neighbourhood.

It is 28 inches long, by 13 inches wide, and 8 inches thick, and is pierced through with an oblong hole, which is supposed to have been formed for the socket in which the base of a cross was fixed, of which there are no remains. There is a slight trace around the edge of what may be regarded as "Ogham Characters," but unfortunately the greater portion of them have been chipped off by an ignorant hand, when it was placed in the wall.

There are lines cut very sharply on the surface, but they can scarcely be regarded as the letters of an inscription of any kind.



CHAPTER V.

The Roman Catholic Chapel.—The Independents.—Welsh Calvinistic Methodists.—Baptists.—Wealeyans.—The Maesteg Town Hall.—Elementary Schools.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL.

In 1870 the Romanists at Maesteg depended on missions from Bridgend and Aberafan. The Earl of Dunraven had left in his will £2,000 for the establishment of a mission at Maesteg, which legacy was reduced to £1,800 by payment of duty, and this sum was expended on the Chapel, School, and Priest's house.

These buildings are situated on a portion of Maesteg farm, the property of Colonel Turberville, of Ewenny, not far from the spot known as the *Garn Lwyd*. The Chapel, &c., is a Gothic structure, designed by Mr. R. Buckland, of Swansea, in the good taste which generally characterizes Roman Catholic edifices. The Chapel was opened in the Autumn of the year 1872, and dedicated to "Our Lady and Saint Patrick." The six brass candlesticks on the altar were purchased at Paris; and the side altar, which is richly carved, was made at Munich, and presented to this Chapel by the late Countess of Dunraven. The opening ceremony was conducted by Canon Price, of Bridgend; Canon Vaughan, O.S.B.; and the Rev. Peter Lewis, M.R. and Dean, Swansea. The present resident Priest is Father Davies.

THE INDEPENDENTS.

The Rev. Samuel Jones, of Brynllwarch, established the first Independent Church in this Parish, at a place called Ty-maen. When the church which he also planted at Bettws, an adjoining Parish, removed for some reason to Bryn-menyn, some of the members from this locality, who found the distance to Bryn-menyn too great, united with the few who had been accustomed to assemble at Ty-maen. The community thus constituted, after a length of time, found a meeting place at the Graig Fach, which was originally built to accommodate the Calvinistic Methodists; but Rees Howells, of Sychbant, who had control over this

little meeting house, and on whose land it was erected, was expelled for some reason by the C.M. fraternity, and he in return gave over the Graig Fach to the Independents, and joined that society. Rees Howells before his death, again willed the Graig Fach to the C.M., and the Independents were obliged to seek another meeting place, which they did this time at the long-room of the "Old House Tavern," Llangynwyd Village, where services were held during many years. The cause at this time was under the charge of the Rev. Abraham Tibbot, who lived and farmed at Brynllywarch; a portion of this place recalls the good man's name to this day, being known as Craig Abraham. About the year 1800 the little fraternity ventured to acquire an unfinished house which had been commenced, but not completed, by a well known tradesman in the village. This they converted into a place of worship under the name of Bethesda, and a small plot of burial ground was attached to it. Mr. Tibbot was succeeded by the Rev. Edward Walters. During Mr. Walters' ministry, the Independent Chapel at Cymmer, Glyncoyrwg, was erected—the first offshoot of this prolific and honourable tree. Mr. Walters did not remain long at Llangynwyd, but emigrated to America, where he died.

His successor was the Rev. Methusalem Jones, who, after a period of service of six years, left, to take the oversight of a small church at Merthyr. After him came the Rev. Wm. Beynon, who laboured here for twelve years. Mr. Beynon died in 1846, and was interred in the Parish Churchyard. It was during his ministry that Maesteg began to be known as a centre of mining industry, and the Maesteg Works were commenced. Consequently, upon this, Carmel Chapel had been built, another branch of the cause inaugurated by the small and feeble remnant at Llangynwyd Village.

Carmel, in its turn, has prospered, and has yet further extended its boundaries,—and proved a worthy scion of the good and enterprising stock from which it sprang.

Now, though we have hardly brought the history of the Independent denomination down to these days, we arrive at the time of the advent of one who was, though the grave has but lately covered him, a fit contemporary of the greatest orators and preachers wild Wales has ever produced. A man of commanding presence, an orator, and a sincere Christian—the Rev. William Morgan was known and beloved wherever the Welsh Language was spoken, and the benign influence of the Welsh Pulpit has extended. Though he had reached the ripe age of 84 years, and had ministered in this Parish for the long period of 53 years, he died in the plenitude of

his powers. He hath entered into his rest, but his name will long be remembered, and fragrant to our hearts. He was ordained to the work of the ministry in March, 1829, at Llangynwyd, when he took the charge of Bethesda, and the sister churches at Carmel, Maesteg, and Siloam, Cefncribwr. Becoming, after some years, pastor of Carmel alone, he continued to minister there till his death, which took place January 4th, 1883.

By this time, the Independents have increased to such a degree, that they possess in the Parish seven Welsh chapels, and one English. The following is a list of them, and their pastors:—

Carmel, Maesteg	The Rev. W. R. Bowen.
Zoar,	"	"	John Jones.
Siloh,	"	"	D. Prosser.
Saron,	"	"	
Bethesda, Llan Village	..	"	D. Morris.
Ebenezer, Garth	...	"	R. Walter.
Dyffryn, Higher Hamlet	...	"	— Morris.
Congregational (Eng. ist)	..	"	J. James.

THE CALVINISTIC METHODISTS.

It is recorded that Howell Harris, one of the founders of the C.M. denomination, once preached at Llangynwyd Village. Perhaps this fact would not have been known to us at present, had it not been for the following incident in connection with his visit.

It appears that he addressed his hearers from a mound, which was attached to the wall of the Church-yard, and that as soon as this was made known to Mrs. Thomas, the wife of the then Vicar of the Parish, who lived at Maescadro, she gave orders for the mound, which had been in her opinion thus defiled, to be immediately taken down and removed. It does not appear that his preaching had much effect on the people of the "Old Parish," for it was some thirty years after the time it is supposed that Mr. Harris was at Llangynwyd, that we find a few of his followers commencing to hold prayer meetings at a small house, called *Nant y Crynwydd*, which, in process of time, came to be designated as a small Church. This event dates as far back as the year 1774. Among others who had joined was Mr. Rees Howells, of Sychbant, a respectable farmer; who invited his fellow-worshippers to meet at his house, an offer they readily accepted, as the *Sychbant* in every respect was most convenient to the majority of them. After they had assembled for some time at this place, and had increased in number, Mr. Howells proposed that a Chapel should be built

on one of his fields. This proposal was again received with much favour, and with the aid they received from the neighbourhood at large, the little Chapel was completed, and was called the *Graig Fach*. As already mentioned, R. Howells, having transgressed the rules of this Society, and been expelled, he made over the *Graig Fach* to the Independents, which compelled the little Methodist brotherhood to remove their meeting place for a time to *Brynmawr* farm-house, which was only a short distance from the *Graig Fach*, and was occupied by one of the name of *Sion Maddock*. It is stated that while meetings were held at this place, a man by the name of John David attended their meetings regularly from a place called the *Splot*, a farm near St. Donats, at a distance of over 18 miles. About this time also, the first monthly meeting of this connexion was held in the Parish, and for convenience' sake, it was arranged to have it holden at Llan Village. The Rev. David Jones, of Llangan, and the Rev. Evan Phillips, of Llangrallo, preached in the Parish Church in the morning, and Hopkin Bevan, of *Cilfwnwr*, near Llanyfelach, preached in the afternoon behind the old tithe barn, which stood where the Corner House stands at present. This exhorter became afterwards the only ordained minister of this connexion in Glamorganshire for some years.

Mr. R. Howells, of Sychbant, before his death desired that the *Graig Fach* should be restored to the C.M., and from his death, which took place in the year 1800, till the year 1828, meetings and Sabbath Schools were regularly held at the *Graig Fach*; the Sabbath journey for those who were engaged to preach at this place was *Pontrhydyfen* in the morning, *Graig Fach* in the afternoon, and *Glynogwr* in the evening.

The inauguration of the Maesteg Works brought large numbers of strangers to settle in the place, and the *Graig Fach* was not found spacious enough to accommodate their number, and the venerable old place was abandoned; one portion removing to the long-room of the "Old House Tavern," while the other found a temporary dwelling at a place called *Ysgubor Wen*, near the works.

In the year 1840 Tabor Chapel was erected, and soon after, the little fraternity at Llan Village converted a dwelling-house into a little chapel, which has been subsequently enlarged, and is called "Y Babell."

The population of Maesteg being still on the increase, the want of another Chapel was felt in the Upper District, and about the year 1850 Hermon was built, which may be considered as a branch of Tabor. About 14 years ago, another handsome chapel was erected at *Garth*, in the lower portion of

the district of Maesteg, and finally, another at Pontrhydycyff ; making a total of five places of worship belonging to the Calvinistic Methodists within the Parish.

The Rev. John Williams, of *Garth*, is the only ordained minister residing in the neighbourhood ; the various pulpits are supplied by ministers from other districts on the Sabbath.

THE BAPTIST DENOMINATION.

There appears to be no doubt that persons holding the Baptist creed existed in this Parish even during the Revolution, which ended in the execution of King Charles I., and the subsequent overturning of the Hierarchy of the Established Church in England. The Rev. Joshua Thomas, in his "History of the Baptists," says, "I hear that one of the military officers under Cromwell lived at Nantmwth, near Coetrehen, where Mr. Jonathan Francis now lives, and that he was one of the Baptists. I did not hear his name. Others of them (the Baptists) lived in these parts in the time of the persecution (I presume after the restoration of King Charles II.). In the Parish of Llangynwyd, near there, lived Mr. Samuel Jones, of Brynllywarch ; there were some Baptists in that Parish at the time of the persecution. I was lately told by an old man that he remembered three of them, named Howell Rees, Morgan Evan, and Evan John, and that these people and his own parents were persecuted, and compelled to pay the fine for not attending Church. He said that religious fellowship existed between his parents and these men, and that they were men of good reputation. The old man himself could not remember the persecution, but stated that these men lived until after the coming of more peaceful times. There is no reason to doubt that our fathers in the faith suffered in those times here, as in other parts of Wales."

Further evidence of the existence of Baptists in the neighbourhood is afforded by the same author, who states that "Mr. Thomas Joseph, who was in 1662 expelled from the living of Llangeinor, and Mr. Howell Thomas, who was expelled from that of Glyncorrwg, were Baptists."

But, with the decline of religious feeling that followed and existed so long after the re-accession of the Stuarts, we lose sight of the denomination in this Parish until early in this present century, when we find that a W. Griffiths, a member and preacher at Zion Chapel, Merthyr, removed to "Llwyni" in the year 1827, and that he was an acceptable preacher at Maesteg, Cwmgarw, and Bettws. He, however, is, in a few

years, lost sight of, and, if living, does not appear to have been a recognised preacher in 1839.

After this, the Baptist cause* in Maesteg becomes identified with the history of the Rev. Thomas Hopkin, an energetic, brave, and earnest man, who, single-handed, appears to have been the means of again reviving the denomination in this place, to whose honour it should be said, that the present flourishing state of the denomination, with its six fine chapels, many hundreds of communicants, and many more hundreds of adherents, is the outcome of this worthy pioneer's energy and devotion. Born in the year 1792 at Ystradyfodwg, he appears to have preached his first sermon at the chapel near his birthplace when he was about seventeen years of age. So promising did the young preacher appear, that he was recommended to enter the Baptist College then existing at Abergavenny, and the preliminary arrangements for that purpose were entered into. Unfortunately, however, circumstances at the last moment prevented this, and Thomas Hopkin never received the advantage of a collegiate training.

Having taken unto himself a wife in the year 1816, Mr. Hopkin removed from Ystrad to Hirwain, where, upon the re-opening of the Hirwain Works by Mr. Wm. Crawshay, he was most active in religious work; and in obtaining the money to liquidate the debt on a chapel erected through his instrumentality in 1826. Two years after this, he again removed, this time to Maesteg, and on Christmas Day, 1828, became the ordained minister of the Baptist Church in that place. And let it here be noted that this was a time when the Baptist cause (as were all religious causes in Maesteg) was at its weakest, where religious people were few, and their circumstances poor. Still, some there were who were faithful, and whose names are still reverenced by those who are able to look back at the past, as having been faithful and earnest, even in these times of religious depression. Such were Richard and Ann Evans, commonly known as Richard and Ann o'r Shop. In Mr. Evans' house it was that the little brotherhood met, to hear the sermons of Mr. Hopkin. The little church appears, according to its means, to have been truly liberal in its treatment of its minister, and truly united in its desire to serve its Master. An instance of this is afforded by the fact that Mrs. Evans, afterwards wife of Mr. Dd. Evans, Grocer, was accustomed to walk from Nant-tew-laeth every Sunday, and frequently on week nights

* Rev. I. Thomas' history of the Welsh Baptists.

also, in order to attend divine service—a self-sacrifice which now-a-days finds few imitators.

The business at the shop of Mr. Evans, and the attendance at the services held by the little fraternity there, appear to have increased, and the congregation were compelled to seek larger premises. After having had, for a short time, the use of the house of one Samuel Rees, they determined to apply to Mr. Richards, of the Coetrehen Arms, for the use of the "Long Room" attached to that house, which was immediately granted, and the little flock remained there for some time. It was during this period that one of the lamentable schisms, usually denominated *splits*, resulted in the removal of a portion of the flock to the holding of services in the *loft* of the Crown Inn, where they remained some time. It is, however, pleasing to note, that, by-and-bye, the wandering few returned to the fold, and Thomas Hopkin was once more pastor of a united people. The accommodation at the Coetrehen Arms, in its turn, became too narrow, and now the Church, impelled thereto, no doubt, by the courage and hopefulness of Mr. Hopkin, resolved to build a house of their own. This they did, upon ground leased to them by the liberal and large-hearted Gervase P. Turberville, Esq., for a term of 999 years. Doubtless, the undertaking was to the little brotherhood a large one. The chapel cost them the sum of sixty pounds, and was called Bethania—the progenitor of three later *Bethanias*, each larger and more spacious than its predecessors. Since then, the history of the Baptists at Maesteg has been reduplication of that of Maesteg itself. With the increase of the staple industries, and the consequent increase of population and prosperity, the Baptist Churches have continued to grow stronger and more influential, and, let us hope, more earnest and devoted also.

As with the other denominational bodies, the Baptist churches at Maesteg have brought up in their midst men who have made the name of Maesteg better known than otherwise it would have been. Thomas Hopkin stands in the front, as pioneer; strong, undaunted, brave, the man to initiate a great cause, and to help it over its early difficulties. But there are others. One of his successors, the Rev. Hugh Hughes, now of Dinas, is no unknown man in Wales: Howell Davies, of Salem, a man of simple piety and humble eloquence, did a great and honourable work! And he who has so lately passed away—Richard Hughes *

* The Rev. Richard Hughes was born November 1st, 1820, died December 4th, 1885.

—has left behind him a name that will smell sweet while Wales loves poetry, and eloquence, and Godliness. To have known this good man, so simple in his pathos, so meek in his demeanour, so beloved and so respected by all that knew him,—was to know one of the brightest examples of that noblest of God's works,—a true Christian man. His form, his features, his utterances, and his poems, will not be forgotten, while those live who were acquainted with him; and these are many, for the inoffensiveness of his life, and the integrity of his character, endeared him, not only to his fellow-townsmen, but to all Welshmen.

The Baptist denomination now stands very high in the Parish, for the number of its adherents, and the beauty of the edifices devoted to its ritual.

Following is a list of the Baptist Chapels and their present Pastors:—

Bethania	
Salem.	Rev. J. Ceulanydd Williams.
Tabernacle	" Edward Jones.
Calvary	" D. P. Griffiths.
Bethel	" E. E. Lovell.
Zion	... { English }	...	" T. A. Pryce.

THE WESLEYANS.

The first start in connection with this denomination of Christians in the Parish was in a cottage in McGregor Row, in the year 1839. Services were held in this cottage for about two years, and conducted by local preachers, and occasionally by an ordained minister from Cardiff, in which circuit Maesteg was at that period. When the number of members reached ten, an effort was made to acquire a place for worship; and at a circuit meeting held at Llantwit, the matter was considered, but disallowed, as being contrary to the rules of the Wesleyan Conference. Subsequently, Bridgend and Cowbridge, with the surrounding villages, were constituted into a separate circuit, apart from that of Cardiff, and the little church at Maesteg was attended to by the ministers residing at Bridgend and Cowbridge, and the services held at the old Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Chapel, now the residence of the Rev. John Jones.

For some reason the services were again discontinued in the Welsh Chapel, and the small band of worshippers held their meetings for some time at the old English Baptist Chapel, Galltcm Row; in Shoemaker Row; in the Swan Club-room; and in the Old Works Infant Schoolroom. After these years of wandering, in the year 1857, the friends resolved upon building a small chapel. The plans and

scheme were approved of at a quarterly meeting of the circuit at Bridgend, the Rev. Thomas Osborne (afterwards Dr. Osborne) presiding.

The chapel is in the Gothic style of architecture, capable of seating 200, and is situated in Alfred-street. The pioneers of Wesleyan Methodism in the Parish were Mr. George Bedford and Mr. William Rowe. The chapel is free from debt, but the cause is still small.

THE MAESTEG TOWN HALL.

This beautiful and massive block of buildings is situated near the Railway Station, and erected on an enclosure of about two acres of ground adjacent to Commercial-street, the principal thoroughfare of the town. The memorial stone was placed the 31st October, 1881, by the Lord Lieutenant of Glamorgan—C. R. M. Talbot, Esq., M.P., who gave practical proof of his sympathy with the movement by contributing a donation of £500 to the building fund. The Market, Hall and Grounds were opened for use 22nd October, 1882.

The building is of Queen Anne style of architecture, a style now greatly in vogue. The Hall is 86 feet long, by 45 feet broad, and 40 feet high, with a gallery capable of seating 350 persons; the ground floor is covered by a commodious Market-place, Board-rooms, &c. The great Hall is reached from the street by a double flight of stairs; the stage is admirably constructed with most convenient retiring rooms, cloak-room, and a first-class entrance. The grounds on the east side are enclosed by a high stone wall, and on the west with ornamental railings with entrances from both sides.

The plans were prepared by Mr. H. C. Harris, of Cardiff; the Contractors being Messrs. G. Thomas & Sons, of Pembroke and Newport, Government Contractors. The duties of Honorary Secretary of the Building Committee were entrusted to Mr. J. H. Thomas, Ashby Villa, who was also a member of the Maesteg Board of Health. Mr. Thomas has carried out his duties in a very satisfactory manner, and has been instrumental in collecting nearly all the donations subscribed to the building fund. The cost of the whole structure was considerably over £3,000, which is by this time nearly all removed.

SCHOOLS.

There are no schools within the Parish, higher than Elementary. There is a National School at Llangynwyd

Village under the supervision of the Vicar, and a Catholic School at Maesteg; the other schools are connected with the different works of the district, and are styled British Schools.

A portion of the Upper Hamlet has lately been amalgamated with the Parish of Glyncorrwg, for the purpose of forming a School Board district for that part, and a commodious and expensive building has been erected at Cymmer.

The accommodation for the whole Parish may be roughly estimated to be for 2,500 children; and the average attendance about 2,000. The grants earned from the Education Department by all the schools (excepting the Cymmer B. School) for the year (1885), amounted to £1,453 12s. ad.



CHAPTER VI.

Local industries, their history and development.—Introduction.—The starting of the Old Works.—The Spelter Works.—The Cambrian Iron Co.—Ty-Chwyth.—Garth and Cwmdu.—The Oakwood Colliery.—The Llwydarth Tinplate Works.—The Llynfi and Ogmore Railway.—Talfedw Mill.

THE valley of the Llyfnwy has long been renowned for the greatness of its mineral resources and the extent of its hidden mineral wealth: coal and ironstone of the richest quality are here found in such abundance that the winning and working of them have taken their place as the staple trades of the neighbourhood. Doubtless, the presence of these minerals has been known from a very early date—possibly since the time of the Roman invaders. Numerous finds of Roman coins have been made in the neighbourhood, which are, presumably, the relics of a traffic, the parties to which have, centuries ago, passed away. There are also other proofs, which establish beyond doubt the great antiquity of the staple industries in these parts. Mr. James Barrow, in his able and exhaustive paper on the mineral resources of the Llynvi Valley, notes the discovery of the remains of an ancient furnace, which was made in the course of excavations for the old tramway. We have, however, further proofs in the names which certain districts still retain. Not far away are *Rhyd-y-Gefeilau* ("The Ford of Smithies"), and *Cil-y-Gofaid* ("The Smiths' Retreat")—names which are undoubtedly of great antiquity. Also, *Cwm-Nant-y-Glo* ("Coal-brook Dale"), &c. So many of the coal measures crop, or rise to the surface, in this neighbourhood, and the work of coal-getting was thus rendered so easy, that we are not surprised to find that for centuries house coal has been raised in the parish, and that hence the fuel supply of a very wide district was obtained. Not that mining had then become the science which it may now justly claim to be. The modes of coal-getting were undoubtedly primitive and rude in the extreme; and in the diary of Mr. Parry, elsewhere referred to, we find evidence that the number of hands employed, and the amount of capital expended in the mining enterprises of former days, would now be considered ridiculously small.

It would seem that our forefathers preferred, as being safer and less troublesome, to sink shafts to their coal measures, rather than to work through those horizontal or slightly inclining tunnels which are technically called *levels*. Possibly, having in view the ample wealth of coal at their command, and their utter ignorance of the proper mode of ventilating underground workings, they were right. So it was, that when they reached the depth of from 20 to 40 feet, and when they found any difficulty in working with naked lights, the pit was abandoned, and a fresh one opened. They had primitive views, too, of the proper mode of working their coal. As a rule, their pits were large enough only to allow one collier to work therein, and he, having heaved the coal from its bed, brought it up from the pit in a basket, using for the purpose a ladder of sufficient length. It was thought, too, that these shallow pits would be rendered unsafe were too large a quantity of coal taken away; so coal was always left to form the roof of the working; or, in other words, the lower part of the stratum only was worked, and the upper part left untouched. There were also large pillars of solid coal left, in order that this roof should be supported; so that, on the whole, we may conclude the fathers of the Llangynwyd coal mining community left behind rather more coal than they took away, even from the very little, comparatively, that they worked of the "black diamonds."

Still, what was, for those days, a large quantity of coal was raised in this neighbourhood, and the farm houses and cottages of the Vale of Glamorgan were indebted, for their cheerful coal fires, to this district. Viewed in the light of our present large trade, how strange does it appear that coal was then sold, not by weight, but by the sack, the usual price of a sack of coal, whatever its size, being three pence!

In keeping with the rest was the mode by which the coal was transported from the pit's mouth to its destination. In the days we are describing—the days of cheap labour and dignified leisure—few labourers or tradesmen in rural districts were too poor to keep a donkey, which donkey generally earned a comfortable subsistence by the wayside, or on some common. When coal was to be fetched, a troop of these donkeys would wend their way up the valley, bearing the empty sacks, under the care of a lad or two, or, perhaps, the more careful superintendence of some superannuated labourer, or even of a woman. Time was no great object on the journey, although it was necessary that the cavalcade should start very early in the morning—a custom which is referred to in the third line of the following triplet:—

Mae'r ceiling coch yn canu,
 Mae'n bryd i'r merched gwni,
 Mae'r bachgen bach yn myn'd t'a'r glo,
 A'r fuwch a'r llo yn bresu.

The eastern skies are glowing,
 The cock is shrilly crowing;
 The lads are starting for the coal,
 The cow and calf are lowing.

R. D. M.

Arrived at the coal-pit, the sacks would be filled, the donkeys laden, and the homeward journey commenced, each animal, with its burden, being left at its owner's door, and a small gratuity handed to the conductor of the procession. But, by-and-bye, this cumbrous and toilsome means of transit grew out of date, while, at the same time, the fame of the Llangynwyd and "Llwyni" coals became more widely known; and thus it was that, almost within living memory, waggons came from the far distant banks of the Severn to the coal-pits at the Farm, near Llangynwyd village, or to those at Brynysig, Bryn-rhig, or Coegnant, the principal sources, it would appear, at that period, of house coal.

It is to the works at Bryn-rhig, it would appear, that the unenviable distinction belongs of having been the scene of what was, seemingly, the first colliery accident that occurred in the valley. One of the old parish registers mentions a man having been killed "at Bryn-rhig, underground," in the year 1682 (see *Extracts from Parish Registers*). We must not omit to mention, however, that there were, no doubt, other coal-pits than those mentioned worked in the neighbourhood from a very early date; and the quantity of coal raised from some of them must have been considerable. We have on record an occurrence that happened in the year 1792, which, in the eyes of our forefathers, attained the dimensions of a catastrophe. At a place called *Gwaen-y-Dyffryn*, in the upper hamlet, a large quantity of coal had been raised during the slack summer months, in readiness for the anticipated winter demand. By some means or other, the coal took fire, and blazed for some time, defying the appliances then at command to extinguish it. So high did the flames mount, and so fiercely did they rage, that the conflagration was visible in some parts of the Vale of Glamorgan, and great consternation was caused in the valley and the surrounding districts.

The industries thus humbly inaugurated, and which have now attained such important dimensions, have suffered many vicissitudes; and, while the progress which has attended their development has been wonderful, there is a mournful record of energy wasted, wealth spent, and fortunes wrecked in connection with them.

Leaving the somewhat misty past, we come to the early part of the present century, from whence, it would appear, we may date the commencement of coal and iron raising in this valley on a larger scale, and by modern methods.

The honourable title of pioneer in this direction belongs to Mr. Thomas Jones, a currier, who, at the period mentioned, carried on business at Abergavenny. It would appear that Mr. Jones was convinced that there were hidden treasures in some of the remote valleys of Glamorganshire,—riches that only waited to be unearthed by the pickaxe of the adventurous capitalist; to reward him with the wealth and honours that had accrued to the Guests, the Hills, and the Crawshays. He visited the county on a prospecting tour, and, coming accidentally to this valley, found indications that convinced him that his dreams were, to some extent, to be realized, and the coveted riches almost within his grasp. Mr. Llewelyn David, the then owner of Llwyni farm, had thereon a small level which he worked. It was situated at *Cwm-nant-y-gwail*, near the spot whereon now stands the Crown Inn. Mr. Jones at once opened negotiations with Mr. David, and in 1798 leased the Llwyni farm, with the underlying minerals. The rent was certainly not excessive, viewed in the light of our present knowledge; but in those days the speculation was considered a sufficiently risky one, and Mr. David was considered to have done well in securing for his land a rent of £100 per annum, with three loads of coal weekly in winter and two in summer, which covenant was to continue during the term of the lease. In 1802, Mr. Jones leased *Brynrhig* farm, and proceeded to commence operations on a larger scale. His first essays in coal mining prove him to have been a man of somewhat daring and original views. He, on the hill side at *Brynrhig*, constructed a large pond, to contain the water of the adjacent mountain streams, and his project was, that the water should, when sufficient had accumulated, be allowed to rush down over the mountain side, so as to wash away the overlying earth, and lay bare to the light of day the coal measures beneath. As might have been anticipated, the plan failed, and Mr. Jones was fain to cast about for some other mode of attaining his object. While matters were at this stage, Mr. Jones failed in business, was declared bankrupt, and his property at Abergavenny sold. He had taken precautions to have the leases of Llwyni, &c., made out in the name of his brother, Mr. Charles Jones, and so saved these properties from the wreck of his affairs. Arrived at the end of his own capital, Mr. Jones spent years in his

endeavours to induce other gentlemen to become partners in his undertaking; and, in the year 1824, concluded arrangements with six gentlemen to join him. These were Messrs. Buckland, Rusher (?), Stancombe, Motley, Fussell, and Williams.

The labours and anxiety of 26 years were apparently about to be rewarded, and Mr. Jones was in London obtaining the necessary signatures to the deeds of partnership, and, while there, was struck down by death. His brother, Mr. Charles Jones, took the matter up where it had been left, and proceeded to London, on the same errand that had proved so fatal to Mr. Thomas Jones. Marvellous to relate, his journey and his life were ended in the same peculiar manner. The apparently fatal task devolved thus upon another brother, Mr. William Jones, and he proceeded to London, and carried the matter to a successful issue.

Besides the properties we have mentioned, the newly-formed Company took over Mr. Jones's interest in the farm called *Cwrt-y-mwnws*, or more properly perhaps *Cwrt-y-mwnwys*. This had been leased from the owner, Mr. John Hopkin, who lived at the farm-house, for 99 years, at an annual rent of £105. Mr. Hopkin had opened several pits on the land, and had done a considerable trade in coal. So great had the demand become, and the supply obtained by the primitive modes of coal-winning then in use was so limited, that it was seldom that Mr. Hopkins permitted the waggons and carts of his customers from a distance to be filled to their utmost capacity. In many instances, he refused to supply strangers at all; but, as a rule, rather than that they should be entirely disappointed, he compelled them to be content with only half-loads. Mr. Griffiths, of Coegnant, another coal proprietor, adopted the same course.

Indeed, it would seem that these worthies lived in constant dread that their supply of the precious mineral would be exhausted in their time. This was the common impression, and we find that public opinion was somewhat disposed to be satirical upon Mr. Jones, as having made bad bargains in his different ventures. The bulk of the coal had been worked; they said, and Mr. Jones could hardly be sane, to be so anxious to obtain the poor residue of which earlier speculators had had the cream. The millions of tons of coal and ironstone that have since been obtained, and the apparently inexhaustible wealth that is known to remain, will serve as a commentary upon, and a witness against, the correctness of public opinion in this case.

The new Company commenced operations, under the style of the Maesteg Iron Works, in 1826. Mr. William Jones came to reside at the historic mansion of Cefn Ydfa, in order to superintend the erection of the projected works. He engaged, as manager, Mr. William David, of Bryncock; and as surveyor, a Mr. Llewelyn, of Pontypool. The buildings were actually commenced in the month of May, 1826, and a large number of men at once found employment—some in digging the foundations, others in digging clay, which was made into bricks on the spot, and in quarrying stones. The old tramroad, the father, as it may be called, of the present railway, was also commenced. It was intended that this should be carried through Bridgend, and to the sea at Ogmore; but the late Right Hon. Sir John Nichol opposed this route as being too near his residence, and the tramway was consequently laid to Porthcawl. This was possibly the origin of Porthcawl as a shipping port, and it is instructive to observe that the prescience of the Maesteg Iron Company has by this time been vindicated by the promotion of the Ogmore Dock and Railway Bill, and the works now being carried forward in connection therewith.

In August, 1836, a "patch" was opened at *Cwm-nant-y-gwail*, the first ever opened in the Parish; and at the end of the same year, another was opened at *Cwm-cae-yr-wyn*, on *Cwrt-y-mwnwys* farm. Several others were opened in different localities during the following year.

In August, 1827, were opened the two levels known as No. 1 and No. 2; and about the same time the foundations of two blast furnaces were dug, and their erection commenced, under the care of Mr. Wayne. At the end of the same year, No. 3 level was opened, followed in January, 1828, by No. 4.

The coke ovens being now in operation, and a large number of workmen employed, the demand for dwelling-houses became pressing, and the Company proceeded to build rows of houses at Garnwyd, and South Parade. Private persons also speculated in this direction, and the aspect of the place improved very rapidly.

The end of 1828 saw the completion of the tramway and No. 1 blast furnace, and the manufacture of iron in large quantities proceeded briskly. In 1829, several more coal levels were opened, and No. 2 furnace completed.

The year 1830 was marked by still greater progress. The Company added considerably to its house property, and commenced to erect those houses which still remain the best and most substantial in the place, and quite worthy of the

title of mansions. These were intended as residences for the various managers and agents. The following year also was one of great prosperity, and several new levels, patches, &c., were opened, and the tale of progress was uninterrupted through the years 1832 and 1833. In the later year, Mr. Wayne left, and was succeeded as manager by Mr. Bevan, who remained but a short time—being replaced in his turn by Mr. David Smith. Under this gentleman occurred the first "strike"—or the first of those disastrous disputes between masters and men, that have since then been too frequent. A misunderstanding arose in consequence of which the two blast furnaces were blown out, and the works placed at a stand-still. This unfortunate state of things continued for two months, and the men suffered great hardships. The dispute being settled, the works were restarted, amid general rejoicing.

The year 1836 was a notable year, as being that in which the Maesteg Works received the order for the iron pillars to be used in the erection of the Bridgend Market-place,—an event which was considered to reflect great honour upon Maesteg. Matters continued to go on well; and in 1840 Mr. Charles Hampton took the management from Mr. Smith, and under his superintendence a third blast furnace was built, and started in 1844. A Mr. Breunton at the same time undertook the erection of this furnace as well as of the engine house. In 1846 a foundry was added, for the making of railway chairs, of which 700 to 1,000 were made daily.

The Maesteg Works now took a prominent and honourable place in the iron market, and the sphere of its operations was extended in various directions. The proprietors seem to have had an interest in the Margam Tinplate Works at Aberavon, and large quantities of the pig iron produced at Maesteg were transported to that place. A memorial of this connection still remains in the fact that the best brand of terne plates, which is manufactured at the Margam Tinplate Works, bears the mark *M.F.*, a distinguishing mark which had its origin at this time. The letters stand for Motley, Fussell, & Co.

The Company was not so fortunate in another of its business connections, namely, that with the South Wales Brewery at Neath. The bond between these two concerns appears to have been a very close one—most if not all the partners in the Maesteg Works having also a large stake in the brewery. A series of misfortunes placed the Brewery Company in such difficulties, that its business came to a stand-still in the year 1847, and in its fall the Maesteg Works

suffered so severely, that it, too, was stopped, and remained idle for 4 years. This period is still remembered as one of unexampled poverty and privation to the workmen and their families.

In 1851, however, Mr. Buckland, one of the proprietors, again came to take the management of affairs, and matters improved rapidly, and, in the year 1856, had in full operation three blast furnaces, 15 levels, and 81 coke ovens. From five to six hundred men were employed, and Mr. Buckland was assisted in the management by Messrs. Cadman, Grey (mineral agent—now of the Llwydarth Tinplate Works), and Morell (furnace manager).

This was a period of great activity. Mr. Buckland, by his kindness of heart and earnest desire for the welfare of those employed by him, made himself greatly beloved. His name is even now remembered with affectionate respect. It was, therefore, a matter of universal regret that the prosperity of the Maesteg Iron Works again gradually waned.

After a while, however, the aspect of affairs again changed for the better. The works were acquired by Messrs. R. P. Lemon & Co., and were once more put into working order, continuing in operation for some time, with varying success, under the management of Mr. Sheppard, son-in-law of the principal partner. Too soon, however, the ill-fortune which has ever seemed to follow this concern overtook the enterprising proprietors, and the Maesteg Works were again at a stand-still. After remaining idle for some time, they were sold by Mr. Freston, of Stroud, acting for the mortgagees, to the Llynfi, Tondu, & Ogmore Coal and Iron Co. This Company, during the bustle which characterised our staple industries in 1872-73, blew in one of the furnaces; but the hopes that were aroused were soon disappointed, for after a very brief period of activity, the furnace was blown out, and has not again been lit.

THE SPELTER WORKS AND CAMBRIAN IRON CO.

These enterprises owe their origin to Mr. James H. Allen, a gentleman, who, after a long search, found at Coegnant, in the upper part of the valley, a spot suitable for the manufacture of spelter. A piece of land, on which works were to be erected, was leased from Mr. Wm. Griffiths, the then owner of Coegnant, and, pending the building of the works, levels for coal were at once opened. The Spelter Works, when completed, consisted of four furnaces and a calciner, and by the middle of 1831, Mr. John Harman, being manager, the manufacture of spelter was being actively pursued.

Mr. Allen found in his neighbourhood such abundance of material suitable to his branch of manufacture that he became desirous of increasing his interest in the locality and extending his operations. He, therefore, leased Dyffryn from Mr. H. Lewis, and thereon opened the level since called Dyffryn level, from which he raised large quantities of steam coal. In the year 1833 he erected three new furnaces and one calciner. In his selection of managers for his works, Mr. Allen seems to have been somewhat unfortunate, since from 1830 to 1835 he employed and dismissed no fewer than seven, the last being Mr. Lewis Lewis.

The year 1837 found Mr. Allen desirous of still further extensions to his plant. During his tenure of the Spelter Works, he had found the cost of carriage of material to and fro over the old tramway a serious item in his expenses, and, as he was now desirous to erect works that would consume and produce much larger quantities, he resolved to erect the new works some distance lower in the valley. His first difficulty was the formation of a Company, to furnish the necessary capital and share the risk. He placed himself in communication with some London capitalists, and they, perhaps feeling that his enthusiastic account of the mineral wealth of the valley was somewhat over-coloured, sent down an expert to inspect and report. This gentleman's report was favourable, and the Company was formed without delay.

The new company, under the style of the Cambrian Iron Co., bought the lease of Brynmawr farm, from Mr. John Evans, and took the following properties:—*Nant-y-ffylion*, they bought from Edward Thomas; the *Garn Wen*, from Lord Adare; and *Tygwyn-back*, from Mr. Popkin Traharne. The new works were commenced in 1837, under the supervision of Mr. Cooper. August, 1838, saw the ground excavated for the blast furnaces. Mr. Breunton undertook the charge of their erection, and the first of them was completed and blown in amid great rejoicings October 12th, 1839. In 1841, Mr. Cooper left, and was succeeded as manager by Mr. Petherick. May of the same year saw the second furnace at work, and several other buildings completed. In this year, also, Mr. William David, whose name is well-known and highly honoured even now, came to take the management of all the collieries. In 1843, Mr. Charles Bowring succeeded Mr. Petherick as manager of the works.

The forge was next added—the foundation being laid June 17th, 1845,—and the work so rapidly proceeded with,

that the forge was at work by February the 10th of the following year. Mr. Jones was the forge manager. About this time too the Company erected 80 workmen's houses at Nant-y-ffylon,—and started Mill No. 1,—which was followed in April, 1847, by Mill No. 2.

Mr. Charles Bowring became salesman for the Company in 1848, and removed to Liverpool, resigning the management to Mr. Charles Hampton. In 1849 was started the guide mill, and 1850 a third blast furnace was lit. The next addition was the slit mill, in 1851, a year also marked by the resignation of Mr. Jones as forge manager, and the accession of Mr. Richard Evans to take his place.

In the year 1852 were laid the foundations of a rail mill. In this year there occurred a strike, which lasted 13 weeks, and compelled the Company to blow out two of the three blast furnaces. In 1855, the new rail mill was ready for work, and was considered to be one of the most effective and powerful in England.

These were the halcyon days of the concern. Four blast furnaces were in full work, together with about 30 puddling furnaces, 2 squeezers, 2 pairs of muck rolls, and 4 mills—the whole being supplied with motive power by 10 engines.

About 110 coke ovens supplied fuel, over 100 horses were employed at the works, and about 1500 workmen earned in the iron works and collieries a comfortable subsistence. The company at this time was undoubtedly a strong one, numbering among its members Col. Cavan, Messrs. McGregor, Metcalfe, and others, whose names have become household words at Maesteg. The Company at this time was known as the Llynfi Vale Iron Co. Messrs. Metcalfe and Hampton divided between them the duties of General Managers; Mr. J. P. Roe, C.E., and Mr. D. Grey, those of Mining Engineers.

After some time the composition of the proprietary company was changed, as was also its name. It now became the Llynfi Vale Coal and Iron Co. Mr. Hubbuck was appointed General Manager, and Mr. T. Thomas, Mechanical Engineer, while Mr. Grey retained his position as Mining Engineer. It was under the management thus constituted that the Llynfi Company reached its most prosperous condition. The brands of iron made here were in high esteem in the market, and could command ready sales and good prices. Modern and improved appliances were erected, and no effort or expense was spared to keep the works in the highest state of efficiency. Soon, however, disagreements arose between the Chairman, Mr. Moffat, and Mr. Hubbuck, which

led to the latter's resignation of the management. Thereupon, Mr. Moffat himself undertook the superintendence of the works, which event was soon followed by the departure from the Company's service of Mr. Grey, in 1869.

Here it would be well to digress, and allude to the fact that the truck system, which had prevailed here for many years, in its most oppressive form, was abolished in 1868. Previous to that time, the Company's shop was no unimportant or unprofitable branch of the concern; a large staff was kept, and employés and their families were compelled to rest satisfied with such goods, in the way of grocery, drapery, and almost all other necessaries, as the Company choose to supply them with. Ready money, as recompense for labour, was rarely paid except in small sums,—and, as was natural, high prices were the order of the day. The abolition of this unjust and now illegal system was a subject of general rejoicing, and the beneficial results of the change were soon apparent in the number of new shops, with the consequence of healthy competition that were soon opened in Maesteg.

In the present state of things, it is not surprising that old inhabitants, workmen and others, look back upon the years gone by, and contrast their present freedom with the oppression that then prevailed.

X Subsequently, Mr. Colquhoun became General Manager under Mr. Moffat, and the concern seemed for a time in a most prosperous condition. However, in 1872, a limited Company with large capital was formed to carry on these works, as well as those at Tondu and the Ogmore Valley. The title of the Company was, "The Llynfi, Tondu, and Ogmore Coal and Iron Co., Limited," Mr. Alex. Brogden, M.P., being Chairman, and Mr. Henry Brogden, Managing Director, while Mr. George Morley was employed as General Manager at Maesteg, and Mr. James Barrow as Mining Engineer. For a year or two, during the "flush time" which just then had begun to dawn, the success of the Company seemed certain. A great strike of colliers, which agitated the whole of South Wales in 1873, was here ended, by the generous action of Mr. Alex. Brogden, who severed his connection with the Colliery Owners' Association (paying a heavy penalty for so doing),—and granted the demands of the men.

Too soon, however, the coal and iron markets experienced a reverse. Things at Maesteg looked more and more gloomy, until at last the Company went into liquidation. The concern was for a time carried on by J. J. Smith, Esq., the

liquidator appointed by the Court of Chancery; Mr. W. Blakemore being General Manager. Ultimately a new Company was formed, which, under the style of the Llynfi and Tondu Coal and Iron Co., carried on the works for some time. For a while things seemed somewhat promising—a new Colliery at Coegnant being opened and looked upon as certain of success, and likely to ensure a practically unlimited supply of excellent coal for many years.

Meanwhile, however, the depression in the iron trade continued and increased to so great an extent, that the manufacture of iron seems to have become a thing of the past. This, a calamity to the whole country, became a heavier calamity in a neighbourhood like this, where so large a proportion of the inhabitants lived by the wages earned in the Iron Works. Early in 1886, the Company's Iron Works at Maesteg came to a total stop, and up to the time of writing (August, 1886), there are no signs of their restarting.

TY-CHWYTH AND CAE-CWAREL.

These places were taken about the year 1846, by Sir Robert Price, of Tondu; chiefly to supply iron ore for his furnaces at Tondu. Ore was also obtained by Sir Robert, at *Bryndefaid*,—which was conveyed by mules to the old weigh-house at *Llwyndyrus*—hence to Tondu by the old tramroad.

In the year 1853, the Tondu works passed into the hands of Messrs. J. Brogden and Sons, who, in 1863, secured a new lease of Cae-cwarel and Ty-chwyth, and at once proceeded to raise large quantities of coal. In 1864, Mr. James Barrow became manager for them, succeeding a Mr. Cooper. Mr. Barrow acted in this capacity till the Messrs. Brogdens left the valley in 1878—the *Ty-chwyth* property having, in the meantime, become amalgamated under the Llynfi, Tondu, and Ogmore Coal and Iron Co., which was formed under the auspices of the Messrs. Brogdens. It is, perhaps, worthy of remark that when Mr. Barrow became manager of *Ty-chwyth* there were always from ten to a dozen women employed underground, chiefly at the pumps and filling of coal.

GARTH, CWMDU, &c.

These lands, from which in after years so large a harvest of mineral wealth has been taken, were first leased with a view to underground working, by Mr. Samuel Cox. This gentleman spent a large sum in mining operations at Coedygarth and Llwydarth, but met with little success, coming

ultimately to the conclusion that the sought-for minerals were not existent in any quantity in those neighbourhoods. This did not prevent his selling his interest to a Mr. Jones, of Taibach, who, in his turn, sold them to Messrs. Malins and Rawlinson, proprietors of Cefn Cribwr Works. These gentlemen intended raising here coal and ironstone for the supply of their works at Cefn. In the year 1846, they concluded to erect three blast furnaces on the spot, which work was rapidly pushed forward. Two of the furnaces, and about 30 coke ovens, were in active operation, when very suddenly the firm collapsed, and their works were stopped, apparently for ever. About the year 1856, the adjacent lands of Cwmdu and Ffos were leased by Messrs. Sheppard and Matthews, who opened a level at Blaen Cwmdu, and built a blast furnace at Ffos. The furnace worked for only a few months, when the Company fell into difficulties. Mr. Sheppard disposed of his interest to a gentleman named Edwards, who subsequently transferred the concern to Messrs. R. P. Lemon & Co. This firm, in its turn, fell upon evil times, and was ultimately ejected by the landlords, who took possession of the works, and disposed of them by auction. The engines were, it appears, purchased by the owners of some works at Pontardawe.

In the year 1863, Messrs. J. Brogden & Sons took up a lease of Blaen Cwmdu and Ffos. Coal and iron in large quantities were raised, and a railway constructed from Cwmdu to Garth. About the year 1864, Messrs. Brogden added to their taking the lands of Garth, Garth Fach, and Cwmdu Canol, and proceeded to sink Garth Pit, and to erect a large number of coke ovens. Mr. James Barrow exercised able and careful supervision over the sinking operations. The year 1867 was notable for a violent explosion which took place at Garth Pit, causing great consternation in the neighbourhood. Fortunately, the explosion took place when the workmen were all absent from their work, and no lives were lost; but the coal took fire, and burned with such violence that the works had to be flooded, and the pit to stand idle for nearly a year. When it was again cleared, work was recommenced, and continued briskly until the year 1877, the daily output amounting to nearly 350 tons. By that time, however, the staple trades of the district were in so bad a condition that, on a dispute arising between the then owners of the pit—the Llynfi, Tondu, and Ogmore Co.,—and their workmen, it was judged expedient to close the works. The stoppage was keenly felt in the neighbourhood, and much distress resulted, so that the news that a new Company has re-

cently been formed to re-open Garth Pit has been hailed by all with much satisfaction.

OAKWOOD.

About the year 1864, W. Davies, Esq., of *Brym Haulog*, Bridgend, purchased a small pit which had long previously been sunk by Mr. Charles Sheppard. He also acquired the lease of the minerals under Llwydarth Farm, and the lease of surface and minerals underlying Maesteg Isaf Farm—the property of Colonel Turberville, of Ewenny Abbey. Sinking operations were commenced, and in 1868 a large colliery was opened, under the name of the Maesteg Merthyr Colliery, or, as it is locally called, Oakwood. On January 11th, 1872, this colliery was the scene of the most disastrous explosion which has occurred here of late years, when eleven poor fellows lost their lives.

The colliery is fitted with costly and powerful machinery for ventilation and raising of coal, most noticeable being the large ventilating fan (Waddle's patent), which has a diameter of 40 feet.

At present, the colliery is owned by Messrs. T. Roberts & Jones, and is managed by Mr. Jenkin Evans, M.E. The average output is 300 tons daily, and employment is given to about 250 men. The proprietors have latterly been very fortunate in arriving at a large tract of coal of excellent quality, and there is every prospect that the colliery will afford employment to the workmen and profit to the owners for many years to come.

LWYDARTH TINPLATE WORKS.

These works, which are now as well appointed and prosperous as any in the valley, are the property of a Company, the principal members of which are old and respectable inhabitants of Maesteg, where they are universally respected for their uprightness and integrity, as well as for the energy and enterprise which have placed a comfortable livelihood within the reach of hundreds of respectable artizans.

The erection of the works was commenced in 1869, and pushed forward very rapidly, under the supervision of two of the proprietors, Messrs. D. Grey and Thomas Thomas. At first there were built one black plate rolling mill with cold rolls, and three tinning sets; and in 1871 another black plate mill with cold rolls and tinning sets were added, to be supplemented still further in 1872-3 by the addition of a third rolling mill. In 1874 was built a large forge for the manufacture of bar iron, the machinery of which

embodied the most recent improvements for the utilising of heat and the economising of materials. In 1876, another rolling mill, with tinning sets, was added; and in 1878, a fifth rolling mill, with necessary appurtenances.

The works, which now rank with the largest in the Principality, consist of a forge, with twelve puddling and four balling furnaces, two ponderous steam hammers, six rolling mills of the most improved construction and modern design, tinning department, containing thirteen of the patent tinning pots, capable of containing many tons of tin in a liquid state. The annealing and cold rolls departments are also models of compactness and efficiency. In a word, the whole concern bears the impress of the shrewdness and energy of a Firm quick enough to perceive and adopt every improvement, and ever studiously observant of the requirements of their trade.

The Llwydarth Tinplate Co.'s Works in this Parish, apart from their other works at Caerleon, now afford employment to about 500 hands, who receive in wages over £21,000 annually; turning out, in the same time, more than 100,000 boxes of tinplates. In addition to the manufacture of tin and terneplates, a novel industry has been commenced at these works, consisting of the manufacture of polished sheet iron or steel, hitherto exclusively manufactured in Russia, where the process is kept remarkably secret. By a process, patented by this Company, sheet iron or steel is produced with a peculiarly beautiful and polished surface, which is unattacked by rust. Many efforts have been made, by persons desirous of obtaining the knowledge, to get at the Russian process of manufacture, but unsuccessfully. Whether the process at the Llwydarth Works is the same as in Russia, it is not possible to say; but the product at the Llwydarth Works is found, under chemical and atmospheric tests, to stand and hold its own alongside the Russian. The American States and Canada are large consumers of the article for making stores, and it is contemplated by this Company to lay out plant for extending this new and exclusive industry.

LLYNFI AND OGMORE RAILWAY.

This railway has been in operation since August, 1861. Previous to this, the only mode of communication with the outer world was by means of the old tramway which ran to Porthcawl, a branch of which ran to Bridgend. Speculative folks were in the habit of running over this tramway with their own trams and teams, and conveying goods and passengers. As might be expected, the

journey to and from Bridgend at that time took many hours, and the rates of carriage for goods, &c., were very high. The L. & O. Railway Company, when formed, had to buy up the old tramway from the Llynfi Company, and even now annually asserts its right to what is at this time the principal thoroughfare of the town of Maesteg, but which was formerly the site of the tramroad.

With the growth and increasing prosperity and population of the neighbourhood, the traffic on the railway has been largely augmented, especially in the mineral and goods department. At the time when trains began to run, the only railway stations in the Parish were those at Llangynwyd (near Llwyndyrus), and that at Maesteg. Some years ago, however, consequent upon the increase of the district lying round the Llwydarth Tinplate Works, and the Garth Pit, the Company opened a station at Troedrhiw Garth, near the bridge known as "*Pont-Tinker*" (or, more properly, Tincerdd). Later, the Company extended its lines in the upper part of the Parish, and effected a junction with the South Wales Mineral Railway at Cymer—where a handsome viaduct was built. The terminus of the line was thus removed to Cymer, where a neat station was built, together with one at *Ty-chwyth*, near the colliery so called.

The wisdom of this enterprise on the part of the Company is now apparent, as a new railway is in course of construction between the Rhondda Valley and Swansea, joins the Llynfi Valley Railway at Cymer, and thus throws open the important seaports of Port Talbot, Neath, Swansea, Llanelly, and Milford, to the produce of this rich mineral district, without the necessity of following the tedious and circuitous route *via* Bridgend.

An agreement between the L. & O. Railway Company and the Great Western came into effect on the 1st July, 1873, and was amended subsequently by an agreement dated 29th June, 1876, and the traffic is now carried on under the terms of those agreements. The terms may be shortly stated as follows:—The Great Western shall, in perpetuity, work and manage the undertaking of the Llynfi and Ogmore, and pay to the Llynfi and Ogmore, out of the gross receipts for each year for the joint traffic of the two Companies, such an amount as will be sufficient to pay,—1st. Interest for the year on the existing preference capital of the Company, and on their loan capital authorised by Acts of former Sessions, and a dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the Llynfi and the Ogmore ordinary stocks. 2nd. All interests on future loan capital, and such dividend on future share capital

as will command it at par, and certain rent charges. 3rd. A sum equal to the amount by which the excess in the gross receipts of the Llynfi undertaking for the year over those of 1872, surpasses the aggregate of the secondly mentioned payments, and the Government duty on passengers, and a defined amount of the working expenses of earning such excess gross receipts; the thirdly mentioned payments to be distributed *pro rata* as further dividend between the holders of the Llynfi and the Ogmore ordinary stocks and the holders of the future share capital. All these payments are made half-yearly, except the third, which will be made yearly.

* * * * *

Since the above was written, a further development of railway enterprise has taken place in the neighbourhood, and a branch railway has been opened to Abergwynfi. This place, formerly a bare and bleak mountain-side, is now the site of a flourishing mining village, which has sprung up around two collieries, one the property of the Avon Hill Colliery Co., and the other a fine pit, opened by the G. W. Railway Co.

TALFEDW MILL.

The above mill was situated about three quarters of a mile south of Llangynwyd Village, and in good form till about forty years ago, when the proprietor, Mr. John Joseph (in consequence of the loss he sustained by the stoppage of the Maesteg Works and the failure of the Neath Brewery Co.), destroyed it, to the detriment of the neighbouring farmers. The only mill at present within the parish is that of Pontrhydyffyd; the old mill at Gelly, and the other at Maesteg Isaf, have, for many years, been idle.

Soon after the departure of Mr. Joseph, from Talfedw, the premises were taken by a gentleman by the name of Mr. Marriot, who transformed them into a brewery, and subsequently they were made into a Chemical Works, by Mr. Wm. Lewis, of Neath. This enterprise again proved a failure owing to the inconvenience of the place, and its distance from the Railway, after expending a good sum of money in fitting up the works, and putting them in working order. After this, the place stood idle for several years, and when the Llwydarth Tin Plate Co. commenced the erection of their works, they were obliged to come to terms, for their supply of water, with Mr. John Jones, who held the Cwmfelin

Woollen Factory, Mr. Jones therefore gave up the last named establishment, and removed his plants to *Tal-y-dw*, where he has successfully carried on business, employing a good number of hands. The place since Mr. Jones leased it from the present owner, Miss Joseph, of Pencoed, is known as the Gadlys Woollen Factory.



CHAPTER VII.

The Chair of Tir Iarll.—By whom established.—Rules and customs of the Chair.—Held under the sanction of the Lordship of Glamorgan.—How degrees were conferred.—A Chair of Assembly.—Places of Assembly.—Further notice of the Chair.—Length of time it flourished.—List of Bardic Succession.—From A.D. 1300 to 1760.—Date of last memorable meetings.—Pedigree of Madoc Vychan, Steward of Tir Iarll.—Specimens of their poetry.

THE bardic Chair of the Lordship of "Tir Iarll" was one of the peculiar institutions of the Lordship. There is an account of the founding of this Chair, as well as of the rules and customs which surrounded it, given in the Iolo MSS., which shall be here transcribed:—

"The Chair of 'Tir Iarll' was established by Morgan, Lord of Aberavon, instead of Arthur's in Caerleon upon Usk. After that, the last Earl of Clare but one granted to it an endowment of plough land in Bettws, Llangynwyd, and Llangeinor; and also the right of grazing for the six summer months from the first of May, to the first of November, and thus the Chair was removed from its station in *Llanfihangel Avan* to 'Tir Iarll,' where it was held alternately at the Church of Bettws, and that of Llangynwyd, and therefore was called the 'Chair of Tir Iarll.' And many poets and talented composers belonged to the Chair, who had been either born or reared within its privileged precincts, and there matriculated. The Chair of 'Tir Iarll' was most frequently held on the greensward of Bettws, the mound of Crug y Diwlith, and the Green of Baiden. The Chair of 'Tir Iarll' was established under the protection of Gilbert Clare, Prince of Glamorgan, and he renewed the privileges to the Bards and Poets of Wales as they had existed in former ages for the acquiring of learning and profitable knowledge and sciences, and these are the rights and customs:—

"The Chair of Tir Iarll is held under the sanction of the Lordship of Glamorgan on each of the principal festivals without litigation and unmolested, by proclamation and notice of a year and a day, for the purpose of transacting such business as may be brought before it, and no opposition

to its authority is allowed. And the protection of the Lord of the district is afforded to every Bard and Minstrel, who shall according to rule and order appear before it, provided he shall be found proficient in the nine rules of versification and its appurtenances, according to the regulations of the Bards and Minstrels of Wales. And it must be held in the sight and hearing of the country and the chieftains, and in the face of the sun and the eye of light, and under the protection of God and his peace.

"A Bard certified as a proficient in the knowledge and sciences of versification and its appurtenances ought to take to him pupils for instruction in learning and books, and the conventional knowledge of the Ancient Bards of the Cymry; namely, no less than three pupils at the same time on account of the three degrees conferred upon the students of versification; namely, one at the same time of each of the three degrees; and the degrees are conferred in the following manner:—

"1.—The unaccomplished disciple is one who is not acquainted with the art of versification, inasmuch as he will continue to be under instruction until he is acquainted with the Welsh language as regards its construction, its derivation, the force of its words, and expressions; to understand it in its reading, and orthography with respect to lettering and syllables correctly and truly. Also he ought to understand the chief points of the metres, namely, the measures, the rhymes, the initial repetitions, the feet, the alliterations, in accordance with the conventional rules of Chair and Gorsedd; and their due application and arrangement according to name, class, and signification, and exhibit them in his own certified work. After he has thus exhibited them to his teacher, and obtained his word for him before the Chair, he may be graduated as a proficient in versification, and that upon his conscience; or in default of the teacher being present, by a written certificate under his hands he may without regard to opposition upon word and upon conscience, be instituted a proficient in versification, together with the requisite knowledge and appurtenances under the sanction of instruction and preception.

"2.—A progressing pupil is one who is acquainted with all that is required of the preceding, and before he is advanced to a higher degree, he must learn and acquire every characteristic and quality of verse and stanza perfectly, belonging to the Welsh language, and exhibit them of his own composition, certified upon the word and conscience of his own teacher, and he shall be entitled to be

graduated as a proficient in versification and its appurtenances. Also, he ought to understand every particular respecting the Welsh language, and the art of versification and the privileges and established customs of the Bards and Minstrels, and of the Chairs and ceremonies of institution. Likewise he must understand the order and arrangement of the genealogical table and descent of the race of the Cymry, together with their rights and usages, certified by record, and annal, and archive, and Chair. And his privilege shall be confirmed by the order of his preceptor. And when he cannot be present, then there shall be a written certificate under his hand, and that certificate is called the gift of matriculation.

"3.—A pupil of right is he called who knows all the departments and rules of versification and its appurtenances, correctly and decidedly, according to the regulations of the Chair, and he shall no longer stand by the word and certificate of a preceptor, but in right of his own knowledge and genius; and he shall found his claim and right upon the judgment of the Chair and Gorsedd; and in this, the consent of the country by proclamation and notice of a year and a day shall not be requisite. He shall also be privileged to engage in poetical disputation; and after he shall have gained three Chairs, he shall be presented with the privileges and rights of a Chief of Song, which is to be a Chaired Bard; and he shall be called Preceptor, and shall take to him pupils, namely, one at the same time in each of the three degrees.

"A Chair of Assembly is the name given to that of a Gorsedd, held by certificate of original institution, under the judgment of country and race. The place of assembly may be in any open ground whilst the sun is upon the sky, and it is called the *Greensward of Song*; and it shall be upon the grassy face of the earth, and chairs shall be placed there, namely, stones; and when stones cannot be obtained, then, in the stead, turfs; and the Chair of Assembly shall be in the middle of the Gorsedd.

"Also, every place of worship, and every precinct of a Church, shall be a place for a Bardic Assembly, and, likewise, every Civil and Manorial Court, namely, the Courts of Justice and Law; also, every spot, whether of open or enclosed pasture, which is green sward; or domestic hall, and such hall shall possess confirmed privileges. After it has been placed before the country for attendance for a year and a day until the end of three years, free of access, for attendance and audience of the people assembling at Court and in every lawful Church, and assembly as it is in fair and market.

"At every Gorsedd of the Chair of Assembly, there should be published the Instructions of the Bards of the Island of Britain; that is to say, the records of knowledge and sciences, and of the arrangements, and rules, and privileges, and customs of the bards. Also, the publication should be made of the ancient records of Mabon, the son of Medron; that is to say, the names and memorials of the bards, poets, learned men, and sages of the Island of Britain, of the race of the Cymry, and of whatever they were eminent for, of noble and worthy acts; and of the kings of the Island of Britain, and their honourable actions, together with the times in which they lived, and their pedigrees and descent.

"With regard to bards and poets at the Gorsedd meetings, they should not be molested by litigation or obstruction; but be left in quietness, and be supported under the protection of God and of his peace, with every power and counsel, and every means of people and chieftains.

"After rehearsing the Instructions and Records, the exhibitors shall be called for. Then any bard who has anything which he wishes to exhibit shall exhibit it to the Chair, whether it be poetry, or genealogical roll, or record of honourable achievements, or improvement in knowledge or science. After the exhibitions, hearing shall be given to such claims and appeals as shall be brought forward. And, after that, dialogues and Chair disputations concerning poetry and its appurtenances, and afterwards they shall proceed to hold a council of judgment upon the merits of what has been brought before the Chair and Gorsedd; and then shall publication be made of the decision and judgment, and the presents shall be made. Then the public worship and, after that, the banquet and conferring of honours; then shall all depart to their houses, and every one to his own residence."—*Iolo MSS.*

Subjoined is some further historical account of the Chair, transcribed from the Rev. J. Williams' (*Ab Ithel*) preface to "Barddas," Vol. I., a collection of ancient documents published by the Welsh MSS. Society, and made from the MSS. of *Iolo Morganwg* at Llanover.

"Upon the death of Arthur, the Chair of the Round Table was removed to the Court of Urien Rheged, at Aberllychwr, where it went sometimes by the name of Taliesin's Chair, and sometimes by that of the Chair of Baptism." Under the privilege of the institute of the Round Table, Gildas, the prophet, and Cattwg the Wise, from Llancarfan, were bards, and also Llywarch the Aged, son of Eliudr.

Lydawyn, Ystudfach, the bard, and Ystyffan, the bard of Teilo.*

It remained at Aberllychwr about two hundred years; after that it was transferred to Caerwynt,† where it continued for more than a hundred years.

It was then removed to Maes Mawr‡ by Einon, the son of Collwyn, and, afterwards, by Iestyn, the son of Gwrgant, to the Court of Caerleon-upon-Usk, which was held at Cardiff Castle. Here it was shortly disturbed, owing to the war that broke out between Iestyn and Rhys, the son of Tewdwr; nor was it again restored until the time of Robert, Earl of Gloucester, grandson of the latter, who endowed this Chair with privilege and maintenance in Maes Mawr in Morganwg, and gave the name of *Tir Iarll* or the Earl's land to the portion which he conferred upon the bards for their maintenance, whilst he gave the other portion for the maintenance of the Monks. The Chair of Tir Iarll was enjoined to investigate the ancient sciences of bardism, and after the search, recovery, and confirmation, the primitive Chair, Gorsedd, sciences, privileges, and usages of the bards of the Isle of Britain, were restored thoroughly and altogether.§

Geraint, the Blue Bard, had, in the beginning of the tenth century, established a Chair at Llandaff, different to the one of the Round Table. It afterwards went by the name of Cadair Morganwg, and embraced that of Tir Iarll, being itself included in the Gorsedd of the bards of the Isle of Britain.

This Chair, whether we call it the Chair of Tir Iarll or the Chair of Morganwg, was well protected as long as the lords of Glamorgan retained sovereign authority over that territory, and the rights and immunities of the bards were renewed from time to time, but always on condition that they should investigate and preserve the sciences of bardism.

Llewelyn, the son of Gruffydd, was slain Dec. 11th, 1282, and with him fell the independence of Cymru, which thenceforth became subject to the Kings of England. In consequence of the opposition which the bards offered to the claim of Edward, they were rigorously persecuted by that monarch, and, of course, were prevented from meeting publicly in "Gorsedd." Neither did they any longer enjoy the *trwydded*, or maintenance, which had been conferred upon them by their own native princes. Nevertheless, they kept

* Dosbarth y Ford Gron. † The *Venta Silurum* of the Romans.

‡ The name by which this neighbourhood was known previous to its being called Llangynwyd.

§ See preface to "Cyfrinach y Beirdd."

up the old system, and from A.D. 1300, at least, down to Iolo Morganwg's time, they managed to hold a "Gorsedd" occasionally for Morganwg, as the following "Bardic Succession," or list of the Bards of the Chair of Glamorgan, will show, and the order in which they were the *awenyddion*, or disciples, taken from a manuscript of the late John Bradford, of Bettws. The dates denote the time when they presided :—

Trahaern Brydydd Mawr	1300
Hywel Bwa Bach	1330
Dafydd Ab Gwilym	1360
Ieuan Hen	1370

His Awenyddion :

Gwilym ab Ieuan Hen,
Ieuan Tew Hen,
Hywel Swrdwal.

Ieuan Tew Hen	1430
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Awenyddion :

Hywel Swrdwal,
Ieuan ab Hywel Swrdwal.
Ieuan Gethin ab I. ab Lleision.

Ieuan Gethin ab I. ab Lleision	1430
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Awenydd :

Gwilym Tew, or G. Hendon.

Gwilym Tew...	1460
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Awenyddion :

Huw Cae Llwyd.
Hywel ab Dav, ab I. ab Rhys.
Harri o'r Garreg Lwyd.
Iorwerth Vynglwyd.

Meredith ab Rhosser	1470
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Awenyddion :

Iorwerth Vynglwyd.
Ieuan Deulwyn.
Syr Einion ab Owain.

Ieuan Deulwyn	1480
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Awenyddion :

Iorwerth Vynglwyd.
Lewys Morganwg.
Harri Hir.

Iorwerth Vynglwyd...	1500
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Awenyddion :

Lewys Morganwg.
Ieuan Du'r Bilwg.

HISTORY OF LLANGYNWYD.

Lewys Morganwg 1520

Awennyddion :

Meiryg Dafydd.
Dafydd Benwyn.
Llewelyn Sion o Langewydd.
Thomas Llewelyn o'r Regoes.

Meiryg Dafydd (died in 1600) 1560

Awennydd :

Watkin Pywel

Dafydd Benwyn 1560

Awennyddion :

Llewelyn Sion.
Sion Mawddwy.
Dafydd Llwyd Mathew.

Edward Dafydd (died in 1690) 1660

Awennyddion :

Hywel Lewys.
Charles Brittn.
Thomas Roberts (Offeiriad).
S. Jones, o Vryn Llwarch (Offeiriad).
Evan Sion Meredyth.
Dafydd o'r Nant.

Dafydd o'r Nant 1680

Awennyddion :

Hopkin y Gwehydd.
Thomas Roberts (Offeiriad).
Dafydd Hopkin o'r Coetty.

***Samuel Jones (Offeiriad)** 1700

Awennyddion :

Rhys Prys, Ty'n y Ton.
William Hain.
Sion Bradford, yn blentyn.

Dafydd Hopkin o'r Coetty... 1730

Awennyddion :

Dafydd Thomas.
Rhys Morgan, Pencraig Nedd.
Dafydd Nicholas.
Sion Bradford.

Sion Bradford (died 1780) 1760

Awennyddion :

Lewys Hopkin.
William Hopkin.
Edward Evan.
Edward Williams.

* The date given as that in which the Rev. S. Jones presided is incorrect, for according to the Parish Register he died in the year 1697.

However, as their meetings were not always regular, and as the number of members was continually dwindling, there was danger that the traditions of the institution would suffer in consequence. Hence such of the Bards as were anxious for their preservation, began, more than before, to make collections of them in books. We say more than before, because some few, like Geraint the Blue Bard, had previously committed to writing many things concerning the Bards and their system. With a view to consolidate those collections, several Gorseddys were held from the beginning of the fifteenth century, under the sanction of Sir Richard Neville, and others. One was held for that purpose in 1570, under the auspices of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, the great patron of Welsh literature, and the founder of the celebrated library of Welsh MSS. at Raglan Castle, which was afterwards destroyed by Oliver Cromwell. What was done at those meetings received considerable improvement at one held by Sir Edward Lewis of the Van, about 1580, from the arrangement of the venerable Llewelyn Sion of Llangwydd; and lastly, a complete revisal of the former collections was made by Edward Davydd, of Margam, which received the sanction of a Gorsedd, held at Bewpre, in the year 1681, under the authority of Sir Richard Bassett; when that collection was pronounced to be in every respect the fullest illustration of Bardism.* Part of the said collection was published in 1829, by Ap Iolo, from the original, by Iolo Morganwg, and was called "Cyfrinach y Beirdd."

PEDIGREE OF MADOC VYCHAN, STEWARD OF TIR IARLL.

I.—Madoc Vychan, of Nant Dulais in Llangynwyd, steward of Tir Iarll, father of (1) Jenkin, (2) Griffith.

II.—Jenkin ab Madoc, father of 1, William, 2, Howell (base), 3, Rees (base), father of David, father of Griffith, who married Catherine, daughter of John David ab William, of Cefn Saeson, and had Llewelyn, who married a daughter of William Caxton, of Neath, and had William, Wenlian, and Cecil.

III.—William ab Jenkin, married a daughter of—Stradling, and had

IV.—David ab William, married a daughter of Evan ab Lyson, ab Rees, ab Morgan Vychan. They had (1) Thomas, (2) Howell, whence a cadet branch.

* See W. Owen's Bardism, prefixed to his Elegies of Llywarch Hen.

† Cannot be traced.

V.—Thomas— married—

VI.—David ab Thomas, father of (1) Howell, (2) Rees, father of David, who married Gwladys, daughter of Llewelyn ab David *leiaf*, of Nant-y-claes, and had Llewelyn, who married Tanglws, daughter of David ab Ieuau *Vwyn*, of Glyn-corrwg.

VII.—Howell ab David, married a daughter of Evan Blaena, of Llangynwyd, by Wenlian Jenkins, of Glyn-nedd, they had (1) David, (2) Howell.

VIII.—David ab Howell, father of (1) Thomas, (2) David, (3) David ab Howell, father of Thomas, father of (xi) Margaret, daughter and heiress, who married Morgan ab Ieuau ab Howell ab Evan Blaena, of Llangynwyd.

IX. Thomas ab David, married 1st, Isabel, daughter of Jenkin ab Richard, of Brigam, by—, daughter of Phillip Fleming; 2nd, a daughter of Thomas John ab Watkin. By Isabel he had (1) John, (2) William Lloyd, *alias Powell*, of Bristol, who had (a) Richard, of Bristol, (b) a daughter married—Taylor, of Bristol, (c) a daughter, who was the first wife of Lyson ab Evan David, of Neath (by Lucy, daughter and coheiress of Morgan Gwyn ab John ab Griffith Gwyn ab Howell Melyn, of Upper Gower), and had Dr. Thomas Lyson, a celebrated Bath physician who was living in 1603. (3) Richard, married Maud, daughter of Richard Llewelyn, of Sker, by a daughter of Thomas ab Evan David, of Pencoed. She died s.p. By second wife he (Richard) had William Powell, of Cardiff (Glover), who married a daughter of Robert ab William. (4) William Vychan, of Nant-y-crynydd, in Llangynwyd, married Wenlian, daughter of John Powell David, and had Thomas and Howell. Howell married and had issue.

X.—John Gwyn ab Thomas, married Wenlian, daughter of Rees ab John, of Glyn-nedd. They had (1) Jane, coheiress, who married 1st, William Jenkin Havard, of Llantrythid; 2nd, John Carne, of Sully; 3rd, William Carne, of Llandough. (2) Margaret, coheiress, married Howell ab Morgan William, of Bettws. (3) Thomas, a base son, who married and had issue.

NOTE.—There are several cadets of the Stewards of Tir Iarll.

The Havards of Llantrythid eventually became Howards. John Carne, of Sully, was murdered by two servants of Herbert, Constable of Cardiff Castle, who were sent by their master for that purpose to Sully, where meeting him alone in a field they quickly killed him. This was in the reign of Henry VIII. The murder was inquired into in the Star Chamber, but no punishment would appear to have fallen upon the murderers,

REFERENCE TO THE POETS OF TIR IARLL—FROM ANCIENT
POETRY:—

A oes gobaith i'n iaith ni,
Faith gof awdl, fyth gyfodi ?
Oes, oes, cwylawn anfoes caith,
B'o lawn gwbl, byw yw'n gobaith.
Pa bryd, feibion digonawl,
Pencerddiaind hydr ar bob mydr mawli,
Y cawn ni'r Alelia,
O farn deg Duw Frenin da ?
Pan ddel caledwaith chwaith chweg,
Cnawd pwy o'r mordwy mawrdeg,
Gloywfab Cof-hydr iddrych gwych gwyda,
Golau o'r Marchog Elyda,
Ac yna awen genau,
Yn y "Tir," gwir, ac nid gau,
Y'n bernir, hwa yw'r gwir gwylit,
Wyrion Gweanwyson Essyllt,

RHYS GOCH ERYRI, 1420.

Yma o Brif-Feirdd ymbrofwa,
O dair gradd i dori grwa.

GRUFFYDD DAFYDD, YCHAN, am Feirdd Tir Iarll, 1460.

Ba dd'yrnod bu ddooe arnom !
Beirdd Tir Iarll bu orddod drom !
Duodd gwawd ac oedd gadarn,
Diweddu beirdd fel dydd barn.

LEWYS MORGANWG, yn Marwnad Iorwerth Fynglwyd, 1520.

Byr ddeunydd mewn barddoniaeth,
Barddas wir heb urddas aeth !

EDMUND PRYS, 1623.

SPECIMEN OF THE POETRY OF SOME OF THE BARDS OF TIR
IARLL.

Stanzas to the Well called "Ffynon Gollwyn," at Pyle.

Duw gwyn im' Benwyn beunydd—a fo'n nerth,
Ef yw Naf tragywydd ;
Duw didiwyl, da i ddedwydd,
Duw'n rho'i fy enaid i'n rhydd.

Gan Ddw nef ond ef iawn yw dwyn—iddo
Ef weddi fo addiwyn ;
Gwelais gael, gwedi gloes gwyn,
Gwelliant wrth ffynon Gollwyn.

Yno y rhodd Duw gwyn heb gwyno—ffynon
Er ffyniant i'n puro ;
Iechyd i'n bryd o fewn bro
Amlygywyd wrth deml Iago.*

* Pyle Church.

HISTORY OF LLANGYNWYD.

Duw grasol, bywiol, cyn byd,—o'i fodd
 A dresnodd yn hysryd;
 Ffynon syw, ffyniant i fyd,
 Iachawdwr rydd rad iechyd.
DAFYDD BENWYN (after being cured at the well
 in the year 1580).

To the Nightingale.

Pwy yn nail y panelau†
 A gan mor bér ei genau
 Pynciau Pencerdd?
 Ni cheir lief dan y nef un ainge,
 Na chân gyfelyb i'w chaingc.
 Purgaingc Pencerdd.
MEURIG DAFYDD, o Fargam, 1560.

To Lady Mansel, of Margam.

Mwyn ei nwydau, meinwen ydwyd
 A wir garwyd am ragorau;
 Ag awenau y da ganwyd.
 Wir a nyddwyd i'th rinweddau;
 E'th enseiliwyd, a than selau
 Haulwen olau, 'th ail ni welwyd;
 Do, f' addolwyd dy feddyliau,
 A'th fôl enau'n faith folianwyd.
EDWARD DAFYDD, o Margam, 1660.

To the Margam Hounds, by the same.

Llais y cwn, a'u sŵn ya seinio,
 A wna i ddysfrynn union ddefiro,
 Aeth eu lief drwy'r holl bentrefydd,
 Bryniau gwyltition, bronau gelitydd;
 Rhed eu miwsig 'rhyd y meusydd.
 Sain eu presgerdd sy'n y prwygydd;
 I'w llwys agwedd a'u llais hygar;
 Clywch eu lief, fal clywch eu llafar!

To Cromwell's Partisans, by the same.

Mae'n rhaid ufuddhau mewn rhith—dan dewi,
 A chwerwi'n dra chyrrith;
 I faldordd, plant y felidith
 Sydd yma'n dâg, plâg i'a plith.

True Faith.

Gwir sydd y sydd yn cynu serch,
 Ie, gwirserch mewn glew gwasryth,
 I'w droi'n ei gain o'i drais rhy drwch,
 I'r filwch dawelwch dilyth;
 Bydd wâr, bydd hawddgar, a llawn heddf,
 Yr unwedd a'r mwyn oeny;
 Gelynaiidd wâg, er drwg, oer drais,
 O ddiawl! na chais ei ddillyn.

ANTHONY PYWEL.

† Gleis.

Cydwybod dda'i nod gan Dduw Ner—o chaf,

A chyflawn foddionder;

Nid rhaid golud diriaid, gweler:

Iawn yw'r ymswyn unrhyw amser;

Duw i ddioeth yw'r cyfoeth, cofier!

Yn addo rhodio'n ddewr ei hyder.

SAMUEL JONES, Offeiriad, a'i Cant.

Another, by the same Author.

Y Duw mawr, tro di 'mwriad

I'r iawn ystyr yn wastad;

Wyl wan, bydd o'm rhan ya rhad,

Naf, eto tyn fi atad;

Fy Ner, i'm gwaslder na'm gad,

I'm serthedd lle mae'm syrhiad;

Rhob i llef byd eurnef arnad—yw'm gorchwyl,

Duw anwyl, am danad,

Caled wyl, clyw fi, O Dad!

To Dr. John David Rhys.

Y gwr doeth a'r gair dethawl

Sy'n arwedd iaih synwyrawl,

Cyrrd ugeinnyrdd i'th ganmawl,

Ciod yw o feirdd, clyw dy fawl.

LLEWELYN SIUN.

Englynion in praise to the Author of "Drych y Prif Osedd."

Gwelwch, deallwch da 'wyllys—Cymro,

Mewn camrau gwir ddilys,

Anwyl o'r 'ablenydd Ynys,

Geirwir llawn, agorwr liys.

Benditbied Duw byw, dibali—ei fywyd,

O fawen, a'm deall,

I foli gwâr uwch arall,

Hedd air cu a haedda'r call.

IRUAN BRADFORD, o'r Bellies.

CHAPTER VIII.

Brynllywarch.—Short description of the farm house.—Extracts from Letters on the Rev. Samuel Jones, M.A., by the Rev. R. P. Llewelyn, M.A., in the old *Bridgend Chronicle*.—Mr. Jones, after he was ejected from the Parish Church, established Nonconformist Churches, and the first Nonconformist School in Wales, &c.

BRYNLLYWARCH is the name of a large farm situated on the banks of the I.lyfnwy, about two miles to the south of the Parish Church. It is best known from its having been the home of the Rev. Samuel Jones, who was ejected from the Vicarage of Llangynwyd for Nonconformity in the year 1662. Here most of his numerous family were born, and here many of them died during the father's life—and here he himself died in the year 1697.

The house to this day, is much the same as when occupied by Mr. Jones; the only difference being that the stone roof has been replaced by one of slate. The walls are remarkably thick, and the massive wood-work is of the very best Welsh Oak. The house contains six extensive rooms, viz., work-room, kitchen, and hall; and three bedrooms. The porch or chief entrance faces the south, and on the green lawn in front of the house a very charming landscape meets the eye. On this lawn up to a recent date, stood the trunk of a huge tree, which must have been in its full vigour at the time Mr. Jones lived; under its shade, it is said, the reverend gentleman used during the summer months to spend a considerable portion of his time in meditation and prayer.

In the *Bridgend Chronicle* of September 4th, 1858, a letter appeared, signed "T.M." making enquiry respecting the inscription then illegible upon the tomb of the Rev. S. Jones, of Brynllywarch, which the writer wished to obtain.

He understood that it had been copied by the Rev. W. Jones, Minister of the Independent Chapel at Bridgend, who died in 1850, and hoped it might be recovered from his papers. In the following week's issue, the Rev. R. P. Llewelyn addressed the Editor on the subject. He hoped someone would be able to give Mr. M. the information he required. The Parish school (he said) was formerly kept in the

western porch of the Church, and the churchyard for many years was the common playground. He has seen 80 children playing at the same time over tombs and graves. These urchins in their gambols knocked down many curious monuments, which once adorned the churchyard, and committed sad havoc in the place. This has caused the obliteration of the Rev. S. Jones's epitaph. Happily, through the kind exertions of the late Mr. Jenkins, of Gelly, and at a great expense to himself, the school has been removed to the outside of the Churchyard, and the graves are no longer desecrated by the pranks of mischief-loving boys. Taliesin ab Iolo, when he had visited the place many years ago, had promised Mr. Llewelyn that he would search his father's MS. for the epitaph; but he never heard from him. Mr. Llewelyn then goes on:—

"I have looked in an old Register of the Parish, commencing (or, to use the words of the vicar, *restauratum*), in 1662, and up to the date of Mr. Jones's death, I find the following entries there:—

"Samuel, et Gulielmus, filii Samuelis Jones et Mariæ Powell, baptizati fuerunt 6^o 9^{bris} 1662.

"Samuel Jones Sepultus fuit 12^o Novembris, 1662.

"Sarah filia Samuelis Jones et Mariæ Powell, baptizata fuit decimo die Decembris, 1665.

"Timotheus filius Samuelis Jones et Mariæ Powell baptizatus fuit decimo die Decembris, 1665.

"Martha filia Samuelis Jones et Mariæ Powell baptizata fuit 8^o die Januarii, 1667.

"Martha Jones Sepulta fuit apud Bettws 13^o Februarii, 1667.

"Jacobus filius Samuelis Jones et Mariæ Powell baptizatus fuit 18^o die Februarii, 1667.

"Gulielmus Jones, puer, sepultus fuit 27^o Maii, 1669.

"Rutha Jones, puella, sepulta fuit 28^o Feb., 1670.

"Rachell, filia Samuelis Jones et Mariæ Powell baptizata fuit vicesimo die Januarii, 1671.

"Josephus et Benjaminus Jones, filii Samuelis Jones et Mariæ Powell, baptizati fuerunt 21^o Januarii, 1671.

"Benjamin Jones, puer, sepultus fuit 28^o Januarii, 1671.

"Josephus Jones, puer, sepultus fuit 6^o Martii, 1671.

"Samuele filius Samuelis Jones et Mariæ Powell baptizatus fuit 25^o die Aprilis, 1675.

"Priscilla filia Samuelis Jones et Mariæ Powell bapt. fuit 29^o die Julii, 1676."

"On another leaf, the above baptism is entered thus:—

" Priscilla Jones nata fuit 25° die Julii et baptizata fuit 29 die 1676."

" It seems his wife died in giving birth to the above child, for the next entry I meet with is as follows :—

" Maria Powell, uxor Samuelis Jones, sepulta fuit 26° die Julii, 1676.

" This entry of Maria Powell's death is also in duplicate, the only difference between the two entries being that the word Samuelis is abbreviated into ' Sam.' And the letters A° for Anno are inserted in the other entry. The death of Priscilla Jones is also given in duplicate, as follows, on two separate leaves :—

" Priscilla Jones, puella (sic) sepulta fuit 8° die 7 bris.—76.

" Priscilla Jones, puella, sepult fuit 8° Septembris, 1676.'

" Poor Mr. Jones seems to have suffered from the parson's propensity of having many children. Some persons might interpret this as one means of spreading the gospel. However we take it, Mr. Jones seems to have been in favour of matrimony, for, at the age of 50, he took a second wife. The entry of this I will give you next week.

Dated from Llan Vicarage, 8th September, 1858."

The following week Mr. Llewelyn resumes the subject. He is disappointed no one has supplied the epitaph, but hopes this correspondence will be the means of dragging it from some obscure corner. Then he proceeds :—

" The Clerk and myself, after much rubbing and scrubbing with brushes, cloths, and water (no stone, sand, or other hard material, was used), have succeeded in deciphering the inscription on Mrs. Jones's tomb.

" In vita mors,
In morte vita.

Mary, wife of Samuel Jones, of Brynallywarch, was buried on the 25th July.

Anno { Domini 1676.
Ætatis sue 38.

A loving wife, a mother dear,
Asleep in Christ, is lodged here;
Reader, repeat, thy minutes fly,
Redeem thy time, and learn to dye;
Now make thy peace in Christ alone,
Slig not the counsel of this stone."

" The same process of cleaning has been tried by Mr. T. Morgan on the tomb of the Rev. S. Jones, but without result. It seems quite untraceable. *Tempus, edax rerum*, and the hobnails of the school children, have done their worst. Who Mary Powell, the first wife, was, I know not. Sev-

eral respectable persons of the name of Powell resided in the parish at that time, I suspect, and it is the merest suspicion, that she was the daughter of Rees Powell, of Maesteg, by Joanna Jones, of whom I have a few words to say by-and-bye.

" In less than thirteen months after burying this 'loving wife and mother deare,' Mr. Jones made a second venture. This marriage is registered in duplicate on two separate leaves, and is word for word the same in each place, with the single exception that, in one entry, Mr. Jones is said to be 'de Brynlywarch,' and in the other 'de Llangonwyd.'

" L. Samuel Jones de Brynlywarch et Maria David (or Davids) de St. Lydons in matrimonio conjuncti fuerant 14^o die Augusti, 1677.

" St. Lydons is doubtless St. Lythians, or Llanfleiddian Vach, near Cardiff.

" Mr. Jones is said to have been a native of Denbighshire ('Peter's *Hanes Crefydd*,' &c., p. 564). Some say that he was from the Parish of Chirk, not far from Llangollen. I find in an old Register the following entry :—

" 'L. David Jones, de Parochia, Llangollen, comitate Denbigh, et Maria Jones de Llangonwyd, in matrimonio conjuncti fuerent apud Swansey, 15^o die August, 1687.' I suspect that these persons were related; first cousins, perhaps, and that Maria Jones was the eldest child of the Rev. S. Jones, by his first wife. I cannot, however, prove this, for the old Registers of the Parish are missing. They were either taken away by the Rev. S. Jones, or more likely still destroyed in those troublous times, for Mr. Jones seems to have been very wishful that all births, deaths, and marriages connected with his family should be recorded in the Parish Registers. Even this entry of a marriage solemnised at Swansey seems to prove that he was careful on that head. The Rev. John Hutton, Vicar of the Parish from 1662 to Decr., 1705, and the Rev. Mr. Jones seem to have lived on terms of great courtesy, if not friendship. This seems proved by entries in reference to Mr. Jones's family, even where the ceremonies recorded were solemnised in other Parishes. Mr. Hutton recorded Mr. Jones's death in full. I shall give you the entry by-and-bye, and he also wrote the long Latin Epitaph for his tomb, which is obliterated. In one respect only do I observe aught which wears the appearance of discourtesy. He studiously withholds from Mr. Jones the title of *Cler*, or *Clericus*. Mr. Hutton appears to have been punctilious in this matter, for he uses the title some eight or ten times in

various entries, even when recording the death of a clergyman's widow. I give an example:—' Margaretta David, relict Watkini ab Evan, Cler, Sepult fuit 21^o die 7bris, 1684.'

"Was this Margaretta David, a sister of Mary David, Mrs. Jones's second wife?

"But how are we to account for this withholding of the title *Clericus* from every entry in the Register where Mr. Jones's name occurs? I can see no other solution than that Mr. Jones was not episcopally ordained. If so, Mr. Jones's non-acceptance of the *Act of Uniformity* was not the sole cause of his removal from this Vicarage. He was legally disqualified from holding it.

"Dated, 'Llan Vicarage,' September 14th, 1858."

This interesting subject is continued by Mr. Llewelyn in the paper of October 16th, 1858.

"I intimated my suspicion," he says, "that David and Mary Jones were related. It may be as well to offer a few reasons for the suspicion:—

"The Rev. Samuel Jones came himself, it appears, from Llangollen, or the neighbourhood. On referring to 'Willis's St. Asaph,' by Edwards, Vol. I., page 335, I find that Humphrey Jones, vicar of Llangollen, was ejected in 1653. Was this Humphrey Jones any relative of the Rev. S. Jones, or of the said David Jones who married Mary Jones? The surnamie 'Jones' was very uncommon in this parish at the period to which these letters relate. Looking on the Registers from 1662 up to the date of the Rev. S. Jones's death in 1697, I find the name of Jones only five or six times, and these, I believe, not in connection with natives of this parish. I find the names of Evanus Jones de Aberavon Cler twice. The name of Evanus Jones Curat de Mich. Sup. Avon occurs once or twice. Probably the Cler de Aberavon and the Curat de Michaelstone Sup. Avon were the same person. The next time I find the name of Jones is in the following entry:—

"1685, Elizabeth Jones, pauper, reicta Johnis Hopkin, Sepulta fuit 26^o die Martii Ao, Aetatis suae 83^o.

"This person, probably, was not a native of the parish; most likely she was imported by her husband. The last

* LLANGONWYD IN COM. GLAMORGAN.—Samuel Jones, Clerk, Master of Arts, admitted 4th May, 1657, to the Vicarage of Llangonwyd, County of Glamorgan, upon a presentation exhibited the same day from his highness Ye Lord Protector, under ye great Seal of England, and Certificates from Edmund Ellis, of Ffagans, Hen.; Nicholls, of Coychurch; Ben. Fowler, of Cardiff; Jo. French, of Wenvoe; Griffith Davies, of Kelliagare; Edm. Gamage, B. Buell, Rob Thomas.—Vol. 992, "Institutions," p. 23.—Lambeth Library.

instance in which I find the name of Jones in the period over which my search extends is in the following entry :—

“ ‘ Joanna Jones, relicta Rici Powell de Maesteg, Sepulta fuit 29° die Januarii 1692 Anno Ætatis 86°.’

“ As I have before intimated, I suspect this lady was the mother of Mary Powell, first wife of the Rev. S. Jones. I shall, therefore, at the close of the letter, say a little more concerning her, and give a short pedigree of the Powells, of Maesteg. The surname Jones appears to have pertained in those times more to North than to South Wales, at least, so far as regards this parish, for that patronymic seems confined to the Rev. S. Jones and his family. The surname—the equivalent of the modern Jones—which formerly obtained in this parish was *John*, and certainly it occurs often enough. I transcribe an entry which may serve as a specimen of the old surname and as an instance of extraordinary longevity.

“ ‘ 1674 Thomas John Sepultus fuit 19° die Januarii Anno Ætatis suae centesimo et undecimo.’

“ After this long digression, I return to the entries in the Register, which have reference to the Rev. S. Jones.

“ ‘ Samuel Jones, puer sepultus fuit 23° die Februarii, 1674.’

“ ‘ Johannes Jones puer sepultus fuit 24° die Julii, 1681, Anno Ætatis suae 21°.’

“ It will be observed that this young man was born before the commencement of the Old Register. He was, perhaps, the second child, Maria being the first. ‘ 1681, Jacobus Jones puer (frater ejus) sepultus fuit 25° die Julii Anno Ætatis suae 13°.’ These two young men were buried in two separate graves in the middle of the churchyard, about twenty yards south of the mother’s grave. The tombs erected over them by a father’s care were standing within the last twenty years; and inscribed on them were seen ten or a dozen English lines, in which the sorrowing father poured out, in most touching accents, the grief of a wounded spirit. But, alas! those graves were sacrilegiously broken open,—the tombstones are destroyed, and the inscriptions are lost. This infamous act was committed before I came to this place.

“ In 1689, I find the following entry :—

“ ‘ Samuel Jones, infans Sepultus fuit Vicesimo octavo die, Aug. 1689, atque baptizatus fuit tertio die Junii Anno ultimo praeterito.’

“ And now follows the entry that I have placed as the limit of my search, that of Mr. Jones’s death :—

“ ‘ 1697, Samuel Jones, A.M., quondam Socius e Coll. Jesu, Oxon, Sepultus fuit decimo die mensis Septembris, Anno

Ætatis suae septuagesimo. The usual adjunct of 'Cler.' is withheld from him even in the last entry.

"Of Mr. Jones's numerous children, whose baptisms are recorded in the Register, with two exceptions,—Timothy and Rachel—all are likewise recorded as having died before the father. What became of Timothy and Rachel I know not, nor do I mean at present to inquire. As promised in my first letter, I have given all entries pertaining to his family up to his death, and there I close.

"Mr. Jones presided at the Eisteddfod held at Beaupre, at Whitsuntide, 1681 (see *Cyfrinach y Beirdd*, p. 1). In that volume there are several scraps of really good Welsh poetry written by Mr. Jones in accordance with the rules of the Glamorganshire Bards. At page 164, of *C. y. B.*, are some lines with Mr. Jones's name attached to them; and at p. 93, the same lines are attributed to Mr. Anthony Powell, of Llwydarth, in this parish, a gentleman and celebrated Antiquary, from whom are descended several highly respectable families now in Glamorganshire.

"Although a North Walian by birth, Mr. Jones, being a well educated man, adopted the Glamorganshire prosody, and spurned those vile metrical fetters with which the North Walian bards hampered themselves at the instigation of the Monkish Rhymester, Dafydd ap Edmwnt—fetters which have caused greater ruin to Welsh poetry than all the statutes ever promulgated against the bards by all the Kings of England.

"Mr. Jones seems to have been acclimatised, and ended the few and evil days of his pilgrimage at Brynlywarch, which may have been a part of the landed possessions of the Powells—perhaps even the marriage portion of Mary Powell. I may at least observe this much, that Brynlywarch at the present moment is the property of a representative of the branch of the Powell family, Mr. J. P. Traherne, of Coed-tre-hen..

"There remains to me now but to fulfil my promise in respect to Joanna Jones, and the pedigree of the Powells.* Joanna Jones, the wife of Rees Powell, and probably mother of Mary Powell (Mr. Jones's first wife), was the daughter of the Rev. Morgan Jones, D.D., Treasurer of Landaff, and Rector of Newton Nottage, and Llanmaes, in this county. (See "Willis's Landaff," p. 85-180.) Joanna Jones's sister, Priscilla, was married to the Rev. Rowland Harry, M.A., Rector of Coity. Priscilla was a family name

* This will be given at the end of the volume.

pertaining to the family of Dr. Jones and the Powells, and at the birth of Priscilla Jones, the Rev. S. Jones's first wife died.

Soon after the separation of the Rev. Samuel Jones from the Established Church (to which reference has been already made), he was invited to preach at a house called *Tymaen*, near Pontrhydycciff, and not far distant from his residence at Brynllwarch. He preached also in a cowshed at a place called Cildeudy, in the Hamlet of Baiden. Soon also, he commenced to hold frequent services in the adjoining Parish of Bettws, as well as at Bridgend. He organized churches at both the last named places, which churches remained in a prosperous condition for many years. At the end of the last century, upon the death of the Rev. Samuel Price, it appears that some of the adherents, and part of the Endowments of both, fell into the hands of the Unitarians.*

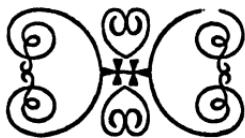
But the greatest service which Mr. Jones rendered to the cause of Nonconformity was the starting of a school at Brynllwarch, at which he undertook the training of young men for the Ministry. This was the first institution for this purpose that was established in Wales; and in this connection, as well as for the efficient general education which was imparted there, it became widely known and highly esteemed.

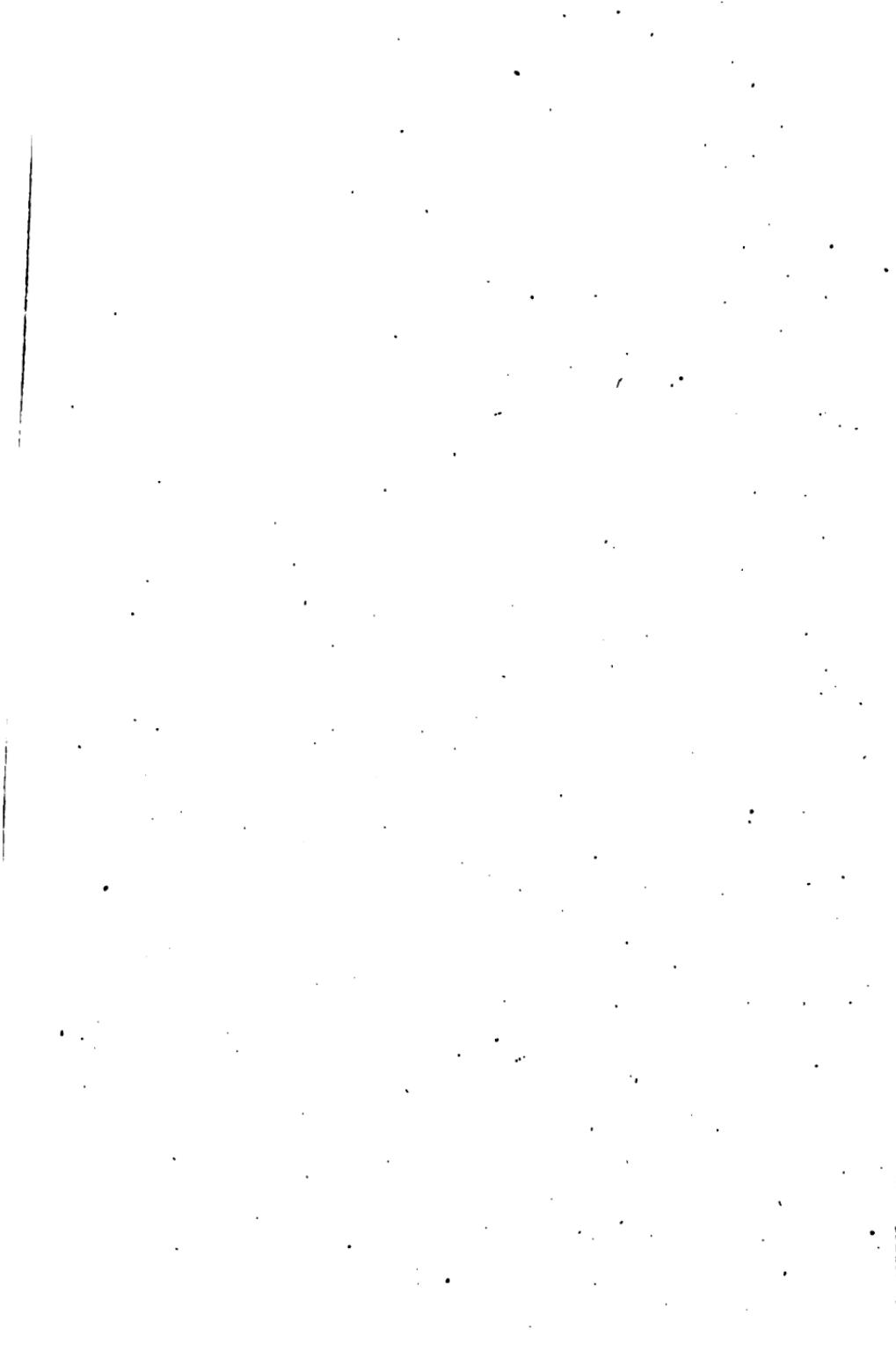
We have it on record that one of the Mansels, of Margam, sent his son to be instructed by Mr. Jones; also, the two brothers, the Revs. Rees Pricet and Samuel Price, of Tynton, and other distinguished Nonconformist ministers, were educated at this school. From the testimony of contemporaries, we gather that Mr. Jones was of an exceedingly gentle demeanour, and renowned for his humility. Possessed of profound learning, great refinement, and Christian character, it is not to be wondered at that persons of the highest degree placed the greatest confidence in him as the preceptor of their sons.

* The churches at Bridgend and Bettws were endowed by the family of Tynton, *Llaegeinor*, who gave the farm called *Cae-gars* for the said purpose. The late Wyndham Lewis, Esq., M.P. for Maidstone, was a descendant of the Tynton family; the widow of whom became the devoted wife of the late Lord Beaconsfield. Also Sir Humphrey Edwin, an ancestor of the present Earl of Dunraven, deposited in the funds for the same purpose a sum of money, and the income of both Endowments at present are reputed to be about £70 per annum.

† Rees Price took charge of the churches at Bettws and Bridgend, after the death of Mr. Jones. He died in March, 1739. His son, Dr. Richard Price, became a great political writer in the time of the American War and the French Revolution. He was born at Tynton, Llaegeinor, and died in London in the year 1791.

Almost all writers who have undertaken to give the particulars of Mr. Jones's history have fallen into the error of stating that he preached, after he was ejected from Llangynwyd, at Baiden—a Chapel-of-Ease to the Parish Church. This error has probably arisen from the fact that Mr. Jones preached so frequently at Baiden, which he himself refers to in an *Englyn* which is still extant. He undoubtedly referred to Cildeudy, which place is mentioned in the list of licensed houses in Glamorganshire, granted to the Nonconformists by Charles II., in a decree dated March 24th, 1672, to hold divine worship. It is also recorded that the Rev. Rees Price ministered at Cildeudy, in 1715.







CHAPTER IX.

Cefn Ydfa: its situation.—Mr. Thomas, father of the "Maid of Cefn Ydfa."—The Courtship of Ann Thomas with Will Hopkin, the bard.—Her marriage to Anthony Maddocks,* of Cwmyriaga, and its sad consequences.—The marriage settlement.—The death of the Maid: also of Will Hopkin.—Mr. Maddocks building a mansion, and marrying a second wife.—His practice as a lawyer.—Extracts from his ledgers. &c.

HIS celebrated place is situated on an elevated spot on the slope of a hill projecting out in a north-easterly direction from Baiden Mountain, on the western side of the Llynfi Valley.

In some old documents we have seen, the name is written Cefn-y-Gnydfa, signifying "the ridge of plenty"; but as written in the present day, the meaning would imply that the situation was convenient for corn growing. Both appear to us to be a corruption of the original name given by our forefathers to this historical spot.

To those who are acquainted with the neighbourhood, especially Baiden Mountain, it will be seen that the locality has not always been blessed with the serenity it now enjoys, and it must have appeared to them that the huge entrenchments which are there seen, were at one time, the scene of desperate military adventures, and hard fought battles. There is in the vicinity a ford, once known as *Rhyd-y-cyrr*, "The ford of the bugle horns"; and about half a mile further north is *Tre'r Gadlef*, "The place of the war cry," and *Gadlys*, "The camp, or entrenchment." A little further on, in a recess,

* Probably, Mr. Maddocks, of Cefn Ydfa, was the first of the family to add the *s* to his surname. The old people had a great dislike to such addition, which they considered to arise from pride on the part of those who used it.

The Rev. Thos. William, of Bethesda, reproved his printer once, for serving him thus, with the following lines:—

"*Fi dd'wedais wrtho'n ddinam
Mai few oedd Thomas William;
Ond er y cyfan oll a wnes,
Fe ddododd e'r s fongam.*"

hidden among the hills, are the remains of an old castle, which, at one time, must have had important connection with the turbulent periods experienced by the inhabitants of ancient days. In the light of the above facts, the real name of this place suggest itself to us as *Cefn-Ydfa*, "The ridge of wailing," a most expressive name, could events of bygone days be now made known. The present farm-house, known as *Cefn Ydfa*, is a good specimen of the old farm-houses which are to be met with throughout the parish, about which we have nothing in particular to say; but adjoining are the remains of a much older dwelling-house, to which, about the year 1728, was attached a considerable mansion, which, by reason of its comparatively modern appearance, gives a sense of desolation to a spot otherwise beautiful. Within living memory, this mansion was inhabited by a family of some distinction—the Mackworths, for they were at one time the owners of the Lordship of "Tir Iarll." This mansion was also called *Cefn Ydfa*, a name familiar to all who have a slight acquaintance with the poetry and poetical traditions of Glamorganshire.

It is not on account of the Mackworths, nor any of the modern Lords of "Tir Iarll" that this place became celebrated, but for its connection with an earlier occupant of the old ruined house between the present farm-house and the remains of the above Mansion; and her name, Ann Thomas, the "Maid of Cefn Ydfa," of 1725-27; by reason of her hapless love for the peasant Bard, Will Hopkin, of Llangynwyd, has given pre-eminence to the locality, and the interest manifested in her sufferings has aroused many a pilgrim from a distant land to visit this romantic spot.

Those who are familiar with the outlines of the pathetic story of the fair maid, and have never seen *Cefn Ydfa*, will hear, perhaps with some regret, but certainly not with surprise, that the scene once of tender and hopeful joy, but afterwards of much cruel wrong and mortal suffering, is now desolate, and has become the haunt of the owl and the bat,* and, indeed, it is fitting that it should be, that this "ower true tale" of a gentle maiden's woe, which needs no embellishment from art, to place it above the imagined woes of romance, should have ended in accordance with what is

* It is the general belief in the neighbourhood, that the Mansion was haunted; and we have the word of several parties who tried to live there before it was altogether abandoned, that it was impossible to do so. That at night they could not sleep owing to the disturbance caused by some unseen spirit. The dogs would not stay in the house at night if they could possibly avoid it.

known as "Poetical Justice." The laws of nature and the laws of art. do sometimes meet and run together, and they have done so here.

The story opens in, or about the year 1700, and *Cefn Ydfa* is owned by, and in the occupation of a gentleman of the name of William Thomas, who is said to have been a descendant of Sir Edward Thomas^{*} of Cwrt y Bettws. Mr. Thomas, chose for himself a wife, one Catherine Price, from the adjoining Parish of Bettws, and sister of the Rev. Rice Price, of Tynton, Llangeinor. This relationship, perhaps, in some degree, will explain the causes which led up to the climax of this sad story. It is well known that the Prices had a very high notion of parental authority, and scrupled not to enforce that authority by extreme penalties; natural affections seeming to be crushed out of them, if but a whim were thwarted. Out of this family, came the celebrated Richard Price, of Stoke Newington; and those who have read his life will remember that his father, the above-mentioned Rev. R. Price, disinherited him for a change in religious belief; and the same stern personage seems to figure in every important event at *Cefn Ydfa*, while his sister was connected with the place.

In the Parish Registers may be seen the following entry:

"Gulielmus Thomas, de Langonwyd, et Catherina Price, de Bettws, in Matrimonio conjuncti fuerent ult die Martii, 1703."

This is the record of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, of *Cefn Ydfa*. Their married life covered but the brief period of three years and nine months. Two children were the issue of the marriage, a daughter, Ann, who is the subject of this story, and a son, William, who died in infancy, surviving his father only a few days, and they were buried in the same grave, in the chancel of the Church at Llangynwyd, on which may now be seen the following inscription:—

"Here lieth ye body of William Thomas, ye father, who died ye 23 December, and William Thomas, his son, who died ye 26 of the same month, of ye year, 1707.†

* It is recorded of Sir Edward, that he went on an Expedition to Briton Ferry, to attack the Parliamentary Garrison there, and was taken prisoner.

† The inscription on the stone is misleading; the Registers record their death thus:—

"Gulielmus Thomas sepultus fuit 14o. 10bris 1706.
Gulielmus Thomas infans sepultus fuit 28o. 10bris 1706.

How this mistake occurred it is impossible to explain.

Then follows an epitaph :—

" My works and preaching now hath ceased,
Death of my labour hath me eased;
Still through this stone to all I cry,
Oh ! turn and live, or die."*

The baptism of the daughter Ann is recorded in the registers as having taken place on the eighth day of May, 1704. The rites were administered by her uncle, the Rev. R. Price, who, according to Dr. Rees,† was a distinguished Nonconformist minister. It appears that the ceremony was performed at the house at *Cefn Ydfa*, shortly after the birth of the child, amid great pomp and family rejoicing, and the father, on his part, taking particular care to see that the baptism was duly recorded by the Vicar of the parish in the Registers.

Referring to Mr. Thomas's will, a copy of which is preserved at the Consistory Court, Llandaff, we find that he had appointed the Rev. R. Price, his brother-in-law, and Mr. Richard Price, referred to by the testator, as his particular friend, to be the testamentary guardians of his children. As we have already said, the son William being dead, the only surviving issue was his daughter Ann, to whom, with her mother, the property was left in trust. Tradition has proved misleading in assuming that Mr. Anthony Maddocks, of *Cwm-yr-isga*, had been chosen by the father of the "Maid" to be one of her guardians during her minority. Whatever part Mr. Maddocks took in bringing about a marriage between his son and heir and Ann Thomas, it cannot be said that any such authority had been accorded him by the father. There is little doubt that the two families were on very intimate terms while Mr. Thomas lived, and perhaps that intimacy increased after his death. We find that Mr. Maddocks was their legal adviser, as well as of the Prices, of Tynton; and his books, which we have examined, bear record of such transactions. Mr. William Thomas seems to have been a man of considerable substance, not to say wealth, and of a highly respectable family. Mrs. Thomas, also, must have been considered superior to the generality of ladies residing in the neighbourhood at that time, though it cannot be said of her that she was an accomplished lady in the sense of the present age, for she was unable to write even

* It is thought by some, from the epitaph, that Mr. Thomas was a Nonconformist minister, and, in all probability, had been educated at Brynllwarch School; but there is no evidence in support of such conjecture.

† "History of Welsh Nonconformity."

her own name on an important document which shall be referred to hereafter.

Ann Thomas, under the care of her mother and her guardians, grew up into girlhood, to find herself ripening into beauty, and to enjoy the reputation of being an heiress. Of those who must have taken part prominently in the events which took place at Cefn Ydfa from 1707 to 1725, we can see the distinct figures of but two—the Maid, and her bard lover. Mr. Anthony Maddocks, of Cwm-yr-isga, a lawyer by profession, and one who was carrying on an extensive practice, was possessed of considerable means, and, in every respect the equal of his neighbours at Cefn Ydfa. He served as Under Sheriff of Glamorgan in 1719, Mr. Michael Williams, of Bridgend, being the Sheriff. He had a son and heir named Anthony, whom he had brought up to the law, and who proved himself an energetic man of business. He, also, served as Under Sheriff of Glamorgan, in 1743, when Mr. Mathew Deere, of Ash Hall, was the Sheriff.

In the pride of a father's heart, he, doubtless, appeared to the older Maddocks fit to wed any girl, however fair, of the rank of the Maid of Cefn Ydfa. Mrs. Thomas and her brother must have thought so too. There was money on both sides, and the match was all that prudence could desire; so that guardians, on the one side, and lawyers on the other, arranged that the young people were to be married.

At this stage we hear nothing of the tender wooing between the young people, nothing of the passion felt by the young lover; in fact, he seems most lawyer-like in coolness and circumspection. A fair and gentle girl, with money and property, had been decreed by high contracting parties to be his wife; he had money too, and position, and would be a good husband to her, and what more was there to be said? It seems that neither Mrs. Thomas, the guardians, nor the Maddocks either dreaded, or even suspected, that anything could arise to frustrate their plans. Suitors in brave apparel had perhaps been frowned down, and could be kept at arm's length; but the lover, who won the maiden's heart, came in more humble guise; came with the humble and touching suit of true and devoted love; came, well knowing the disparity of rank between himself and his mistress, to pay the adoration of passionate, but hopeless, love; came, and won the maiden's heart.

This humble suitor was Will Hopkin, of Llangynwyd, a tiler and plasterer. The Parish Registers bear testimony that he was baptised on the 24th day of November, 1700, and was the son of Hopkin Thomas and Diana Harry; and

was thus about three years the senior of the lovely Ann Thomas. Whether he was dark or fair, whether he had the advantage of unusual comeliness to recommend him to the regard of womankind, tradition fails to tell us; but it is said of him that he was a young man of ruddy health, of joyous heart, of ready speech, a bard too; and one, moreover, endowed in a high degree with the gift of "*Awen barod*" (ready muse), a qualification all Welsh bards coveted. It seems natural that his bardic endowments should have been perfected by the ancient traditions and influence of his native parish. The mental atmosphere of Llangynwyd must have been in his days balmy with the breath of Welsh poetry; for, was it not the seat of a "Bardic Chair?" At that time bardic contests were part of the daily pastimes of the inhabitants, and Will Hopkin inherited the native gift above most of his contemporaries.

Those who came after him to hold up the traditions and honour of the Chair of "Tir Iarll," and to whom his memory was dear, used to tell of his parentage, and trace his descent from Hopkin Thomas Phillip, of *Gelli-fid*, a poet who flourished between 1590 and 1630; and further still from Hopkin Thomas ap Einion, Priest of Llangyfelach, and *Ynys-tawe*, who flourished about the year 1400. Lewys Hopkin, of Hendre-Isan-Goch, and the Hopkins, of Coychurch, were of the same branch, viz., from Einion, *Offeiriad*. His more immediate ancestors had been respectable farmers, having occupied Ty-talwyn farm, and, through collateral branches, relationship has been traced between him and the greatest of the late Glamorganshire Bards, Iolo Morganwg.

While every care seems to have been taken at Cefn Ydfa to ward off avowed suitors, a lover appeared in a manner little expected, and in a person quite undreaded by all concerned. Will Hopkin (as he was known) in the exercise of his craft, was engaged on the premises, and he and the fair Maid were brought together. It shows how little brave attire is required to enable a winsome youth to gain favour in the eyes of a maiden, provided to be the destined lord of her love, when Will Hopkin, in his home-spun garments, won the heart of Ann Thomas. How their mutual liking first began, and their first acquaintance was brought about, was probably known but to themselves. We have been told many a tale, and even to this day some of the older inhabitants have several traditions relative to the way in which they first met, and broke to each other the secret o' their own hearts, but they are hardly worth recording. Be that as it may, there is but little doubt that the "*Awen barod*"

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had something to do with it. It has been said that in the opening days of their first and tender love, when its existence was hardly confessed even by the lovers themselves, and undreamed of by Ann's mother, they had their meetings in the kitchen of Cefn Ydfa during the dinner hour. Will, as it was customary with tradesmen employed about farm-houses in the neighbourhood, would take his meals with the servants in the kitchen, and it has been said that Miss Thomas was in the habit of coming to the kitchen, just after the dinner was over, and order the servants to do some work outside, so as to give her the opportunity of conversing with Will alone. This practice was carried on for some length of time, but such interviews could not long be kept a secret; and when the old lady, her mother, was made aware of such meetings, Will was at once dismissed, and forbidden the house. But, by this time, matters had got rather too far to be ended by a summary dismissal of the intruder, and the young couple had to find some other means of seeing each other, as best they could. It is to this period of their love that Will's Song of "*Bugeilio'r Gwenith Gwyn*" (Watching the Blooming Wheat) must be assigned.

With a poet's true prescience, Will had here accurately estimated, and stated his own condition, and (as a consequence of his helplessness) the hopelessness of his love, compared with the sharp men of the world, and the young Lawyer of Cwmyrisga. He was, indeed, the young and foolish "boy"; he styled himself "loving after his fancy," and then follows as touching a poetical image as ever a bard invented:—

"I fondly watched the blooming wheat,
Another reaps the treasure."

This song has been published many years ago, and the Welsh words translated into a most captivating English dress, by the late talented Mrs. Pendril Llewelyn; the original and the translation will appear with other fragments of Will Hopkin's works in a subsequent chapter.

Will and the fair Maid managed to meet one another in a wood near the house; but these stolen interviews were again discovered, and a stop was at once put to them, and Ann Thomas imprisoned in her room; the Price spirit manifesting itself in this act, in which we can see the unshaken determination of her hard-hearted mother, assisted no doubt by her brother, that the parental will should be obeyed. A rigorous confinement was decided upon, while the match with Anthony Maddocks was being pushed forward with a high hand. The miserable young Maid, alone in her

guarded chamber, had a small quantity of writing materials by her, unknown to her mother, and for some time one of the maid-servants of the house acted as a go-between in conveying her letters to Will, and bringing Will's back in return. It was arranged that these letters were to be placed in the hollow of an old tree, near a place called *Corn-huch*, a few fields below the house. This stratagem was again detected, and Will had his suspicions that he was betrayed by the messenger employed, one Ann Llewelyn, upon whom, in consequence, he vented his wrath. On this discovery taking place, writing materials were quickly removed from Miss Thomas's reach, and every means of communicating with her beloved Will taken away. Tradition tells us that these being denied her, she wrote a word or two to her lover upon a sycamore leaf, with a pin dipped in her own blood, and trusted the precious missive to the merciful charge of the wind, on the chance that it might waft it to her lover. Meanwhile, the greatest pressure was brought to bear upon her to reject Will Hopkin, and accept young Anthony Maddocks. Prayers, threats, and entreaties must have been used, under which the constancy of the sorely tried and now bewildered girl gave way, and a consent to marry the young lawyer was extorted from her, and the preparations for the event were pushed forward with great speed. There were sufficient reasons for this, in the fact that the poor girl had all but attained her majority, and had the ceremony been delayed but a few days longer, she would have been a free agent. The registration of her baptism is dated 8th May, 1704, and the marriage took place on the 5th May, 1725.

In taking this fatal step, Ann Thomas appears to have acted as a free agent, free from open and avowed coercion, but a promise must have been wrenched from her during the rigour of her imprisonment, which the poor girl's tender conscience would not permit her to break when she had regained her liberty.

Through the kindness of the Under Sheriff of this County, Martin Scale, Esq., we have had the pleasure of perusing the original Copy of the Marriage Settlement, which was made, and duly signed a few days previous to the date of the Marriage, the substance of which is as follows:—

**"MRS. ANN THOMAS, OF KEFNGNYDFA, SETTLEMENT OF
MARRIAGE TO ANTHONY MADDOCKS, 3RD MAY, 1725.**

* * * *

"THIS INDENTURE made the third day of May, in the year of our Lord Christ, 1725, and in the 11th year of the reign of

our Sovereign Lord George, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland; defender of the Faith, between Anthony Maddocks, junr., of Baiden, in the Parish of Llangonoyd, in the County of Glamorgan, gentleman, eldest son and heir apparent of Anthony Maddocks, senior, and gentleman, of the first part, and Catharine Thomas, of Kefngnydfa, &c., widow, and Ann Thomas, of Kefngnydfa, spinster, only daughter and heiress of William Thomas, late of Kefngnydfa, deceased, and the said Catharine Thomas, his late wife of the second part, and Rice Price, of Tytilton, Llangeinor, gentleman, and William Edmunds, of West-street, in the Parish of Newcastle, Glamorgan, of the third and last part, Witnesseth, in consideration of a marriage intended between Anthony Maddocks, junior, and the said Ann Thomas, the settlement on him of lands, tenements, &c., and also the payment of £500 by the said Catharine and Ann Thomas.

"Also the settling of a jointure on Ann Thomas during her life for her maintenance. To confirm and render binding, the provisions and obligations contained in the deed as required by form of law, Anthony Maddocks, junr., doth grant unto Rice Price and William Edmunds (by indenture bearing date the day next before the date of this date, for the term of one whole year, and by force of the statute transferring uses into possession) the following property, including lands, tenements, and appurtenances whatsoever:—

PROPERTY.	IN THE OCCUPATION OF
Tir Hopkin Maddock, senior, alias Tir y Cwm ...	Anthony Maddock, senr.
Tir Hopkin Maddock, junior, alias Tir y Ffordd Gyfraith ...	Lewis Morgan.
Coed Cae Leyson ...	Evan Hopkin.
Gelli Lás fach ...	Evan Griffith.
Dwelling-houses, &c. ...	Lately occupied by David Morgan.
Cottage and croft ...	Sarah Jeukitts.
New-built messuage, or cottage and croft ...	Elizabeth Williams (widow).
Cottage ...	Barbara Lewis.
Part of meadow, called Gwain y Dorch ...	Gweallian Powell (widow).
<i>All in the Hamlet of Baiden.</i>	
Dwelling-house, premises, and land (40 acres) ...	Edward Powell.
Tir Gwirill Fach, about 9 acres ...	Richard John.
<i>Both in the Parish of Bonvilstone.</i>	
<i>Ty-Cwm'Risca and land known by the name of Cae Glás, y Ddwyr Erw, Erw'r bont, Cae'r Coedisha, Cae'r Coed'Ucha,</i>	

Gwain Ysgubor Harri, Cae Ysgubor Harri, Cae ty'n y Gelly, Cae'r Gaseg and Wain isha, Ty'n y Gelli, alias *Vradus*, and the barn called Ysgubor Harri, Gelly lâs.

" Mountain furze and heath land called Mynydd y Madociad, being part of a mountain furze and heath lands called Mynydd Baiden.

" All of which are granted and released unto Rice Price and William Edmunds, their heirs, &c., to the use, &c., of the said Anthony Maddocks, until the solemnization of the said marriage; and, after such solemnization, to the use of the said Rice Price and William Edmunds, their heirs, &c., for and during the full end and term of 99 years. After the expiration or surrender of that term, then to the use of Anthony Maddocks, junr., for the term of his natural life.

" After the death of Anthony Maddocks, to the use of Ann Thomas, his intended wife, during her natural life; and after her death, to the use of Rice Price and William Edmunds, their executors, &c., for the full term of 200 years. After the expiration, surrender, or other determination of the term of 200 years, then to the use of the first son of Anthony Maddocks, by his wife Ann Thomas, and the heir male of such son; in default of such issue, to the use of the second son of Anthony Maddocks, and the heirs male of his body; and in default of such issue, to the use of the 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, and every other son and sons of Anthony Maddocks, by his said wife, and for default of such issue, then in case Ann Thomas shall happen to be *enceinte* with child or children at the time of her husband, Anthony Maddocks's death, to the use of Rice Price and William Edmunds, and their heirs, until she shall be delivered of such issue, or die, which shall first happen, in trust for such after-born child or children, as they shall happen in priority of birth and their heirs male.

" In default of such issue, to the use of Rice Price and William Edmunds, for the term of 500 years; and immediately after the expiration or surrender of the said term of 500 years, to the use of the said Anthony Maddocks, his heirs and assigns for ever.

" The meaning of the said term and estate as applied to Rice Price and William Edmunds, or their survivor, is, that they shall, out of the rents of the premises, &c., raise the yearly sum of £20, for the said Catharine Thomas, during her life, by four quarterly payments, the first payment to be made on the first of August in every year, for her support. After the death of Catharine Thomas, the term of 99 years shall become void. Should she live with Anthony Maddocks, then the

sum of £10 shall only be yearly levied. Anthony Maddocks's covenants to pay the annuities as above. The meaning and intent of the term of 200 years, as limited to Rice Price and William Edmunds, is that they, or their survivors, shall, after the decease of Anthony Maddocks and Ann Thomas, and the survivors of them, levy and raise a sum not exceeding in the whole £400, to be distributed among the younger child or children of Anthony Maddocks by the said Ann Thomas, in such a manner as Anthony Maddocks may determine by will. And for want of such declaration by Anthony Maddocks in writing, then the sum not exceeding £400 is not to be raised at all; and the said term of 200 years shall cease, and become void; but in case of such declaration, then, after the raising of such money, the said term of 200 years shall become void.

"The meaning and intent of the term of 500 years to Rice Price and Wm. Edmunds is upon trust, that in case that there shall be no male issue of the said Anthony Maddocks and his wife Ann, or, there being male issue, and shall happen to die, without heirs male, before attaining the age of 21, and there shall happen to be one or more daughters of Anthony Maddocks, and his wife Ann Thomas.

"Then the said Rice Price and William Edmunds, or the survivor of them, &c., raise after the decease of Anthony Maddocks and Ann Thomas, such portions following for the daughters:—

"In case of one daughter, then the sum of £500 for such one daughter to be paid to her at the age of 21; in case of two daughters then the sum of £800 to be divided equally among them. (In case Anthony Maddocks and his wife be dead). In case of either of them be living, then within six calendar months after the death of the survivor of them, and if any of the daughters die, before their portions become payable to them, then the portions of her or them shall be equally divided among their survivor or survivors, to be paid at such times as the original portion becomes payable. Nevertheless, no one daughter shall by survivorship receive more than the above sum of £500 intended for the portion of one daughter.

"After the above sums of £500 and £800 shall be raised, together with costs and charges connected with the same, or in case Anthony Maddocks should pay the sums of £500 and £800 as above during his life, they, the said Rice Price and William Edmunds, shall, upon the request of Anthony Maddocks, surrender the said estate and term of 500 years,

to the said Anthony Maddocks, his heirs, &c., or to such person as he or they may direct.

" It is also agreed that by the intent and meaning of these presents, the said Anthony Maddocks and Ann Thomas, his intended wife, shall have full power and authority by any deed or deeds, to demise, lease or grant the said messuages, lands, &c., or any other part thereof to any person or persons for the term of one and twenty years, or under, or for the life or lives of one or two or three persons therein to be named, or for any term or number of years determined by the death of one, two, or three persons, therein to be named, so that such leases granted do not prejudice or impeach the said estate or term of ninety and nine years, to the trustees' interest to raise the said annuity for Catharine Thomas during her life.

" It is also further declared and agreed, that Anthony Maddocks and Ann Thomas shall, during, their joint lives, have full power, liberty, and authority, and that it shall be lawful for them at any time during their joint lives by any deed or deeds executed by them, to revoke after, change or make void, all or any the uses, limitations and estates before mentioned (except the term or estate of ninety and nine years, limited to the trustees to raise the said annuity for the support of the said Catharine Thomas), and appoint such other use, limitation, or estate as they may think fit, so that the same does not prejudice the said term of ninety and nine years.

" Anthony Maddocks, junr., covenants for himself, his heirs, &c., with Rice Price and William Edmunds, that the said several messuages, lands, &c., shall continue unto them in trust for the uses before mentioned, subject to the provisions also mentioned, free from all manner of encumbrance whatsoever, saving an estate for the lives of the said Anthony Maddocks, senior, and Ann, his wife, and the survivors of them, which they have in rights of the said premises.

" And, further, Anthony Maddocks, junr., his heirs, &c., shall, upon the request of Rice Price and William Edmunds, their heirs, &c., execute and convey unto them, their heirs, &c., in trust, all such acts and things aforesaid, subject to the several provisions mentioned.

" Further. In consideration of the said intended marriage, and in consideration of the sum of five shillings a piece of lawful money, &c., to them, the said Catharine Thomas and Ann Thomas, in bond, by the said Rice Price and William Edmunds, the receipt thereof is hereby acknowledged; they,

Catharine Thomas and Ann Thomas, bargain, sell, and confirm unto Rice Price and William Edmunds, by indenture bearing date the day next before these presents, for the term of one whole year, the dwelling-house wherein the said Catharine Thomas now dwelleth, one bakehouse, one barn, cow-house, two orchards, one garden, and tenements of land, by estimation fifty acres, commonly called and known by the name of Kefn y Gnydfa, lying and being in the Hamlet of Baiden, and in the occupation of the said Catharine Thomas for the term of 99 years, for such uses and purposes hereinafter declared; and after the expiration or surrender of the said term, then to the use of Anthony Maddocks, junr., for and during the term of his natural life; and after his decease, for the use of Ann Thomas, his intended wife, for and during her natural life; and after her decease, to the use of the said Anthony Maddocks, junr., his heirs and assigns, for ever.

"It is hereby declared that the intent and meaning of these presents is, that the term and estate limited to Rice Price and William Edmunds, for ninety-nine years, by Catharine Thomas and Ann Thomas, is upon the same special trust as the term and estate limited to the trustees concerning, and by Anthony Maddocks, junr., for the further securing of the annuity of £20, or £10 to Catharine Thomas, during her life. The annuity having been paid, then the said term of 99 years shall become void.

"Further. In consideration of the said intended marriage, Catharine Thomas and Ann Thomas covenant with the said Rice Price and William Edmunds, their heirs, &c., that they, Rice Price and William Edmunds, shall surrender, within one month next ensuing the date of these presents, into the hands of the Lady of the respective manor of Tythegstone and Newton Nottage, according to the custom of the said manor respectively, all their lands, tenements, &c., holden of the said manors by Copy of Court Roll, to the use of Anthony Maddocks, junr.; and the said Anthony Maddocks, junr., covenants with the said Rice Price and William Edmunds, that in case Ann Thomas should die within one year next after the said marriage without issue, he shall repay and refund to Catharine Thomas, if she be alive, the sum of £100, part of the portion of the said Ann Thomas, within one year after the death of the said Ann Thomas without issue, as aforesaid. But if Catharine Thomas be not then alive, then the £100 are not to be paid to any person whatsoever.

"Provided, always, that if the said intended marriage

shall not take effect, that these presents shall cease, and be void to all intents and purposes. Whereof the said parties have to these present severally and interchangably put their hands and seals the day, month, and year first above written.

ANTH. MADDOCKS.

RICE PRICE.

Sealed and delivered in the presence of

THOMAS POWELL.
WM. MADDOCKS.
EVAN MADDOCKS.
THOMAS LEWIS.

ANN THOMAS.—The mark of
CATHARINE X THOMAS,
WILLIAM EDMUND.

I acknowledge to have received, the day of the date within written deed, the sum of five hundred pounds, being the consideration money within mentioned.

As witness my hand,

ANTH. MADDOCKS.

Signed and acknowledged in the presence of

THOMAS POWELL.
WM. MADDOCKS.
THOMAS LEWIS.

Some time previous to the marriage, Will Hepkin, it is recorded, met his beloved Ann, accompanied by her mother, at Bridgend, on a market day, while they were purchasing the wedding garments, and other necessaries for the coming event; when he had the consolation, if such it was, to learn that she was far from being in the happy state of mind one could have expected from a bride elect, when the course of love runs smooth. Ann failed even to conceal from Will the depth of her sorrow, for she is described by her bard lover, as having the tears in her eyes; but whether it was her sympathy for Will, or pity for herself, or the thought of marrying one she could not love which made her weep, we are not informed. At all events, we find recorded in the Parish Registers the following entry:—

"Antonius Maddocks, Gen., et Ann Thomas, Ambo, de Llangonwyd, in matrimonia conjuncti fuerunt quint die Maii, 1725."

There is no doubt but that great preparations had been made by Mrs. Thomas at Cefn Ydfa, in order that the marriage of her only daughter with the young Maddocks, of Cwmyrisga, should receive the attention it deserved, and the little village of Llangynwyd must have been on such an occasion the scene of great rejoicing, for when such respectable weddings took place in those days, and when some of the richest inhabitants were married, they were known to give as much as six pounds in beer, a pound for each bell, which were always rung, the ringing commencing when the wedding party were leaving the Church, and continuing at intervals throughout the day.

We may venture to say, though great the rejoicing which might have taken place in the old village, Will Hopkin was not among the company; and at Cefn Ydfa, we may fairly surmise that the young wife appreciated but little the congratulations of her relations and friends upon an event which proved fatal to all her hopes and expectations, and indeed, if tradition may be depended upon, an event that weighed so heavily upon her as to bring her to an untimely grave. As to the married life of Mr. and Mrs. Maddocks, we have no knowledge, excepting a few oral traditions, which are sufficient to convince us that very little real happiness was enjoyed at Cefn Ydfa, for she made no effort to conceal her love for Will, even after her marriage, which, in course of a little over two years, brought her to a state of insanity, in which state her cries were continually for Will Hopkin.

It is said that Will, after her marriage, did not stay in the neighbourhood, but went to Bristol to work; whether he corresponded with anyone at Llangynwyd while he was away is not known, but there was a tradition among the old people who lived in the neighbourhood about fifty years ago, that one night while at Bristol, he had a most extraordinary dream, which caused him the next morning to leave the place at once for Llangynwyd. He had dreamt that the detested Anthony Maddocks was dead, but he returned to be again sadly disappointed. When he reached home, he found Anthony Maddocks still living, but his beloved Ann was in the pangs of insanity and death.

When it was communicated to Mr. Maddocks and Mrs. Thomas, that Will was in the neighbourhood, he was sent for immediately, to see whether his presence would alleviate her sufferings and stop her cries, which had become by this time heartrending to those who had watched her during her last illness. It was said by some that while he was going up the stairs leading to her bedroom, that she heard his voice, and died before he had reached the side of her bed. Another tradition states that when she saw him after he was introduced into her room, that she sprang into his arms, and died in his embrace. If the following lines attributed to Will Hopkin bear reference to his introduction to her on her death-bed, the later tradition must be the correct one:—

“ Tebygswn i'm afaelyd yn fy anwylod wen,
A'i gwasgu dair, gwaith drosodd heb ddywedyd gair o'm mhen;
Hi roddai gusan melus, mwyn melus ar fy min,
Yn gymwys heb ei gymhell, oedd ganwaith well na'r gwin.”

This closing scene undoubtedly afforded great consolation to Will's mind, after the torture he must have suffered, and

to have her in his arms while breathing her last was to him more than all the world beside. But to young Maddocks, and especially her mother, it was the overflowing of their cup of remorse. Mrs. Thomas's feelings at this time might be better imagined than described, for she had lost her all, excepting her paltry allowance of ten or twenty pounds a year, a position Will Hopkins did not scruple to remind her of, a little after her daughter's death. Meeting her at Bridgend, he twitted her, "that he still had his hammer and trowel, while she could not boast of a daughter or an heiress": he no doubt at this time considered himself her equal. One daughter was the only issue of this marriage, who was buried a little before her ill-fated mother. The remains of the once fair Maid were interred in the same grave as that of her father and brother, in the Chancel of Llangynwyd Church, where may be seen the following inscription:—

"Here lieth the body of Ann, the wife of Anthony Maddocks, died June 16th, 1727."

The Parish Registers also record her burial as follows:—

"Anna uxor Antonii Maddocks, gen., sepulta fuit decimo sexto die Junii, 1727."

People from many lands, at different times, have visited this grave, which is distinguished from all others by fresh garlands of flowers being placed every week upon it from the Vicarage.

Will, as may be expected, never married, and survived only fourteen years after Mrs. Maddocks. Neither did he quit the neighbourhood, but remained with his mother at Llangynwyd Village, and followed his occupation as tiler and plasterer. It is said that while engaged upon a house at Llangwydd, he fell off a ladder, and never recovered from the effect of his fall. The following anecdote, which has come down to us through the lips of Iolo Morganwg, gives us an idea as to the state of his mind in his later days:—"Standing on the door of his house, which was situated near where the 'Corner House' stands at present, an old acquaintance of his came by, and invited him to go with him to the 'Old House Tavern,' which was only a few score yards from where they stood, and join him in a pint of ale.* Will replied, quoting a phrase from Scripture, 'I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.'"

* It is still the custom in this part for two or three, or even more, to go to a public house and drink from the same pint, paying for the beer in turns.

His death took place on the 19th of August, 1741, and his remains were put to rest close to the western yew tree in Llangynwyd Churchyard, over which a decent headstone was placed, bearing the following inscription :—

"Here lieth the body of William Hopkin, deceased the 19th day of August, 1741, aged 40 years."

And the following epitaph, the first stanzas composed by his bereaved mother, and the two last lines said to have been added by the Vicar of the Parish, the Rev. Morgan Thomas :—

"Dyma'r lle gole gweilwch—'rwy'n gorwedd,
Dan gaerau pob tristwch;
Os tirion chwi ystyriwch,
Llieyg a llen, llawen a'n llwch.
"Nid yw'r hollfyd hyfryd hedd,
A'i fwriad oad oferedd."

Unfortunately, the above headstone was cut up and made use of by some Goth as a foundation for a tomb over the same grave which was subsequently used by one who owned relationship with Will Hopkin, previous to the advent of the present Vicar. A few years ago, when this tomb was taken down, the fragments were recognised by the inscription upon them, which had not been altogether obliterated; and Dr. Joseph Parry, happening to visit Llangynwyd at the time, his attention was drawn to these fragments, and he asked permission from the Vicar to carry them into the chancel, which was granted, and he placed them near the sepulchre of the Maid. All of Will Hopkins's compositions, which we have been able to collect, are given in another chapter, consisting a few songs, and some fragments.

Immediately after the death of the young and unfortunate Maid, Mr. Anthony Maddocks set about building himself a suitable Mansion, beside the house in which the Thomases lived. It was completed some time in the year 1728, and he very soon took to himself another wife, by whom, according to the Parish Registers, he had three daughters, one of which died in infancy. His daughter Catherine married Phillip Williams, Esq., Cadoxton, Juxta-Neath, and Margaret became the wife of the Rev. Mathew Deere, of Ash Hall. It appears that the latter inherited her father's landed estate, and her daughter again became heiress of the Ash Hall estate, and married Sir Digby Mackworth, which accounts for the Cefn Ydfa property being vested in that family.

Anthony Maddocks, of Cwmyrisga, died in 1730, and his practice as a lawyer was carried on by his son and heir of Cefn Ydfa. In the year 1731, we find that he was actively engaged as a solicitor, transacting business for some of the

leading families in Glamorganshire, as his accounts show. We append at the end of this chapter a few of the most interesting entries from his ledger, dating from 1731—1746.

Mr. Maddocks died 16th December, 1764, in the sixty ninth year of his age, and his second wife, Elizabeth, survived him only a few years, her death taking place on 21st April, 1767, being 57 years of age.

EXTRACTS FROM ANTHONY MADDOCKS'S LEDGER.

"Presteign Session, March, 1731:—

" Edward Morgan, of Ystradyfodwg, debtor to Anthony Maddocks.

" Edward Morgan against Lady Gwyn.

Brecon Session, April, 1731:—

" The Right Hon. Thomas, Lord Mansell, debtor to Anth. Maddocks.

" Lord Mansell against Morgan Gibbon.

£	s.	d.
" John Watkins, of Bristol, debtor to A.		
Maddocks.		

" For drawing and ingrossing deed from David Yorath and his wife to him, parchment and duty

01 01 0

" Mr. Jenkin Thomas, Newton Nottage, debtor to A. Maddocks.

" For trouble and expense in receiving £400, and paying same to sundry creditors, &c.

05 05 0

" For my journey and attendance at Hensol, to offer lands to Mr. Talbot, on the 27th Sept., 1731

01 01 0

" Mrs. Anne Louther Knight, debtor to A. Maddocks.

" For making an abstract of Thomas Leyson's will

00 10 0

" For my journey to Tythegstone with my clerk, and attendance thereon, to make the inventory of Mrs. Kate Louther, deceased, and for making the inventory

02 02 0

" Jonathan Nicoll, of St. Donatts, debtor to A. Maddocks.

" Jonathan Nicol, at the suit of Howell Hopkin, in the Exchequer.

" David Watkins, of Nolton, account how the purchase money for the 14 acres of land at Bridgend, were paid him,—Purchase money ...

280 00 00

" The Right Hon. Thomas, Lord Mansell, by the order of Mr. Watkin Jenkins, debtor to A. Maddocks.

" Lord Mansell against Morgan Waters and his wife, in covenant to levy a piece of land in Kenfig.

" Received from Richard Gwyn, Esq., by my clerk, Thomas Edmunds, towards my fees and disbursements, &c. 10 00 00

" Mr. Edward Wilkins, of Wick, debtor to A. Maddocks.

" Wilkins against Flew and others, in Chancery.

" Mr. Wm. Mathews, of Swansea, and Mr. Thos. Brown, the same, debtor to A. Maddocks.

" Mathews & Brown, at the suit of Vaughan and his wife, in Chancery of the Great Sessions, for the County of Glamorgan, Brecon and Radnor.

Variations below April Sessions, 1735.

" Sir John Aubrey, against Edmund Lloyd and William Lloyd, in Chancery.

" Mr. Richard Jenkins, of Corrwg Fechan, and Mr. Griffith Jenkins, his son, debtor to A. Maddocks.

" For drawing and ingrossing Mortgage from Richard Jenkins, of Merthyr, to them, of lease and release 01 11 6

" For drawing and ingrossing Bond to perform Covenant, &c. 04 2

1 15 8

" The Portreeves and Burgesses of Avan, debtor to A. Maddocks.

" The Portreeves and Burgesses, at the suit of Jane Thomas, and Robert Thomas, infant, in the Chancery of the Great Sessions.

" George Williams, of Aberpergwm, Esq., and Griffith David, debtor to Anthony Maddocks, 8th July, 1735.

" To journey to Maindy, to take instructions for the settlement of their son and daughter— two days 01 01 00

" Ann Jenkins, of Bettws, debtor to A. Maddocks.

" Ann Jenkins, against Watkin Gamage and John Griffiths, in debt on Bond.

" Illtyd Evans, Esq., debtor to A. Maddocks, against Mathew Grant.

" Notice, Copy, and Service 4 2

" Cost levied for entering judgment 02 8 0

Received by a Bond of Edward Baker .. £2 12 0

"Catherine Jenkins, of New Castle, debtor to A. Maddocks.

" 29th July, 1736. My journey to Newcastle, being called out of bed by her servant, Griffith, about twelve at night ... or or " oo

" Journey to Newcastle the day-time ... or 05 " oo

" Mr. Lewis Sanders, debtor to A. Maddocks.

" For drawing Deed of Purchase by way of release from Jenkin Thomas and others to Mr. Lewis Sanders, with special Covenant, &c. ... or or oo

" Drawing Deed and Mortgage from Mr. Sanders to Mr. John Bradford, &c. ... or 05 oo

" Miles Bassett, Esq., debtor to A. Maddocks.

" For drawing Deed and Mortgage from M. Bassett to Sir John Aubrey, Baronet, for £430.

" Samuel Price, of Tynton, debtor to A. Maddocks.

Vacation after Sessions, August, 1741.

" John Lewis, by the order of Mr. Samuel Price against Walter Coffin, in debt.

" Samuel Price, executor of Rees Price, against Walter Coffin.

" Mr. Thomas Collins, debtor to A. Maddocks.

" For drawing Contract and assign the Mortgage to Mr. Samuel Price.

" For drawing an assignment of the Mortgage by way of lease and release.

" Drawing a Schedule of Deeds, Writings, and two fair copies, &c.

" The Right Hon. Thomas (Lord Mansell), debtor to A. Maddocks.

" Journey to survey the Manor of North Cornelly, and to inquire into the custom of the manor as to heriots.

" Journey and attendance to show my lord the particulars thereof, and to endeavour to settle with Mr. David Edmunds.

" Drawing deed of assignment of a mortgage from the executors of Robert Llewelyn, and Dr. Turberville, and his son in trust, for my Lord Mansell, of the Manor of North Cornelly.

" Drawing a grant of annuity from my Lord Mansell to Mr. Thomas Cardon, his servant.

" Journey to Margam, and attendance to settle matters about Mr. David Edmunds, and going to Kenfig to survey Mr. Humphreys's lands. Ditto drawing a surrender of Old Park lease to my Lord Mansell.

" Drawing deed of purchase from Dr. Turberville, his wife, and son, of the Manor of North Cornelly, and cottages there, &c., &c."

CHAPTER X.

LOCAL POETS.—Will Hopkin.—Phillip Rowland.—John Bradford.—David Nicholas.—The Williams' family of Brynafro.—Will o'r Voel.—Siams Twrbli, &c.—Llewelyn David, of Llwyni, and Jack y gof.

IT is to be regretted that the many attempts which have been made to collect into one volume the compositions of Will Hopkin, have hitherto been without real success. Among the *literati* who have made this attempt was Taliesin ab Iolo, who visited Llangynwyd for this purpose, but who died before the task was accomplished. All our efforts in this direction must result only in the unearthing of fragments, and a few songs. The muse of the humble bard was so ready, and her shafts so incisive, that he wrote but little. His ideas, too, were clothed in the local idiom, and lose much of their beauty even if altered into grammatical Welsh, and become things of nought if turned into English. We have, however, collected of these fragments many that, when appreciatively read in view of the circumstances that called them forth, will show in bright colours the wit and genius of one who, under happier circumstances, would have made a great name for himself, and for the humble scenes where he was born and lived.

Foremost, in interest of course, will be those verses bearing reference to his ill-starred love for Ann Thomas, the unhappy Maid of Cefn Ydfa.

The following is an impromptu uttered while he walked with "The Maid" up the hill leading from the main road to Cefn Ydfa:—

"Mae'r tyla hwn yn ddyfal,
A'fina'n syr, fy ana'l;
Os caf fi nerth, mi ddôf i'r lân,
A'nghariad dan fy agheas'l."

The following stanzas,—written on meeting his beloved Ann at Bridgend with her mother, and observing them buying the garments in which she was to be married to the detested Anthony Maddocks,—picture clearly his grief at the sight, and his regret for his own penniless state, and lowly lineage:—

"Yn Mhen-y-Bont ar ddydd y farchnad,
Cwrrd a'nghariad wnaun yn brudd;
Roedd yn prynu siwt briodas
A'r dyseryn ar ei grudd;—

Eisia ewndra, eisia pwrsia,
 Eisia pethau oedd arna i;
 Pe buasai rhai'n ond geny';
 Byth ni elsa'r gwr a hi."

And this is full of revengeful passion against Ann Llewelyn, the servant who betrayed his sweet and stolen interviews with his mistress :—

"Mae Ann Llewelyn felen
 Yn fy marnu drach fy nghefn,
 Ond ni all wella'm gwedd a'm gwaith,
 Y neidr fraith anniben."

Next in interest to these, are his apostrophes to scenes and objects with which he was familiar in his native village. These are remembered and quoted now very frequently.

A sarcastic prophecy referring to the inhabitants of Llan :—

"Pan fyddo'r Lian yn llawen,
 Heb salais na chenfigen;
 Bydd mèl yn tarddu ma's o'r cwâr
 A ffugys a'r y ddraenen."

We have obtained a free translation of the following, referring to the bells of Llangynwyd Church, by which it will at once be evident how much of the original is lost in the process :—

"Caru wyl ar hirnos gaua'
 Sain peroriaeth sŵn y clycha':—
 Rhai sydd addas rhwng mynyddau,
 Wych chwiorydd, chwech yn chwarau."
 "When the winter night is stealing,
 Sweet to hear glad music pealing :—
 From yon bells in concert ringing,
 'Mid the hills, like minstrels singing."

R.D.M.

To Laleston Bells.

"Ar ben y twyn mi safas,
 Ad yno mi feddylia's;
 Nad oedd crwth, na miwsig gwych,
 A gurai glych Trelalas."

But Will Hopkin is at his best in ready and acute retort,—the practice which has existed among *prydyddion* for immemorial ages, to excel herein, it was necessary to be possessed of keen wit, ready resource, and an unlimited command of rhyme. That Will possessed these qualifications is evident from the following. It appears that he had completed the flooring of a pigsty at Llangynwyd—and was surprised exultantly dancing upon the new-laid flags by his old friend Phillip Rowland—who thus addressed him :—

"Mi welas William Hopkin,
 Yn dawsio'n dal heb delyn;

Heb un crwih na lle idd ei gael
Ar dwlcyn gwael y mochya."

To which Will immediately responded :—

"Fy ffryd a'm cyfaill cryno,
Y twlc oedd newydd lorio;
O lechi clir ar wyneb clai,
Pwy allsai lai na dawasio."

It is said that on one occasion Will Hopkin attended an Eisteddfod at Merthyr,—and was desirous that his presence there should not be known. He was, however, soon discovered, and addressed as follows by one of the bards, present :—

"Will goch o wlad y gyrchen
Cais dán i doddi'th awen,
Mae wedi rhewi—tyn hi'n rhydd,
Mewn flos ar synydd Baiden"

Will Hopkin was equal to the emergency, and without a moment's hesitation, replied as follows :—

"Pe rhewa'r de a'r dwyren,
O amgylch gwlad y gyrchen;
Pe rhewa'r 'deryn ar ei nyth,
Ni rhewa byth mo'f awen."

It should be noted, in passing, that it was a recognised rule among these primitive poetasters, that the reply or retort, to be perfect, must be in the same rhythm and metre as the question or rebus. It will be seen that in this respect, also, Will proved himself proficient.

Working at Marcross on one occasion—he was in the habit of spending Sunday at home, and proceeding to his work on Monday morning, laden with his week's provender,—he was met thus burdened by his employer one Monday morning and was thus greeted :—

"Mi welas rhyw gardotyn,
Ac ar ei gefn gwty'n;
Ac yn ei law ef bastwn drum, (trimmed)
Yn nghanol Spring y flwyddyn."

It will be seen that the intention was to disconcert Will by comparing him to a beggar, with bludgeon in hand, and a bag of broken victuals on back. Will nothing disconcerted, turned the tables, by a bold allusion to his employer's ruddy nose, and well-beloved quid of tobacco :—

"Pan ddaeth y gwalch yn agos,
Fe stopia'n Mhentre Marcross,
'Roedd jo tobacco'n gil ei foch,
A'i drwyn mor goch a'r ceiros."

The following is an instance in which Will was the aggressor or questioner, his interlocutor being the well-known

John Bradford, of Bettws. The bards had met on the top o a steep hillock near "Pandy'r Bettws." It would appear that Bradford was interested in the *Felin Bân* (fulling mill) at this place, which Will thus ridicules :—

"Y tyla hwn y'm torws,
Mae'n ddyled imi orphwys;
'Rwyf wedi myned lawn mor wân,
A Melin Bân y Bettws."

Bradford's reply ran thus :—

"Mae Melin-Bân y Bettws,
Yn cerdded yn diorphwys;
A'r felin fâl, ni wâ i p'am,
Ni chér un cam yn gymwys."

It will be well perhaps that our English readers should not be entirely forgotten. The following rebus, sent by David Nicholas, of Aberpergwm, to Will, is rendered into English for their benefit, as an illustration of the custom of " rhyming riddles," to which we have made allusion. The translation is by Mr. R. D. Morgan :—

"My love gave me a cherry that in it had no stone,
And fed me on a wondrous fowl, whose flesh concealed no bone ;
And wrapped me in a blanket warm, where ne'er had been a thread,
And shewed me a strange mystic book, that ne'er a man had read."

Will Hopkin's reply to which was as follows :—

"My cherries bear no stones when they blossom on the tree,
When fowl lies in the new laid egg, no bone we look to see;
When blankets are but new shorn fleece, we look not there for thread,
Till words are written on a book, words may not there be read."

It is characteristic of the time in which our peasant-poet lived, that even he, with his fine sensibilities, rich gifts, and high aspirations, laid weight upon his creature comforts, even when these were of a sort which poets are usually deemed too ethereal and refined to care for. Like Shakespeare, " His virtues were his own, his faults those of his time." Witness his lament when on one occasion he was compelled to exist in the (to him) inhospitable parish of Margam—without tobacco :—

"Gwae fi sa bawn i heno
Rhwng Margam a Llangrallo;
Yn Drelales lusiaidd lawn
Lie gwn y cawn wir roeso.
Mi gerddai Margam drwyddo,
Am bibed o tobacoo;
Mi gofia'n dda tra peru foes,
Ce's dorim loes yn Orgro."

.. And thus he commemorates what must have been a right jovial carouse, which he enjoyed in the company of David

Nicholas, elsewhere referred to, who was the family bard of Aberpergwm. The scene was, it appears, Wenveo Castle :—

" Mi welas fyd ar frigyn,
 Ar Deio a Will Hopkin ;
 Yfed gwin yn M'las Gwaen-fo,
 Mewn caepeyn o gynnocyn."

Next we have a stanza which embodies Will's resolution never to work, or do a hand's turn for Anthony Maddocks, the husband of the beloved Maid, or any of his family :—

" Tra phigau ar y ddraenog.
 A gwenith a 'sgyfarnog ;
 A phia brith yn bildo'i nyth,
 Wna'i bwytybyn byth i'r Maddock."

And after the death of the broken-hearted maid, when Mr. Maddocks married for the second time, Will addressed Mrs. Thomas thus :—

" Dygasoch fywyd dau ar unwaith,
 Heblaw colli eich mab yn nghyfraith."

CAN Y "GWENITH GWYN."

Myfyr sydd fachgen ifanc fiol,
 Yn caru'n ol fy flansi;
 Mi yn bugeilio'r gwenith gwyn,
 Ac eraill yn ei sedi:
 O p'am na ddeui ar fy ol,
 Rhyw ddydd ar ol ei gilydd,
 Gwaeth 'rwy'n dy weïd, y feinir fach,
 O glanach, lanach, beunydd.

O glanach, lanach, wyt bob dydd,
 Neu fi sy'm fydd yn fiolach;
 Er mwyn y Gwr a wnaeth dy wedd,
 Gwna i'm drugaredd bellach;
 O cwyd dy ben, gwel oco draw,
 Rho i mi'th law, Wen dirion,
 Gwaeth yn dy fynwes berth ei thro,
 Mae allwedd clo fy nghalon.

Mi godais heddyw gyda'r wawr,
 Gan frysio'n fawr fy'm llugged,
 Fel cawn gusanu llun dy droed,
 Fu'r hyd y coed yn cerdded:
 O cwyd fy mhen o'r galar maith,
 A serchus iaih gwarineb,
 Gwaeth mwy na'r byd i'r neb a'th gar,
 Yw golwg ar dy wyneb.

* A Drinking Horn.

HISTORY OF LLANGYNWYD.

Tra b'o dw'r y môr yn hali,
 A thra bo 'ngwallt yn tyfu,
 A thra b'o calon dan fy mron,
 Mi fydda'n ffyddlion i ti;
 O dywed i mi'r gwir dan gâl,
 A rho dan sêl atebion,
 P'un ai myf, neu arall, Wen,
 Sydd oreu gan dy galon?

WATCHING THE BLOOMING WHEAT.

Translated by Mrs. Pendril Llewelyn.

A SIMPLE youthful swain am I,
 Who loves at fancy's pleasure;
 I fondly watch the blooming wheat,
 And other reaps the treasure:
 Oh! wherefore still despise my suit,
 Why pining keep thy lover?
 For some new charm, thou matchless fair,
 I day by day discover.

Each day reveals some new-born grace,
 Or does fond faith deceive me?
 In love to Him who formed thy face,
 With pity now receive me.
 Oh! raise thine eyes—one look bestow,
 Yield, yield thine hand, my fairest;
 For in thy bosom, witching maid,
 My heart's sole key thou bearest.

In deepest woe this day I rose,
 And sped at morning's gloaming
 To kiss each spot where thy fair foot
 Had in yon grove been roaming.
 Oh! raise my head bowed down with grief,
 With kindest accents speaking,
 Than worlds more dear is thy one glance
 To him whose heart is breaking.

While hair adorns my aching brow,
 This heart will beat sincerely,
 Whilst ocean rolls its briny flow,
 So long I'll love thee dearly:
 Oh! tell the truth, in secret tell,
 And under seal discover,
 If it be I—or who is blest,
 As thy pure heart's best lover.

CAN TARW MAESCADLAWR, GAN WIL HOPKIN.

Ton:—"Gwyl y Fwyll."

Dawch yn nes, sy holl gyfeillion,
 Chwi gewch glynwed chwedl greulon,
 Fu 'nawr ya bwyr ya mhlwyf Llangynwyd;
 Fu dim ys oesoedd sain o'r unsut;
 Wrth dy'r Vicar lân, garedig—
 Meistr Morgan Thomas ddiddig,
 Nos G'langauaf—dyna'r amser—
 Y bu'r frwydr gasa'n Lloegr.

Yr oedd gan y gwr parchedig,
 Yn yr ailladd, darw flyrnig,
 Gwedi ei dewhau'n ariafed;
 Idd ei ladd y gwynsiwyd bagad;
 Hwy grynhaisant, medd hanesioù,
 Yn eu harfau megvs glewion,
 I gael lladri yr eidion llydan
 Mor ddidraffeth a llyoden.

Crynhai i gyd yn nghyd a wnaethon'
 I'r cae lle'r oedd y tarw creulos,
 L'echreu rhagod o bob ochor
 Nes ei gael i mewn i'r 'sgubor;
 Yno'r aeth hi'n blê o'r mwyafrif—
 Pwy o gant anturiai gyntaf
 I ddiodi'r rhaff yn graff, yn gam-plyg.
 Am ei fferau—r eidion flyrnig.

Y cyntaf gwr anturiodd ato
 Oedd y cifydd c'rwaidd cryno—
 Hywel Thomas dan ei enw—
 Fu mewn taro wrth g'lymu'r tarw;
 'Nol ei gael ef dan ei twyma',
 Hi aeth yn blê pwy d'r rawai gyntaf;
 Tyngai Dafydd Niclas chwipyn—
 "Mi a'i t'r awaf lawr yn sopyn."

Yna gwaedda'r cifydd ffeil-gall—
 "Dal dy law, y dyn diddeall,
 Nid oes undyn ar y ddaearan,
 Gwn, a'i teryn a well na'm hunan;"
 Odd ei law fe rodd y coler
 Oedd am gyrnau'r eidion 'sgeler;
 Chwi gewch glywed, gyda hyny,
 Ffysto clau, fel dau fa'in dyrnu.

'Nol hir ddyrnu, yn y diwedd
 Fe ro'w'd vr eidion yn ei orwedd,
 A'r holl wŷr a gwmpant arno,
 Dan ei bwytian â'u traed a'u dwylo;
 He dyngai'r cifydd lwon garw—
 "B'lê'r aeth y feidem hona—Virtw?
 Paham na ddaw a'r llestr, chwipyn,
 I dderbyn gwaed yr eidion 'sgymun?"

Cwni'r llewys, hogi'r gyllell,
 I fyn'd at geg yr eidion diffaeth;
 Ond cyn gweled gwaed y tarw,
 Ar ei draed fe neidia'n boew;
 Chwi gaech weled, gyda hyny,
 Gan y cifydd, gilio gwisi;
 Ni throws yn ol ei wyneb, druan.
 Nes oedd yn ochor Coed y Cefan.

'Ddiar ei wär se dafal'r tarw
 Gati Niclas, gyda Virtw,
 I ben y feigawn, yn dra ffyrnig:
 Hwy fuon' yno'n hir mewn llewys;
 Fe dawlws Nani Hutton, druan,
 'Ddiar ei gyrr i ben y ddraenen:
 Hi fu yno'n hir yn hongied
 Cyn i undyn byw ei gweled.

Meistres Mari Thomas weddaidd,
 Wrth wel'd yr eidion cas, angh'r uaidd
 Yn tawlu'r rheiniy mor ddiarged.
 Griaï'n chwipyn—"Cilia, Marged!"
 A chyda'r gair, treidd cerdded boew
 I'r lan i ben y Pedair Erw,
 I Goed y Parc, fel ewig wisgi,
 Rhag i'r tarw ddyfod ati.

Hywel Bach a Thwm ab Ifan
 Aeth i'r lan i Fynydd Bairdan,
 'Ddiyno lawr i Gwm Cildeudy:
 Hwy fuon' yno'n hir yn llechu,
 Nes i hen-wraig ddyfod heibio.
 A gwele'd y bechgyn bron yn trigo;
 Hi dd'wedai fod yr eidion hynod
 Gwedi'i ladd ei's tri diwrnod.

Ni safws un o'r gwyr heb giliaw,
 Ond Dafydd Niclas a Thwm Mathaw;
 William Lewys—dyna'r trydydd
 Fynws weled ei ddienydd;
 Ni ddaeth undyn i Faescadlawr,
 Ya hyd wytynos, gwn, neu ragor,
 Nes clywed fod yr eidion llydan
 Gan Feistres Thomas yn yr halen.

Y mae'r cifydd, dyn a'i helpo,
 Yn fawr ei gryd yn para eto;
 Mae 'fe'n gwydyd, medd y dyn i'n
 Nad a'r ofn fyth o'i galon;
 Fe fu'n hwy nà chwe' diwrnod:
 Yn ei ben ni throws ei dafod;
 Y cyntaf gair ddywedai'n groew,
 Oedd—"Cadwed Duw fi rhag y tarw."

Ac os gofyn neb trwy'r parthau
 Pwy a ganodd hyn o eiriau
 Nid oes achos dyweyd ei enw,
 Rhag ei drin yn waeth na'r tarw;

Ei 'wyllys yw i'r Vicar mwynaf
Geisio gwyr i'r liaddfa nesaf
F'ai gwrolach beth na'r rheinny,
Rhag i ddynion gael drygioni.

Translated by Mrs. Pendril Llewelyn.

DRAW near my friends—list while I tell
A tristful tale of what befel
In Cynwyd's parish aught so dear
Has seldom chanced in any year,
By the vicar's house of holy fame
(Good Morgan Thomas is his name)
On All Soul's eve there was a sight
Which beats all English battles quits.

This reverend man had in his mead
A bull as fierce as battle steed,
Which being fat as beast e'er stalled,
A host to slay him soon were called.
They gathered there, so runs the tale,
Like heroes clad in battle mail,
To kill this beast of monstrous fat
As quickly as they would a rat.

All mustered there in bold array,
This well fed savage bull to slay,
Forth from the field he's quickly dodged,
And in the barn at last is lodged;
And then arose a wordy row,
Who would be bold enough—and how?
To cast the rope in trim complete
About the furious monster's feet.

The first who ventured on thatfeat
Was he most fit—the butcher neat.
Well known as Howell Thomas here,
Who did perform this deed of fear.
This being done, the beast is tied,
And each to strike him first then vied,
Said David Nicholas with an oath,
"I'll knock the rascal down i' troth."

Then roared the knowing butcher out,
"Hold! hold thy hand thou lazy lout,
There breathes no man beneath the sky,
Will knock him down so well as I."
Soon from his hand the rope is let,
Which round his hideous horns was set,
And then were heard such rapid knocks
As thrashers deal on wheaten shocks!

Repeated blows brought down at last
This bloated bull of measure vast:
On this the heroes, one and all,
With tooth and nail upon him fall:
Then swore the butcher in a pet,
"Where is that Virtue! vile coquette?
Why brings she not the pail with speed,
That I this cursed beast may bleed?"

With sharpened knife—with arms all bared,
 To stick his neck he was prepared,
 But e'er he scratched the bleeding vein,
 Up on his feet jumps bull again!
 Then might be seen with rapid stride,
 The butcher hastening off to hide,
 Nor did he turn his face I ween
 Till Coed y Cefen did him screen!

From off his neck bull madly threw
 Kate Nicholas, and poor Virtue too;
 Upon a rick they fell in chance,
 Where long they lay in fainting trance!
 Poor Nanny Hutton, from his horns,
 Was thrown upon a brake of thorns,
 Where long she dangled by her dress
 Before a soul saw her distress!

Fair Mary Thomas, when she found
 The frenzied beast thus raging round,
 And tossing all that were anigh,
 Screamed loudly out, "Fly, Peggy, fly!"
 Soon as the words escaped her lips,
 To *Pdair Ew* Peggy slips,
 As hies the deer from huntsman dread
 To Coed y Park she swiftly sped.

Helter-skelter went Tom Evan
 And Howell Bach to Mynydd Baidan,
 Thence to Clideudy's glen they go,
 Where they were hiding long, I trow;
 Till chance brought by an aged wight,
 Who saw these lads in piteous plight,
 And told them that the noted beast
 Had butchered been three days at least.

Dai Nicholas and Tom Mathew were
 Two of the heroes who stood there,
 And William Lewis made the third
 Who this grim bull's loud groanings heard;
 No soul Maescadiawr House came nigh
 Till more than six whole days passed by,
 When Mistress Thomas, 'twas well known,
 Had this huge beast in salt put down.

The butcher, whom the fates preserve,
 Has trembled since in every nerve,
 And rumour runs that from his heart
 That dread, he says, will ne'er depart!
 For six long days, from this sad cause,
 His tongue he turned not in his jaws,
 Then his first words, in accents full,
 Were—"God preserve me from the bull."

If it be asked, "Whose idle lay
 Has just been sung?" Be silent, pray,
 Else for the bard there will await,
 Than was the bull's, a far worse fate!

Yet, he would hope the worthy priest,
 When next he slays a fatted beast,
 Lest human blood be spilled then,
 May seek a braver set of men !

The original song of "*Tarw Maescadlaur*" is worthy to rank with "*John Gilpin*," as a piece of harmless and amusing exaggeration. For more than one hundred years after poor Will Hopkin's death, it rested entirely for preservation upon the tongue of tradition, and had, perhaps, in that time, hardly once been committed to paper. Consequently, although the song had, in the middle parts of the country, that kind of fame which comes from being spoken of, many people had never heard the song sung or recited, and were simply familiar with scraps of it. Not until 1845 did it appear in print, and, even at that late day, it appears as if the world was indebted to chance circumstance for the pleasure of seeing it brought to light. Happily, the same circumstance gave the impetus which produced the spirited translation of Mrs. Pendril Llewelyn; so the gift to the public was a double one.

To the original communication from Mr. and Mrs. Llewelyn, there were appended copious notes upon the principal characters mentioned in the song. Before these are brought under the reader's notice, it will be well to relate the circumstance which recalled the song to the public mind in 1845.

In the *Cambrian* newspaper, of August 9th, in that year, there appeared in the obituary notices, the record of a death; thus:—

"Lately, at Bryn-y-Bettws, in the parish of Bettws, aged 54, Mr. Edward Mathew, son of Mr. Thomas Mathew, of Pentre, Llangynwyd, in this County, one of the characters of that song so well known in the locality, the *Cân Tarw Maescadlaur*, composed by that excellent lyric poet, William Hopkin."

This announcement led to the appearance of the following communication to the editor, in the paper of August 23rd:—

"In your issue of August 9th, there appeared a notice of the death of Edward Mathew, of Bryn-y-Bettws. It is there stated that he was the son of the character in *Cân Tarw Maescadlaur*, by William Hopkin. It should have been the grandson of Tom Mathew, whose name occurs in that song. As the worthy Chief Bard of Glamorgan (Ab Iolo) is now collecting all that can be had of William Hopkin's poems, and the remains of other bards, for publication, the song to which allusion is made is herewith forwarded to you. It should be stated that the words are taken down chiefly from

the singing and reciting of an old man named Jenkin Treherne, who, according to the parish registers, was baptized 7th y^r 16, 1764. William Hopkin was buried A.D. 1741, twenty-three years prior to the birth of Jenkin.

"Maescadlawnr is a farm in the parish of Llangynwyd, and, at the time the song was composed, was the residence of the Vicar, the Rev. Morgan Thomas. The air to which the song is sung by the hill folks is called "*Gwegril y Fwyell*," which has lately been published by Miss Jane Williams, of Aberpergwm, in her beautiful Collection of 'Melodies of Gwent and Morganwg.'—See page 58, and note 83, of the Collection."

Then follows the song in Welsh, with the following note:—"There will be sent you probably next week a translation of this song of our native peasantry, also a few notes respecting the characters mentioned." The promised English version of the song appeared in the *Cambrian*, of August, 1845; and in an early succeeding issue of the same paper, the following "notes" upon the song were given:—

"The 'Bull of Maescadlawnr' turned out to have been a poor calf. Thus tradition obtains. The intention of the bard was probably to hint to the Vicar that his numerous retainers were but an idle set of bores. Or, it may be that the poet humorously employed his satire against those parties whose names are only known to us by his song. This was a favourite custom of the bards, and many pieces of sparring between Will Hopkin and David Nicholas (household bard of Aberpergwm) are traditionally recited and sung by the peasantry even to this day. Jenkin Treherne, from whose reciting this song (in the original Welsh) was taken, affirms that 'this bull was but a calf.' The old man says:—

"Mi glywais nad oedd y tarw hwn dim ond llo bach, a Wil Hopkin a ganws y gân, o wawd. Ac mi glywais fod y bwtsiwr yn ffyrniq iawn yn dywedyd fod rheitach gwaith o lawer gan Wil Hopkin i'w wneuthur na llunio celwydd yn y modd ag y gwnaeth. Yr oedd yn tori *character* y bwtsiwr. Hyn mi a glywais lawer gwaith gan Nanny Hutton. Yr oedd hi yn byw yn Nant-mwth, a mamgu i Edward Thomas sydd yn byw yn Maescadlawnr yn awr ydoedd hi. Yr oeddwn yn fy ie'ntyd yn 'nabod rhai o'r dynion a enwir yn y canu. Nani Hutton mi a welais lawer o weithiau, a Twm ab Evan; un o'r 'mawriaid' ydoedd Twm. Mae eu had hwy yma heddyw, sef y 'Mawriaid,' fel eu gelwir yn y plwyf. Y Marged a enwir yn y canu oedd Margaret Lewis, a mamgu i Dwm sydd Gleve yn y Llan heddyw ydoedd hi. Morwyn yr offeiriad oedd 'Virtue.'

Jenkin, being asked whether David Nicholas mentioned in the song was the bard of Aberpergwm, replied—"Nage. Dio Llwyngwladus (a farm in the same Parish) oedd hwnw. Yr un tylwyth oedd y ddaau. Fe fu'r bardd, Dafydd Nicholas, yn cadw ysgol yn y Llan. A gwr o'r parthau hyn ydoedd efe. Fe fu hen dadau y gwr sydd yn awr yn y Gelli yn yr ysgol gydag ef, a llawer ereill o hen bobl y plwyf. Y Mari Thomas a enwir yn y canu oedd ferch i'r 'Heir'ad; hi briodws yr Edmunds o Bontfaen."

The Parish Registers confirm throughout the saying of this old man. The Rev. Morgan Thomas was Vicar from A.D. 1707 to 1763. The baptism of the fair Mary Thomas is thus recorded:—"Maria filia Morgani Thomas et Tabithæ Jones, bap. fuit 24th die Martii, 1712-13." Her marriage thus:—"Thomas Edmunds, parochiæ de Llantryddid, et Maria Thomas de Llangonwyd, in matrimonio conjuncti, fuerunt vicesimo primo die 7th 38.

In a different hand and paler ink is inserted an "L.," probably to intimate that the marriage was by license. Also between the words "Edmunds" and "parochiæ" in the same hand and ink are inserted the three letters "gen" above, with a caret underneath. The fact is elicited from this date that the song was composed anterior to 1738, the marriage of the fair Mary Thomas. The death of this lady is thus inserted:—"Mrs. Edmunds, mother of the late Col. Edmunds, of Cowbridge, and daughter of the Rev. Mr. Thomas, of Maescadlawr, and late Vicar of this Parish, was buried here on Sunday, the 18th Feb., 1798." She then lived with Dr. Sanders, of Bridgend.

The marriage of Margaret, or Peggy, who took refuge in Pedair Erw, is also thus recorded:—"William Bivan, carpenter, of Croft yr Efail, in the Middle Hamlet of the Parish of Llangynwyd, and Margaret Lewis, spinster, living in a certain house called Maescadlawr, were married in this Church, the 26th day of November, 1754, by Mr. Morgan Thomas, Vicar of Llangynwyd."

Respecting Nanny Hutton, the subjoined extracts are made from the Registers:—"Anne filia Bartholomii Hutton et Jana William, bap. fuit decimo tertio die 8th 1717, 72nd." Again, "2nd Bartholomeus filius Jonis Hutton—vic ibid—et Cecilia Griffiths, bap. fuit 14th Augusti, 1670." From these two transcripts, it would appear that Nanny Hutton was the grand-daughter of the Rev. John Hutton, Vicar of the Parish of Llangynwyd from A.D. 1662 to Decr., A.D. 1705."

Coed y Parc, Coed y Cefen, Pedair Erw, are names of

places which occur in the song; and are well known by those names to this day.

The song of Maescadlawr is not composed in the fetters of *cynghanedd*, although every Welsh bard revels in *cynghan-eddon* as far as possible. The rhyme in one or two places appears rugged; for instance, in the seventh verse, *gyllell* rhymes with *dissaith*; but the common Demetian pronunciation of the word now spelt *cyllell* is *cylleth*. And in the first verse, *unsut* rhymes with Llangynwyd. Now the word *sut*, i.e. form, manner, condition, &c., is pronounced as if written *shwd*. This *sut* is the common salutation. "*Sut yr y'ch chwi?*" (How are you?) is pronounced as though written *shwd*, and the rhyme would be thus to the ear:—

"_____ Llangynwyd,
_____ unshwd."

Yours,

Llan Vicarage, 15 Sep., 1845.

R. & M.

The letters close with some remarks upon the varied spelling of the name Llangynwyd, to which reference has been made at length in the earlier part of this work.

CAN SERCH.

'Clywch gwyn y bachgen gwirion
Mewn geiriau mwynion maith,
O garu meinir dirion,
Nid yw ond ofer waith;
Mae rhai bron colli bywyd
Am fanwylyd fawr ei bri,
Ow! marw fydd sy menyd,
Os na feddianaf hi.

Pa cawn Ann lân yn briod,
Yr hynod sywlog ferch,
Mi wn nas dengys wybren,
Un seren fwy o serch;
Mae'i grân fel gloyw berlyn,
A'r thosyn yn yr haf;
Ond trow'd hi i garu arall,
Er mw yn sy nghadw'n glaf.

Ni raid i'r dynion diffyn
 Un gronyn fod mor groes,
 Er gwaethaf geiriau geirwon,
 Mi'i caraf hyd fy oes;
 Yr wyl yn glaf wrth glywed
 Fod bwriad rhai mor bell,
 Yn erbyn bachgen ofer,
 Heb fod 'run gronyn gwell.

Mae'n dios fel lili gwynion,
 Llun blodau'r gwanwyn gwyn,
 Gwén araul gwel fu'n aros,
 Fel llinos yn y glyn;
 Ac oni ddaw'r un ddawnus
 A'i phlaned yn y bla'n,
 'Difar u'nol fy marw,
 Wna'r feinr luniaidd Ian.

Translated by Mr. Rhys D. Morgan.

List, while heart grief-laden,
 A love-born lad complains;
 How love for a fair maiden
 Brings nought but bitter pains!
 For many swains address her—
 Young, gallant, proud, and high;
 If I may not possess her,
 I'll lay me down and die!

If Ann to me were given,
 My life with joy and light
 Would glow—as gloweth heaven
 With myriad stars bedight,—
 But ah! the charms and virtue
 Her features fair display,
 Are promised to another,
 And I am cast away!

Her cruel friends command her
 Her hand elsewhere to give,
 Assail my name with slander,
 Yet, while I breathe and live,
 My love shall be unfading,
 For well she loveth me,
 And spite of all persuading—
 Mine, still, her heart shall be.

Pure is she as the lilies,
 Fair, as the flowers of spring,
 Her voice is like the trilling
 Of woodland birds that sing:
 For my sweet bride I'll win her
 Her heart through life I'll keep—
 Or die, content in knowing
 That she o'er me doth weep!

THE WILLIAMS'S FAMILY, OF BRYN-Y-FRO.

In the latter part of the last, and the beginning of the present century, the tenant of Bryn-y-fro Farm, in this Parish, was one Edward William, who combined in his single person the avocations of rural carpenter and farmer. He had a rather numerous family of sons and daughters, of whom the best known are Edward, who became a clergyman, and curate of Ewenni Parish, and Thomas, who, for some time, occupied Bryncynan Farm, subsequently, however, removing to Llangynwyd Village, where he became school-master, and Parish Clerk to the Rev. John Parry.

It will be gathered from the facts we have given, that father and sons must have been of more than common intelligence. They were each well known to possess the gift of "*Yr awen barod*"—the ready muse, and to have excelled in the practice of the rhyming and metrical contests of wit, which, we have before referred to. Especially adept were they in the characteristic Glamorganshire metre, the "triban," now, alas! fast going the way of the yoke and the ploughing ox, for whose especial behoof the "tribanau" were originally composed. It will be imagined that *beckgyn Bryn-y-fro*, as they were called, were looked upon as the laureates of Llangynwyd, and formidable persons to meet in a war of wits.

We subjoin a few specimens of their proficiency in this respect—by way, not so much of claiming a high standard of thought and intellect for these humble *literati*, as of shewing how, probably, the taste for poetry and love of letters have been kept alive in "poor little Wales"—during centuries, in which the education and culture of the people were neglected.

At the time we mention, the rural carpenter's was an avocation in much request. The days of flimsy veneer and French polish were not, as yet, and in addition to the usual carpentry of the farm appliances and the like, all the household furniture was made at home, and, let it be said, made of material, and shewing workmanship, that remains after many years a standing protest against the tawdry and showy cabinet-making of the present day. When a son or a daughter was married, he or she took from the paternal home articles of furniture, the manufacture of which had occupied the carpenter for, perhaps, six months. This dower or marriage gift was known as "*YSTAFELL*."

Being therefore in a good way of business, Edward William was fain to employ as his assistant one William Evan, known popularly as "Will o'r Voel." Will, also, was

a rhymester, and in this respect, as in others, fit to be the partner of Edward William, of Bryn-y-fro.

The Rev. Edward William on one occasion desired his father and Will o'r Voel to come and make him a pair of wheels. Repeated promises to fulfil the order were made and broken; and the reverend gentleman at last, out of patience, thus enunciated his grief:—

Daw'r haul o'r West y bora'.
A'r mó'r i ben Moel-caera'.
Cyn delo nhas a Wil y sser,
I dryclo par o drycia'.

Whether spurred by this sarcasm or not, we cannot tell; but shortly the long ordered wheels were made, and in delivering them to Mr. William, Will o'r Voel thus delivered himself:—

Mewn pedwar byr ddiwrnod,
Gwnaeth Wil ag Edward hynod,
Drwy galed waith, coed, h'arn, a dur,
Y trycia' pur yn barod.

This elicited from the clergyman the following repartee:—

Garw wy'n rhyfoddu,
I chwi allu medru
Wheudur par o drycia' gwych,
Wrth wel'd eich trych yn trychu.

This same Will, working on another occasion at Bryn-y-fro, was curious enough to enquire of his employer, "How much butter was produced weekly on the farm?" Mr. William replied jocularly, "That they daily filled the largest firkin in the Parish"—alluding to himself, he being an exceptional large and portly man. Presently he was attacked by Will in the following words:—

Fy ffrynd a'm cysfaill anwog,
'Kwyt wedi myn'd yn hafog;
Ni ddaw un d'ioni i dy rhan,
Y fercyn felan folog.

Williams returned the attack upon his enemy by replying:—

Pe ta'it ti ond yn fercyn,
Ti ga'it dy lon'd o 'feyn;
Ond nid wyt ffit y gerwyn lwyd
I gadw bwyd y mochyn.

On another occasion, when the Rev. Edward William had been away from home, Will o'r Voel, using the rough freedom of those days, would have it that the parson had been to visit his lady love, and that he had been rejected by her.

Meeting the wanderer on his return, he thus welcomed him :—

Fy ffrynd a'm cyfaill mwyna',
 'Rwy'n gweil'd yn awr yn ola',
 'Nol bod yn tramwy tref a gwriad,
 Taw mam a thad sydd ora'.

And was thus replied to :—

Mae tre' yn dra rhagorol,
 Hi haeddai gael ei chanmol;
 Ond gorau peth i dynu serch,
 Yw mynwes merch synwyrol.

The following was the caustic criticism applied by the Rev. Ed. Williams to his father and the aforesaid Will, while they were preparing wood to roof the barn :—

Yn wir, mae'n ffitach crogi
 Wil o'r Vœl a Neti,
 Am eu bod yn bradu co'd,
 Wrth geisio bod yn seiri.

But what will be thought in these most precise days of the way in which Mr. William proposed to visit a discovered thief with the thunder of the sanctuary! It appeared that a man, W. R., a prominent member of a Nonconformist body in the village, was found to have stolen a hatchet from the workshop at Bryn-y-fro, belonging to the clergyman's father. The reverend bard hereupon suggested that the following parody on a well-known Welsh hymn should be given out and sung on the ensuing Sabbath. When we say that the said W. R. was leader of the singing, that is, precentor, the sting of the jest will be apparent :—

O am 'nestrwydd yn y gwreiddyn,
 O am iechyd yn y gwa'd,
 O am nerth i wrthod lladrud,
 A' bwyyelli siop fy nhad;
 Glân yw 'nestrwydd, &c.,
 O na feddwn ar fath beth.

Which may be thus broadly translated :—

O for honesty to guide me,
 For my soul this virtue lacks,
 O for power to stand beside me,
 Lest I steal my neighbour's axe;
 Honest conscience, &c.,
 Would thy fair content were mine!

R. D. M.

The following distich was written by Mr. William to place on a new boundary gate on the mountain between Ty-talwyn and Bryn-y-fro. Previous gates which had stood on the same spot had been destroyed, presumably by some

neighbour who conceived it to be his interest that his sheep and cattie should have free right of pasture of his neighbour's fields. We are not told whether the muses were sufficiently powerful to protect the bard's fields from further trespass :—

Mi ge's fy hongian yma,
 Gan hen wr cyfawn, cofia,
 I gadw heddwch rhwng iwy blaid,
 Am hynt paid a mriwa.

And the next was his impromptu reflection, on returning home to Bryn-y-fro after a long absence, and finding that his "over-cleanly" sister had white-washed the farmhouse and its outbuildings :—

Mae Bryn-y-fro eleni,
 A'i gylchoedd wedi galchu ;
 Gan Shinim chwaer, y goegau falch,
 Ya wyna o galch y Coetty.

Especially severe, apparently, were the rhyming contests between the rev. gentleman and his brother, Thomas William. Tom's muse, though apt and incisive, was, perhaps, less cultivated and more "racy of the scil" than that of his learned brother. Moreover, the said Tom was sadly addicted to drinking deep of a stream other than that of "Castaly," and, as a consequence, staggering homeward in a state far from being pleasing to his reverend brother, who would proceed to beat the *Drum Ecclesiastic* into his unwilling ears, and administered reproofs that were anything but gentle.

On one occasion, Tom returned from a lengthened carouse very hungry, and demanded broth. The Rev. Edward, hearing him, thus rebuked him :—

Diwydrwydd dyn ei hunan, Sydd gawl, sydd gig, sydd botan ; O! yfi gwrrw melyn Twm.* Ti syddi'n llwm dy gefan.	The active arm is winner Of broth and meat for dinner; Tom, leave thy guzzling, or thou shalt Go bare-back soon, thou sinner.
--	--

And Twm, thinking, probably, of some boon companion of his late carouse, replied :—

Gan Mr. Jones, y Porthman, Pe galwn dreiglo i'w drigfan, Cawn gwrrw da, heb un gair dig, A chawl, a chig, a photan.	With Mr. Jones, the drover, Could I his home discover, I should have broth and pudding too, Despite my scolding brother.
--	---

Which retort nettled his fraternal censor, and elicited the following :—

Ni chei di'r meddwyn astan, Na chawl, na chig, na photan ; Na chwrw da, heb wneyd ei werth, Ond tin y berth gan borthman.	Set ! thou canst not deceive me, Thy want of sense doth grieve me ; Thy drover will not welcome thee. Or give thee food—believe me.
--	--

R. D. M.

* Old Thomas Evan, the Tavern Keeper.

The same Thomas, observing a mason mending a gap in a wall, and omitting to keep his work in line with the portion which still stood, reproved the careless craftsman thus :—

Ti dd'laset chwilio allan,
Cyn roddi lawr y sylfa'n;
Pa un a oedd y gwaith yn illi,
A chytun ar hen grofan.

Formerly, ploughs were made of wood, and on the day when the first iron plough was made at the village smithy, Thomas William observed two carpenters, who, with rueful visages, were contemplating the new implement that was to displace their handiwork, and rob them of a lucrative branch of their business. The following was the poet's reflection :—

Mac'r seiri coed yn segur,
Digalon iawn fe'i gwelir;
Wrth syllu ar yr aradr h'arn,
Pob un a'i farn yn brysur.

Rhagfarn yw ei rhegi,
Y gof roes luniad iddi;
Fe haeddai hwn mewn gwir diffael,
Wrth gordam gael ei grogi.

Thomas William, alias *Thomas y Clerk*, also figured in a certain whimsical anecdote, the memory of which, indeed, has been preserved mainly in the satirical lines that he wrote on the event. A cow, belonging to a certain farmer, was suddenly attacked by illness, the symptoms and appearance of which were, in the eyes of her alarmed owner, so uncommon and so threatening, that he forthwith sent for a neighbouring farrier - one who, as was and is frequently the case, knew nothing of the works on veterinary science, and, perhaps, still less from the causes and treatment of disease. The man of science came, and, with much solemnity, pronounced his patient to be suffering from "Darced"*, and prescribed accordingly. But very shortly, to his astonishment, and the danger of his reputation as a "vet.", the untoward symptoms were explained by the appearance in the world of a fine calf. Our rustic satirist took the matter up, and wrote some scathing verses upon the event. In the first, he happily pictures the farrier pompously surveying his patient, and oracularly naming her complaint :—

Ac arni taena'i olwg.
Y Darced yw, mae'n amlwg;
A chyda hyn rhyw chwthig dro,
Fe ddaeth y llo i'r golwg.

She hath the *Darced*, sure quoth he,
And badly too, I'm fearing; [see
But soon to shame him they could
A fine bull-calf appearing.

Crangen, Darged.—A tumour or abscess formed in the breast from the milk fever.

And the great man's feelings broke forth thus :—

Aeth yn fy erbyna heddyw, Fy mhrifies a fy enw ; Pan na dd'wedsech ddynion clywch Pan aeth y fwyd i darw.	To-day my name and fame are Why was it you neglected [gone, To say the cow had been to bull, And this calf was expected ?
--	--

R. D. M.

Thomas William also figures in the records of the parish as having for some time held the office of Parish Clerk. Doubtless, his tippling habits were often found to be far from appropriate to the dignity and importance of this post; and we find that after some sin of more than usual enormity, he was dismissed by the Vicar, the Rev. John Parry. His pardon and restoration were procured by the following verses which he composed :—

Os collais mae ng'wyllys i'r eglur Ian Eglwys. Gael clochyd fo'n gymwys a gweddus ei wedd; Heb ddilyn diota, thal swydd na phlesera' Heb fwyned yn meddu amynedd.	A chael yr offeiriad o nefol anadliaid, A gwyneb agored iawn synied ei swydd; Yn gwylio y defaid rhag brathiad y bleiddiaid, A'i ergyd am eurglod ei Arglwydd.
--	---

One more anecdote of Thomas William, and we will dismiss him. On one occasion, it was his duty to go to Margam Parish, in search of Mr. Parry, whose services were required at a funeral. His search for the rev. gentleman was unsuccessful, and he plaintively bewails the loss of his spiritual shepherd :—

'Rwyf heno yn amddifad, Anghynes yw fy nghaniad ; Mi gollais bob nefolaidd wawl, Fe aeth y d——l a'r 'ffeir'ad.	Sad is my song of sorrow, Dark am I, and forsaken ; My guide is gone, that led to heaven, The devil hath him taken.
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SIAMS TWRBIL.

Siams Twrbil—or James Turberville, though not a native of this Parish—long resided here, and figures largely in the annals of the locality; as being like those already mentioned,—a lowly, but not inapt or unworthy, follower of the muse. Twrbil was born at Ely, and was apprenticed to one Evan Hopkin, at *Cwmfelin*, a weaver. At the expiration of the apprenticeship, he took up the trade of itinerant weaver,—being, perhaps, possessed with the roving spirit and desire for change that in some cases is found joined with a love of the poetic and beautiful.

Not that we find much of these characteristics in what specimens we possess of Twrbil's genius. As far as we may judge by these, he was remarkable like his fellows, only for ready wit, keen sarcasm, and easy mastery of rhyme. These

appear in the following, his reply to his employer, who reproved him for want of speed in bringing home a heavy piece of timber for which he had been sent:—

Fy nghyfaill Evan Hopkin,
Nid Samson ydyw Siemsyn;
Dan benyd wyl o'r ardd i'r lan,
Yn pigu dan y plodyn.

Arrived at years of maturity, he courted the daughter of the "Old House Tavern" in the village, cooling, it may be, the fire of love, in the foaming tankard. He became indebted to the parent of his Dulcinea to the amount of five shillings. The stern landlord, called from his occupation of wood-cutter—*y cordwr*—(the corder) no doubt frequently dunned him for the amount, but obtained only the following in liquidation of the debt:—

I'r Cordwr 'rwyf yn credu,
Aeth coron gron wrth garu;
Fe nghownta i'n ffeil ac nid yn ffot,
Pan ddeilo'i 'nol i dalu.

And he thus apostrophises Llangynwyd Village, after having been somewhat roughly treated by some of the lads of that place:—

Y Llan yw llety Sata
Os ydyw ar y ddaearan;
Mae'n rhaid cael dyn yn gryf mewn gras,
I fyn'd i ma's o'i safan.

It will, doubtless, be thought by some, that to call these humble rhymesters by the dignified title of "poet," is to reduce poetry and its professors to a level far below their desert. Rhyme, we shall be told, is not poetry, nor scurrilous epigram wit. It should, however, be fully understood that it is not intended; even by the greatest admirers of these lowly *literati*, and their like, that they should rank with Shakespeare and Milton, or even with those of their own nationality who have won for themselves the noble title of "poet." But it is in what remains to us of such men that we have the clearest and most truthful picture of life as it was in these remote districts nearly a century ago. Education there was none; communication with the outer world was a thing not often obtained, and when it did happen that a visit was paid to some more progressive and enlightened neighbourhood, the traveller was thereafter looked upon as one who had indeed seen the world, and been privileged above his generation. But the thought will naturally arise, "What, under happier circumstances, would such men have become?" It is not just to them, or to their genius, to judge them solely by these fugi-

tive rhymes, hurriedly uttered on the impulse of the moment, inspired by some passing event or whimsical fancy. We cannot but believe that with them, as with the lowly poor of to-day, their unceasing struggle with poverty, and the gloomy and sordid surroundings, moulded at last even the aspiring spirit of these poets to its own likeness, until the muse in them wore out her pinions against the bars of her cage, in the vain attempt to soar. Such as these men were, they were worthy of admiration for their genius; and, in some instances, such as that of Will Hopkin, of honour, for the dignity of their sentiments, and the purity of their aspirations.

One of the last survivors of these rude forefathers of the Hamlet was one old Llewelyn David, of Llwyni, who, after a life of labour, retired decrepid and helpless to his native Village of Llangynwyd. The old man was delighted when the neighbours and their children would drop in, bringing with them some item of news. One day, one of the old man's visitors came to him with the astounding intelligence that the ironworks was in process of erection at Maesteg, and that his old neighbour, "Jack y Gof"—John the Blacksmith—was employed in making the boiler! The first portion of the news was difficult enough to swallow, but the story of the boiler was so utterly incredible, that it stamped the whole tale as an invention. The old man, in a passion, drove the young newsvendor out of his house. "A liar!" quoth he, "to expect me to believe that 'Jack y Gof' ever undertook to make a thing larger than his shop!"

John Yorath, who has been mentioned as *Jack y Gof*, was the first blacksmith employed at the Maesteg Iron Works. The following is the register of his death:—

"John Yorath (*Jack y Gof*) died Octr. 29th, 1843, at Maesteg, in the 69th year of his age."

The following stanzas to his memory appeared in the "*Haul*" after his death:—

Sion Iorwerth mewn dinerhedd,—a gasgliwyd
I gysgle yr oerfedd;
Sylwn,—yn yr un salwedd,
Y'n rho'r bawb yn oer i'r bedd.

Gof ydoedd boed gofiadwy,—heddyw
Duw iddo'n gynorthwy!—
Ni cheir fyth, achur aifwy,
Chwyth o'i fin, na'i fegin fwy.

Y morthwyl rhwyddhwyl orddan,—yr einglion,
Ar anghof mae'r cyfan;
Yn ei feld ddifaswedd fan
Gwaelaidd yw rhwng dwy geulan.

CHAPTER XI.

The maids of Gelly Lenor.—The Ghost of Pentre.—The legend of the division of the Parishes of Llangynwyd and Margam.

GELLY LENOR.

THIS farmhouse is very ancient, and the name literally rendered into English would be, "*The learned man's grove*." It is said that Edward II., after his escape from Caerffili Castle, remained here in disguise for several weeks, when he was pursued, and in danger of his life, at the hands of his Queen and her favourite, Earl Mortimer, in the year 1327. The King is said to have hid by day in the branches of an oak-tree on a spot below the house, and to have retired to the farmhouse at night. The trunk of the oak-tree thus honoured stood until within the last twenty years, when it was removed, and was known as *Cadair Edward* ("Edward's Chair").

Mr. Malkin, in his "Scenery, Antiquity, and Biography of South Wales," says,—“The carriage-road to Bridgend is near the coast, but there is a grand ride over the mountains by Llangonwyd, which will be remembered as the village, or rather the parish, famous for having afforded a retreat to Edward II. for a short time in his adversity. We are informed by tradition that he concealed himself at Gelly Lenor.—a large farmhouse, now standing alone, about a mile (to the north) from the village.”

What is said in English history is,—“That the King hid himself in a mountainous place near Neath.” It has, however, been questioned by some later writers whether the King really made such a stay as tradition states. But we have other matters to relate in connection with this place that makes it interesting.

About the middle of the last century, there lived at Gelly Lenor a respectable farmer, named Morgan James. He had three daughters, and two of them became celebrated as heroines of rather romantic stories. The first was named Sarah, who had bewitched— with eye, and cheek, and lip, and the other usual charms—one David Griffith, of Dyffryn Coegnant, son of a farmer and landowner, whose descendants, by the way,

still own the same property. What there was to disturb the current of their true love, history sayeth not ; but, probably, Sarah James, with the wilfulness which pretty women are prone to exhibit, sorely tried the patience of David Griffith, whose despair found utterance in the following verses. They are taken down from the memory of a venerable dame in this parish, who well remembers the time when the song was in the mouth of almost everybody in the neighbourhood.

CAN,—I'R FERCH O GELLY LENOR.

Holl ie'nctyd da mwyn,
 Rho'wch gwyn i ddyn gwan,
 Sy'n fin iawn dan loes :—
 Gwaith mentro mor bailed,
 I gariad mor groes.
 Cewch glywed yn gysco,
 Er gwaed sy nghalon,
 Pod locion a churion o'm dwyfron i'm pes :—
 Trueni tra aered fy mod dan gaethiwed,
 Gwaeth gwaelu cy waeled o gariad at Gwen—
 Na ddeisai'r un lana, liiw blodau'r rhos brea.
 Mi rhoddais sy myrd
 I gyd, a fy'm serch;
 Ar ferch lan ddi-fai ;
 Mae ngorbaith yn ddyfai,
 Am gael ei mwynhau ;
 'Does iechyd na meddyg,
 Na dolur gwasgedig.
 All gael yr un diddig buredig dda'i rhyw :—
 Dan gwiwm yn briod i'm gwella o'm aychdod,
 A'm cadw o'r beddrod sydd bared mor wiw ;
 Mi a'i caraf tra bo' anadl i'm cynal ya fyw.
 Na ddeisai'r un lon
 Gryno gron deg ei grudd,
 I g'lymu trwy glod ,
 A'm gwella o'm clefyd,
 Dan benyd 'rwy'n bod.
 Tebyg'swn un amser,
 Y cawswn 'run hawddgar.
 Y seren wych syber yn gydmar i mi ;
 Ond 'nawr trwm yw mhrifad ni snyff fy ngweled,
 Er crystal y cariad i'r ddifrad y sy'—
 At feirn fwyn lawen, synwyrlawa yw hi.
 Os hola rhyw rhai,
 Ar fai'n hyn o fyd,
 Pwy luniodd y gân ;
 Ei serch oedd mor gryfed,
 Nas gwelwyd o'r blaen,—
 Mynegwch chwi iddynt
 Taw Bachgen o'r Diffrlyn,
 Sy'n wael iawn ei eulun a gwreiddyn at farch,—
 Yn byw yn alarus mewn cystud truenus,
 O achos digofus drwg 'wyllys tra erch.—
 Na ddeisai' ar rhwydro i'm safio drwy serch.

Translation by Mr. Rhys D. Morgan.

All ye kindly youth,
Give ear to my sighs,
For long have I pined,—
And wept that my dear one
Hath proved so unkind,
With tears and with sobbing,
With heart wildly throbbing,

With bitter grief rending my bosom and brain;—
I'll tell all around me how sadness hath bound me,
Because I loved Gwen, and she loved not again,—
My days are all sorrow, my nights are all pain.

I gave her my heart,
My heart and its love;
So fair was the maid;
I hoped I might win her,
Fond hope I doomed to fade—
Now till I can borrow
Some balm for my sorrow,

Or by some bold deed win the fair for mine own;—
Till bride bells sweet pealing, shall bring my heart healing,
And cruel Gwen's scorn by my love is o'erthrown;
The grave's scantless blosoms o'er my path are strewn.

O ! would that my fair,
Bright and rare, would but deign
To smile upon me :—
Would deign my poor bosom's
Physician to be,
And once her fair smiling,
My fond heart beguiling,

Had made me believe that she smiled but on me ;
But now, all forsaken, I sadly awaken,
And know that this dream, like all others, must flee
Though sweetly she smileth, her heart is still free.

If any would know
The true lover's name,
That sang this sad song :—
To pourtray a passion
So lasting and strong,
Say—he that hath written,
By death had been smitten,

And fadeth and wasteth for love of a maid;
Say—that sad and weeping, he longs to be sleeping,
The sweet restful sleep 'neath the yewtree's dark shade,
But living or dying—his love shall not fade.

It is pleasant to know that Sarah was all this time merely trying her David and his love. May her sleep be sweet, for she was the muse that inspired these beautiful verses, the outcome of a true poet. It is also pleasant to find in the Parish Register the following entry:—

"David Griffith, of this parish, Bachelor, and Sarah James, Spinster, were married by license in this Church the 27th day of September, 1775.

In the presence of { MORGAN JAMES,
EDWARD WILLIAMS, Clerk."

The other daughter, Catherine James, was beloved by one John, or *Sion Bivan*—a poor man; and the love appears to have been mutual. As has often been the case, the maid's parents had other views for her; and finding out that their daughter really loved *Sion Bivan*, they used every effort to break off the connection. The man chosen by her parents as the husband of Catherine was one Robert Jenkins, of Ewenni—a widower; but he received no favour from her, who hesitated not, even in the presence of her parents, to declare her preference for *Bivan*. At this time, George III. was at war with America, and the call for soldiers was constant and urgent. *Bivan* was drafted for service, and went with a heavy heart. From a song which it is said he afterwards wrote, it appears that he did not look forward to a long absence; and before leaving, the young couple met, and, amid mingling tears, interchanged their vows of eternal constancy. *Bivan* went, and remained long; whether he wrote to his sweetheart or not, we cannot say. Probably, if he did, her father suppressed the letters. Meantime, while Catherine was living between hope and fear, the widower Jenkins was constant and assiduous in his attention, encouraged by the parents; while the lass, on the other hand, constantly said that "whoever she might be compelled to marry, '*Sion Bivan*' possessed her heart." This state of things continued for some time, until the crafty Morgan James, to hurry matters, plotted with a soldier, also from this parish, who was in *Bivan*'s regiment; and a letter was sent to Gelly Lenor, stating that *Sion Bivan* had been killed in a certain engagement. The grief of Catherine James was intense; and, broken down with sorrow, pressed by Robert Jenkins, and urged by her father, she was compelled to accept Jenkins, still, however, saying that her heart was *Bivan*'s, and rested in his grave. Preparations for the wedding were hurriedly made, and the day fixed. When it came, the wedding party rode on horseback (as was then the custom) to Llangynwyd Church. The wedding took place, and is thus recorded in the Registers:—

"Robert Jenkins, of the Parish of St. Brides Major, widower, and Catherine James, of this parish, spinster, were married this 8th day of December, 1781, by license, by me, Wm. Rees, curate of St. Brides Minor.

In the presence of } MORGAN JAMES,
 } EDWARD WILLIAMS."

As the newly-married couple left the church porch, amid the congratulations of their friends, there came a man, travel-stained and weary, who stood near the "Old House;" he was dressed in uniform. It was *Sion Bivan*. When the

bride saw him, she fainted, and could not for some time be revived. Before leaving the spot, she confessed to *Bivan* her faithlessness (if, indeed it could be so called), and besought his forgiveness. She went to Ewenni with her husband, to whom she bore 21 children; yet, while she lived, she cherished her affection for *Bivan*; and he, on his part, delighted in showing kindness to her and her children, when they came to visit their parents at Gelly Lenor.

Bivan married, and long laboured in the neighbourhood, being reputed the best workman in the district. He it was who built the old house which stood on the site of the present *Tilers' Arms, Pontrhydyccyf*.

THE GHOST OF PENTRE.*

At the beginning of the present century there was quartered at Pentre Farm House, then occupied by one David Treherne, an old pauper named Phillip Thomas. He was there in accordance with the custom of those days: there were no workhouses, and paupers were boarded out with the ratepayers of the different hamlets for periods, according to the amount at which they were assessed to the poor rate—three, six, or twelve months. Phillip Thomas resided at Pentre, and was, as far as is known, fairly comfortable, except for the fact that the maid, Catherine, part of whose duty it was to attend to the old man's wants, was unkind, and even cruel to him. The maid had a soul worthy of a Poor Law Board as painted by *Dickens*; for we find that the old man, even on his death bed, was the subject of her jeers and neglect. We are told that when he was dying, she refused him a drop of cold water, with the remark that she had no time to attend to the old d——l. The old man died, and was buried opposite the door of the old Village School, adjoining the Church known as "*Ty Cynwyd*." Presently, we find that the old pauper's ghost made its appearance again in this world! Misguided spirit! he might have known that for paupers of his class, there was no room in Llangynwyd; however, here he was, and distinguished himself as follows. The little girl of the house was observed to throw the clothes which were drying into the fire, and, on being checked, excused herself by saying that *Uncle Phillip* gave them to her, and told her to do it; and, indeed, we are told that the clothes were hung out of

* Pentre Farm is but a short distance to the north-west of the Parish Church.

the child's reach, and that it was impossible that she could herself have got at them. While the family were mystified at this event, in came the maid Catherine, pale and dripping, screaming that she had seen old Phillip by the stable, and that he had nearly drowned her by emptying a pail of water over her. Here was more matter for thought, and, doubtless, the family of Pentre found it difficult to account for what they had seen and heard. While they were thinking over matters, they were again startled by hearing stones hurled with great force against the house from every direction. They, of course, huddled together in mortal dread, and when the time came to attend to the cattle and horses for the night, it was only in parties of two or three, with lanterns, that they ventured to do so. The night was spent in confusion, amid the screams of the maid Catherine, to whom the ghost was constantly in sight. This went on for some time, till the girl was wasted to a skeleton, and confined to her bed. The neighbours took it in turns to watch her, for, even at night, the disembodied pauper persecuted her, and made some attempts to strangle her.

In the general dismay, no better means for dispatching old Phillip from Pentre could be thought of than prayer meetings, and those were nightly held. It was an article of faith in those days that all clergymen had more than a smattering of the *black art*, and that part of their education was directed to attaining power over the devil and his imps. So Mr. Parry, the vicar, was invited to conduct one of the prayer meetings. So frightened was the good old man, that even while leading in prayer, he was constrained to pause and ask Catherine if she could see the ghost, for at no time was it visible to anyone else. "Yes, sir," quoth Catherine, "he stands just behind you,"—upon which Mr. Parry made himself scarce. So matters went on: work was neglected in Pentre; at Llangynwyd, no one ventured out after dark; and the general dread was such that the bells did not ring during that winter. At last the Rev. Mr. Jones, vicar of Glynogwr, was invited to try his hand on this obstinate ghost, and, fortunately, succeeded in persuading the disembodied pauper to return whence he came. The Trehernes were at peace, and Catherine, the maid, got well. She lived, it is said, to a great age, and died in the odour of sanctity at Aberdare. So far the tragedy goes; but the poet William, of Aber, not being a believer in the ghostly powers of paupers, or others, turned the whole thing to ridicule, by introducing into this tragic story a strong element of comedy. His version is as follows:—

CAN YSBRYD Y PENTRE.

Daeth ysbryd a barodd arswyd,
 I gano! piwyf Liangynwyd;
 Er dychryn llu, os bu e'n bod,
 O'r chwerwa 'rioed a welwyd.
 'Roedd ganddo arfer ffyrnig,
 I guro gwyr a cherig,
 Aeth pawb yn brudd o herwydd hwn,
 A'i adwyth ddychrynedig.

'Roedd ganddo ddefod ddigri',—
 Sef cydio'n nghoryn Cati;
 Cyrchu'r dwr a gwlychu hon,
 Nes bod hi'n mhron a boddi.

Rho'es iddi saig rhyfeddol
 O eithaf gwlad estronol,
 I blesio'r eneth ddifeth ddawn,
 Mae'n gymwys iawn ei ganmol.

Fe yrwyd cenad union,
 Am ddau o weinidogion;
 O gymorth gwir a nerth i'r gwan;
 Ail bredy gan ysbrydion.

Gofynai Mr. Parri,
 Ar ganol d'weyd ei weddi,
 Gan godi'i law mewn braw 'run pryd,
 "A wel'd di'r y sbryd 'Cati?"

Atebai'r feinir fwynlan,
 "Och! syr,—mae drach eich cefan;
 Yr hen wr sur a'i olwg swrth
 Yn sesyll wrth ei hunan."

Bryd hyn dechreua! grio,
 "Myn dyn, wyl heb ymdrwsio;
 Mewn arfau fydd 'roedd arnaf fai,
 O cadwad rhai fi rhagddo."

Atebai'r ysbryd 'sgeler,
 "Dwy'n prisio am eich pader;
 Nag am lail eich gweiddi lon—
 I'll hold my station here."

Daeth yno arfog filwr,
 Weinidog mawr Glynogwr,
 I yru'r bwbach brwnt i bant,
 Heb ddangos dant i un-gwr.

Mr. Jones ddyweda',
 "Clyw'r ysbryd dos oddiyma;
 Mi wna'i ti syn'd y bredydh brwnt,
 I'r rhandir hwnt i'r India."

"Mae'ch llais chwi, syr, cy' lewed,
 A'ch crefydd sy' can' gryfed;
 Ni allaf chwimlo law na throed,
 Gwae i mi 'rioed eich gweled."

"Rhaid i mi fyn'd chwi wyddoch,
 'Rwy'n rhwym o gilio rhagoch;
 Mi a'i ar draws, mi a'i ar byd;
 I'r man o'r byd le mynoch."

"'Rwy'n credu hyn yn 'helaeth,
 Yn gryno mae 'nghrediniaeth;
 Nad oes neb yn d'od yn ol,
 O'r meirw ar ol marwolaeth."

Translation by Mr. Rhys D. Morgan.

THERE came a spirit evil,
 A sportive, frisky, devil—
 And shocked the good Llangynwyd folks,
 With frolics quite uncivil.

It had a fearful fashion
 Of striking, kicking, lashing,
 And throwing stones at timid folks,
 Without grace or compassion.

No devil e'er was bolder,
 For by her buxom shoulder
 He seized poor *Catti*, spite her shrieks,
 And in the river rolled her.

Though maidens still are teasing,
 And smile at lovers' squeezing,
 To be half drowned by Satan's imp
 Must surely be displeasing.

So for two Godly preachers
 They sent—and thought these teachers
 Of holy things could vanquish fiends,
 And such unholy creatures,

And first, good Mr. Parry
 Essayed to fight old Harry:
 "Catti," saith he, "show me the fiend,
 For here he shall not tarry."

Quoth *Catti*, "What doth blind you,
 Good sir,—he's just behind you,
 A frowning devil, grim and sour,
 And faith! he doesn't mind you."

Bat Parry had not decked him
 With armour to protect him,
 Of faith and grace, so trembled lest
 The fiend should thence eject him.

For quoth the fiend, "Good Father,
 For all that you can gather
 Of prayer and pater, I'll not stir,
 To stay here I would rather."

So since this fiend ungracious
 Had thus proved contumacious,
 'Twas thought the holy Mr. Jones
 Had means more efficacious.

HISTORY OF LLANGYNWYD.

And the poor folk affrighted,
 The rev'rend man invited,
 To come and lay this spirit bold,
 That Parry's power had slighted.

Quoth Jones, " Hence, thing of evil,
 Get out ! unruly devil,
 Get thee to India or to h——l,
 Cease this unholy revel."

The fiend all pale and shaking,
 His language bold forsaking,
 Said, " Mr. Jones, pray, don't be hard,
 My leave I'll now be taking.

" All we dark fiends below, sir,
 Your name and virtues know, sir—
 We tremble all when Jones is near,
 So, if you please, I'll go, sir."

So that is all about it,
 The fiend, and how to rout it,—
 The tale of course may be quite true,
 But I'm inclined to doubt it !

THE LEGEND OF THE DIVISION OF THE PARISHES OF LLANGYNWYD AND MARGAM.

In olden time, the boundary of the Parish of Llangynwyd was more extensive than at present, and it included the present Parish of Margam within its limits. When a separation was decided upon, a very ingenious and unusual method was adopted to fix the boundary line between the two. It happened that there was in the neighbourhood a lunatic, who was familiarly spoken of as "The Wild Man" ("*Y Dyn Gwyllt*"), in safe custody, and it was determined to free this person, and to let the division follow the direction he might take when given his liberty. The spot to start from was agreed upon to be at a well, known as "Ffynon y Wern," in a dale below Havod-decaf. The men of Llangynwyd and the tenants of Margam mustered in strong force, with a view to offering as much resistance as they could on each side respectively : the interest of Llangynwyd being to retain, and of Margam to obtain as large a share as possible. The lunatic, whose name seems to have been "Robin," when released, started off in the direction of Margam Mountain, where he took to the old Roman road, now known as "Heol y Moch," along which he continued until he reached a high point on Blaencwmcerwn Mountain. Here the Margam men blocked his way, which forced him to take the direction of the "Cwm." When he reached this, the men of Llangynwyd made him retrace his steps, until he reached the Afan

River, thereby obtaining considerable advantage. There a person, who was following him closely, threw a hook with so-much force, that it hamstrung, and caused him to fall into the river, where he was drowned ; the pool into which he fell being known as "Pwll Robin" to this day. The River Afan divides Llangynwyd from Glyncorrwg and Michaelstone Super-Afan on the north ; the brook which runs through Cwm yr Aber being its southern boundary. The western boundary line, as given on the map, justifies a good deal of the old Robin legend, for in some parts it is difficult to suppose that the line could have been willingly drawn. Whether there be any truth in the story or not, it is now impossible to ascertain ; certain it is that the legend has been handed down from father to son for many generations, and was, and even now is, extensively believed in, though traditions are not so readily accepted now as they were in the past. Nor is there much interest taken in the matter of boundary, for there are now but few persons living who have ever traced and followed the division supposed to have been made by the "Wild Man's" wanderings, and those few are now octogenarians. The boundary was originally marked by upright stones, some of which were taken cognizance of by the Ordnance surveyors a few years since. About 70 years ago, the boundary was walked over for the last time, the Rev. Bruce Knight, of Margam, having read an exhortation from the Book of Homilies on "*Twmpath Diweth*" on the occasion, and on a place known as "*Blaen Ffylion*".

About the latter period, a dispute arose between the parishioners of Michael Super-Afan and those of Margam with reference to the ownership of the bed of the River Afan. Mr. Griffith Llewelyn, who was agent for Mr. Talbot, of Margam, ordered all the Margam tenants to meet him on a specified day at "Pwll Robin," charging each one to bring with him the best horse he possessed. Upwards of sixty of them met together at the appointed time, and were instructed by Mr. Llewelyn to ride along the river from "Pwll Robin" to the sea, Mr. Llewelyn himself and the Rev. Bruce Knight accompanying them. The Michaelstone men met them in strong force, and disputed with them every step of the way, the conflict at times becoming hot and furious. On Aberavon moors, quite a serious collision took place, several of the Margam men being frightfully beaten.

CHAPTER XII.

Colloquial Words and Expressions, collected within the Parish of Llangynwyd.



DAR Morganwg.

Adnabod saethu wrth y sŵn.

Adnabod un yn mhrig y frân.

Agor un bwlich i gauad y llall. To open one gap to fill another; spoken of those who sell one thing to pay for another.

Agor am lawer a chauad am ddim.

A glywo'r gwccw fydd byw flywyddyn eto.

Anach. This word, according to Dr. Pughe, means an impediment—one that is dull or slow; but it has a different meaning when used by the inhabitants in this parish. "Mae anach gwlaw ganddi,"—it threatens rain; "Mae yn anach peidio talu,"—there is doubt as to whether he will pay or not, &c.

Anhawdd twyllo hen adar.

Anhawdd bwyta blawd ceirch a chwiban.

Anhawdd tuyu mél o bost.

Arllwys ei gwâd. To divulge a secret.

Armerth,—bord armerth. A peculiar kind of a table to knead dough upon. Crochan armerth: a special crock, in which the *swd* (porridge) was prepared.

Ar y gybildra. In full speed.

Ar y coesau diwedda'.

Bacsa. Footless stockings. Bacso. To trample.

Balish. Doatingly, or foolishly fond.

Bessie Fingam. A wry-mouthed, or peevish woman.

Betin. The turf, or surface sward of a field when prepared by a particular sort of hand plough, and afterwards dried in the sun, and burnt. Betingwr, is the name given to the man who cuts the sward.

Bid rhyn goch. wyr Pentyrch.

Biwbo. Jew's harp.

Blingo'r bwch. Vomiting.

Briwlach.—Briwlach gwlaw; briw-wlaw. Drizzling rain.

Brachgai. To ride on horseback.

Bwyta pen y prýf.

Buarth o gylch y lleuad, is a name given to the ring, or *halo*, which is seen about the moon on a misty night.

Bŵa'r wrâch. Bŵa'r Drindod. The rainbow.

Bwdal, Bwdalacs, neu Mwdal, for lleid-bwll—puddle.

Cafflo bola i drwsio pen. Robbing the belly to decorate the head.

Calan fara. The cakes given to the poor in olden days at the Church porch on the 1st of January.

Canu maswedd. Said of every kind of singing except psalms and hymns.

Careg-maen-nâdd. The Bridgend freestone.

Cando, for Cadno. Cando oddiwarnod. A fox of a day. Canad, for Caniatâd. Of a contraction, and corruption, very good; much preferable to the other mongrel which is so generally used. Cenad—a messenger.

Cadw cŵn, a chyfarth ei hunan.

Caws o sola'r ci.

Ceffyl uncarn. A walking stick.

Clem, cewc, gwep. These are words often used when someone makes ugly faces about something.

Clwc; âw clwc—an addled egg. It is also used to denote a person who is poorly: Mae hi yn glwc iawn. She is very unwell.

Clatsien. A smack. Mi roes iddo glatsien. I gave him a flip.

Chwerthin cilbochau.

Cysgu ci bwtsiwr.

Conach:—Pwy gonach wyt ti? Why dost thou whine?

Côl gwas diog.

Cuwch gwd a fletan.

Dala newyn wrth sedydd: spoken when a poor man christens his tenth child. Holding hunger at the font.

Dala llygoden a'i bwyta. Catching a mouse and eating it,—for improvidence or poverty. *Loving ffigi... Lais le hawd y n*

Deiliaid Margam. The tenants of Margam.

Dan y dw'r. Under water, said of one in debt, or distressed for money.

Diwedd y gân yw'r geiniog. For "after the song pay the piper."

Diawl y 'myto i: a very common but foolish oath. May the devil devour me.

Duw deisyfon ni: a peculiar kind of adjuration; but, if it were properly uttered, would be a most appropriate prayer. Lord, we beseech Thee. Expressive of astonishment or admiration.

Duw dalo i ti, and Duw cato ni. "The Lord reward thee, and protect thee," are mild oaths very often heard expressed.

Dwylaw blewog. Hairy hands. Applied to a person who is given to pilfering.

'Does dim dau heb dri.

'Does dim dau Gymro o'r un meddwl. There are no two Welshmen of the same opinion.

Dyn llethig. An excessive eater.

Dyn dimofal. A witty person. Dyn diosaf. Careless.

Dyn crygwrus. A naughty mischievous person.

Dyn lysti. An active person.

Dyn llorlog. A sly, cunning, fawning, circumventing sort of a fellow.

Dyn gwirion. In Glamorgan, an inoffensive man. In North Wales, a fool.

Dyn gwisgi. A quick, nimble person. The word is used also in another sense : cnau gwisgi, slip-shelled nuts, &c.

Dodi'r car o flaen y ceffyl. To put the cart before the horse.

Dwywaith yn blentyn, ac unwaith yn ddyn. Once a man, twice a child.

Dysg dy famgu i bedoli hwyaid. Teach thy grandmother to shoe ducks. (*English* : To suck eggs.)

Eli penelin. Elbow grease. Eli'r galon. Good ale, tea, and tobacco.

Enlyn trwyn. Snuff.

Eos bren. A poor singer. A wooden nightingale.

Ei bwyo'n banas. To beat him hollow.

Ewa. Uncle, in fond speech.

Etifeddiaeth y byd mawr, bod heb ddim.

Enw mawr a byd bach.

Fel llong ar dir sych. Like a ship on dry land.

Fel clap y felin. Like the clap of the mill.

Fel lieuen mewn crachen. Like a louse in a scab.

Fel crochan yn berwi. Like the crock boiling.

Fel cleren mewn pot.

Fel bwch i odyn.

Fel ystarn ar gefn ci.

Ffusto pen ceffyl marw. Working to pay an old debt.

Firwmwndws, walu firwmwndws. To talk nonsense.

Ffrechan,—ffrechan o wlaw, neu o eira. A sprinkling of rain, or snow.

Ffliwen. A clout. Rho ffliwen iddo. Give him a clout.

Ffedog y ddafad. Mackerel sky.

Gauaf cynar, hir y trig.

Goleufur. Northern lights.

Gair dros ysgwydd. Not seriously meant.
Gadewch chwi Sion Llwyd yn llynydd. He is well able
to hold his own.

Grabin y wâl. A case of labour, or confinement.
Gormod o ganfas am rot. Too good a promise.
Gwanid, or more properly, gwan-yd. Tail corn.
Gwell baw o bell, na mîl o agos.
Gwneuthur melin ac eglwys. To project or undertake
too large labours.

Gwell cynghor hen na'i faeddu.
Gwyr yr Hen Blwyf, tlawd a balch. The men of the Old
Parish, poor and proud.

Gwyr y Brenin Sion, saith ugain y cant. King John's
men, seven score to the hundred; short people.

Gwyr Abertawe'n tynu wrth y rhaffau. Said when the
sun is near setting.

Gwylhersa, chwareu gwylhersi. Children playing and
shouting.

Gwirio'r gofid yn ei chylch. Said when a woman is seen
sewing a rent in her dress without taking it off.

Harlach, mae'n harlach gwylilt yno. There is quite a
kick up there.

Hawdd tynu gwaed o hen lwgr.
Hen weddal. A corruption of *chweddil*, an old story.
Hen grochan o ddyn. One who takes in everything.
Hen ridill. One who tells all he knows.
Hela diffrywth i gôl, said of one who idles his time away
doing nothing.

Heddwch gwyr mawr. Great folks' peace—a cold reserve.
Hôl ac hebrwng.

Hwldi-drebwlidwr. Helter-skelter.
Hur yr ên, a bwyta syno.
Iorden: Tori iorden, a'i wado, neu ei lachio. To cut a
rod, and beat him.

Inisient. A man not in his right mind. From the
English, *Innocent*.

Iro dwylaw. To bribe.
Llap y dwndwr. Tea,—Chatter-water.
Llap y deri. A lubberly fellow.
Llawer ffordd i ladd ci heb ei dagu o 'fenyn.
Lle mae'r ystarn yn gwasgu.
Lleidr yw llety.
Lle mae wŷau, daw rhagor.
Llwnc y trothwy. A greedy stomach.
Llwygan. Loafing.
Llusgo gwrysgen gerfydd ei brig.

Mab Mair i'th ran. The son of Mary be thy portion.

Mae baw yn y caws. There is something wrong.

Mae croen ei din ar ei dalcen, said of one in a bad temper.

Magu esgyrn bach.

Mae aroswch yn air hir i'r gwancus.

Mae drwg yn ei lawes.

Mae tro yn ei gynffon.

Mae awch ar ei gryman.

Mae'r dydd yn tynu ei gwt ato.

Maethgen: Mi roes iddo faethgen. I gave him a good scolding.

Mae tri chynyg i Gymro. There are three chances for a Welshman.

Mae dwy wyneb i ystlys o gig moch.

Merch y crydd. A shoe.

Mesur brethy'n pawb wrth ei lathen ei hun.

Modfedd o fachgen, a mynydd o ferch.

Mor dywyll a bola buwch.

Mor deneu a rhaca. As thin as a rake.

Mor feddw a whilber. As drunk as a wheelbarrow.

Mor dylawd a llygoden Eglwys. As poor as a Church mouse.

Mor onest a'r gyrchen.

Mor civil a hwch mewn sof.

Morwyn gwr mawr a hwch melinydd.

Mor iach a'r ceiros.

Myned drwy wrysg y cae.

Myn Jaics, Myn Jawcs, Jacits, Jaws, Jais erioed. A parenthetic apology for Myn Diawl, like the English "By Gosh," &c., for "By God."

U/ Myn Brain. This curious oath may have reference to "the ravens of Irien." See the Welsh *Mabinogion*.

Nes penelin nag arddwrn.

Ni waeth dywedyd wrtho, careg a thwll.

Ni ellir lladd mochyn bob dydd. One cannot have a feast every day.

Ni cheir chwareu a'r afal, a'i fwyta hefyd.

Nysath. A very common word for a multitude. A rabble. O Arswyd! O Terror! an ejaculation expressive of astonishment, or fear.

O dan ei grwys. Lying in state.

Oen partha. A hearth-stone lamb.

Partha—buwch bartha. A tame cow.

Penllawr,—a passage in very old farmhouses, between the place the cattle were kept and the dwelling-house:—the *cagin*, and *mawdd*, and if there happen to be another and a better

room, it was called *y room goren*, or *room back*; parlours only belonged to the dwellings of the gentry in olden times, such as were to be seen in the mansion of "Ifor Hael," and referred to by the Demetian Nightingale in his poems.

Petu. This word is generally used when a person is continually complaining when there appear to be no cause. *Psidiawch a phetus* is often said to a man who finds fault with Providence, because he does not get all his covetous nature wishes for, though possessed of sufficient, if he could but enjoy it with contentment.

Pigewdyn. A rip.

Pina. A weakling.

Pica. Sharp, pert, impudent.

Pingwn. A gable end.

Piniwn : yn mhab pen mae piniwn. In every head there is an opinion.

Pobl y Bettws.

Priodi drwy'r berth.

Pilio wyau.

Pob peth newydd, dedwydd da.

Rathu, for Brathu. To sting, or stab.

Rhaid cael dau fiol i ffraeo.

Rhanu blewyn yn bedwar-ar-ddeg.

Rheffyn pen bys. An extempore sermon.

Rhwng seiri a phorthmyn.

Rhys o'r mynydd. A peculiar name given to the wind.

Rhwng cynfion y diawl a thwll ei d-n.

Rhwyllo : Mae'r gwiaw yn rhwyllo. The rain ceases.

Saem collen. A good drubbing.

Sang di fang.

Sion 'run siwd.

Siani naill ochr.

Sion pob ochr.

Scleis. A most curious name given to a fire shovel.

Shini flewog. The palmer worm.

Shaw. A very common word, meaning a large number:

Shaw o ddynion. A lot of people, &c.

Slebis. Mess. Paid a gwneyd dy slebis. Don't make thy mess.

Siencyn esmywyth. A kind of light food, consisting of bread soaked in water, with a little butter, sugar, and nutmeg.

Sug. A short chain used before the plough.

Trinsiwrn. The old wooden plate, evidently from the English trencher.

'Ta'r byd yn myned yn badelli.

Taflu pêl i dô.

Taflu lluwch (llwch) i lygad.

Taflu'r droed ola'n mlaena'.

Teisien toes a chwnad—teisien heb wybod i'r siop.

Teisien fras felus—teisien lap.

Taplas groes, taplas gâs. These are expressions used when a contention between two separate sects is spoken of, and opposition meetings are held.

Talmu: 'does dim yn talmu arno. Naught makes an impression on him.

Tomen flodeuog. A slut in finery, a flowering dunghill.

Tori cleddyf Arthur. To break, or cut Arthur's sword. This is an exploit performed by the children at their plays.

Tawlu yn ei ddanedd. To upbraid one with anything.

Twm pob tamaid. An adept at anything.

Trwst, twrf, tyrsa, trysa. Thunder.

Trysa a llychid. Thunder and lightning.

Twna. An obstinate, mulish disposition.

Walbi. A sagacious person.

Walu, wleua, for chwedleua. To talk.

Watch aur, neu glun bren. "A gold watch, or a wooden leg." (Neck or nothing.)

Wedi carno'i filwg.

Wedi ei chnapió hi. A little drunk.

Wedi bod ar y gridill.

Wedi myned dros y cenglau: said of one who has taken too much drink.

Wedi estyn ei goes.

Wedi myned i glwb y racs. One newly married.

Y gwr daclws gerws.

Y llygaid yn fwy na'r bola.

Yn bris o gant punt.

Yn ffolach na dail bysedd y cŵn.

Yr hen wlanen. A simpleton.

Yr hwch fud sy'n difa'r sôg.

Ystlys gerdded.

Yn poeri fel gwcw.

Yn mhob o dipyn mae gwân bys i d——n gwybedyn.

Ymgreinad. To roll about with pain.

Yn dylyed o glust i glust. In debt from ear to ear.

Weather Prognostications. The cat washing her ears is a sign of wet weather; but if done when sitting with her back towards the fire, it is considered to be a prediction of a snow storm.

When the swallows are seen flying high, it is the sign of fair weather; but when flying low or near the earth, rain will follow.

To see sea-gulls coming in great number inland is a most unmistakeable prediction of stormy weather (*tywydd creulon*).

The sheep bleating and walking about restlessly, and the crows croaking, are looked upon as sure signs of rain.

Swine carrying straws in their mouths, and walking with their heads against the wind, are put down as predicting a heavy gale of wind.

The following fragments were quoted by the old people as weather prognostications:—

"Bwa Drindod y borau, aml gawodau ;—
Bwa Drindod prydawn, tegwch a gawa."

*A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning,
A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight.*

Pan gollir y gwlau, o'r gogledd y daw,—
Pan gollir yr hilon, o'r dwyrain daw atom.

Y wylan fach adnebydd,
Pan fo'n gyfnewis tywydd ;
Hi hed yn deg ar aden wen,
O'r mor i bee y mynydd.

Fe neidia'r gath yn hoew,
Rhwn gwynt a thywydd garw ;
Hi dro'i phen-ol tuag at y gwres,
Po nesaf byddo'i fwrv.

Pan welir moel y Caera'
Yn gwisgo *cáp* y bora' ;
Ond odid fawr cyn haner dydd,
Bydd ar ei grudd hi ddagra.'

Pan glywer y mor yn crochlefaein yn fin,
A'r cwinwl yn dew dros ben Castell Penllin ;
Os gwir y ddiareb, mae cawod o wlawl
Yn magu'n yr wybren, a'i syrthiad gerllaw.

Translated by Iolo Morganwg.

When the hoarse waves of Severn are screaming aloud,
And Penlline's lofty Castle's involved in a cloud :
If true the old proverb, a shower of rain
Is brooding above, and will soon drench the plain.

Pan fyddo Mynydd Caera'
A'i *gap* yn cuddo'i gopa ;
O niwyn tew, am hynty taw—
Mae ynddi wlawl mi brwfa.

SUPERSTITIONS.

A Cure for the Whooping Cough.—Some old people believed that the following was a certain cure for the Whooping Cough:—To cut some of the hair off the back of the head of the child who was suffering with the complaint, and place it

between two pieces of bread and butter, and give it to a dog, directing the animal to go out of the house. It was believed the Whooping Cough would leave the child at the same time.

Water used in Christening.—Years ago, christening was usually performed at the home of the infant's parents. The vicar, or incumbent of the parish, was asked to the house where his services were required, and a good deal of preparation was made to receive him. After the christening was over, the water was carefully taken to the garden, and thrown over the leek-bed; or, if it happened that there were no leeks, then over anything green, the general idea being that something unlucky would happen to the child if this was not done.

When a magpie crossed the path of a person in the morning, it was supposed to foretell an evil day. This superstition is cited in the following triplet:—

"Pan fyddo i Bia brithwyn,
Groesi' th flordd i'r blewyn;
Fe ellir dodi hyny lawr,
Fod aifwydd mawr yn canlyn."

Formerly, when a person had his hair cut, the hair was most carefully collected, and placed on the fire. If it did not kindle into a flame, this was considered an infallible indication that the newly-shorn one would die within that year.

When an owl was heard hooting early in the night from one of the yews in the churchyard, it was looked upon as a sign that some unmarried girl of the Village of Llangynwyd had forsaken the path of chastity. There are, even now, persons who maintain the trustworthiness of this sign.

It was supposed that on All Hallows' eve a disembodied spirit was seated on every stile and every cross road.

Cure for Rheumatism.—The cure of this painful complaint was supposed to be assured if a little powdered brimstone were worn in the stocking.

Cardin, or Mountain Ash.—There are localities in the Parish named after this tree, presumably on account of its having been plentiful in these spots. The Mountain Ash (Rowan tree) was supposed to be possessed of great virtue, and the uses to which it was put were numerous.

I. A garter of the green bark, being worn, was considered a protection against the powers of witches, conjurors, and sorcerers of every degree.

II. In the days of cock fighting, a small ring of the slender twigs was placed in the cock pit. It was thought

that when fighting over these, no evil power should throw any spell over the combatant birds, or impair their courage.

III. The old bards were also in the habit of carving their letters on this tree. They regard it as charmed wood, because worms would not devour it, and their belief was, that no fiend, tricksy spirit, or malicious imp, had power in any house where it was kept, nor could witchery, enchantment, or poison, harm those who bore it about their persons.

On New Year's night, tradition says, it was a custom with the wise and courageous old men of the Parish to sit up all night in the Church porch. On that night, it was said, a voice, emanating from beneath the altar table, pronounced the names of those who should die within the coming year.

To see a single crow in the morning, when starting on a journey, was most unlucky, and portended an unfortunate journey; but to see two crows together was, on the contrary, a most happy omen:—

Dwy fran ddu,	Two crows I see,
Lwc dda i mi.	Good luck to me.

Those who were born after dark, and before midnight, were supposed to be gifted with *second sight*, or the faculty of seeing and hearing signs of death, &c.

Washing hands in water after another person is unlucky. Perhaps this idea has some connection with the story of Pilate washing his hands at the trial of our blessed Saviour.

Butter made by a woman with red hair is reputed not to keep wholesome for many days.

WELLS.

Ffynon Gynwyd.—This well is in the Village, which affords the inhabitants the only supply of pure water. It was, as the name proves, dedicated to the Patron Saint of the Church. It is said that a well in Llangynwyd was anciently possessed healing qualities, and was consequently resorted to by large numbers of pilgrims; but whether this, or Ffynon Fair (the Virgin's Well), a little way from the Parish Church, was the one in question, it is now impossible to discover.

Ffynon Fair.—There are two wells in the Parish bearing this name, probably from having been dedicated to the Virgin. One is situated about 300 yards from the Church,—the other on Dyffryn Llynfi. The distance between them is said to be exactly three miles.

Ffynon Wrgan, or Gwrgan.—Situated on Llwyni Farm, named most probably after Gwrgant, Prince of Glamorgan.

Ffynon Rhydhalog.—"The well of the defiled, or desecrated

Ford." On the road to Bridgend, near Caemabifor. The legend connected with this well is as follows:—Some fifty years ago, a quarrel arose between two women who lived at *Tre'r Gadlef*, near the well, originating from an accusation made by one of them against the children of the other, that they polluted the water by taking dirty vessels to fetch water therefrom, and otherwise disturbing the limpidity of the spring. Consequent upon this ill-feeling, it is said that the water became of a reddish colour, and so remained while the women remained living in the vicinity.

A well at *Ffos* is said to have become turbid and unfit for use from a similar cause—the belligerents in this case being sisters, Maud and Callin (Caroline?) Samuel, living at *Ffos*, and *Ffos Fach*, respectively. The water is said to have become of a reddish colour, so foetid that horses would not drink of it, and to have so remained while the quarrelsome sisters remained in the place.

Ffynon Iago.—Near Cwmcerwyn Fach, on a small farm formerly called *Ffynon Iago*.

Ffynon Vysgar (or more properly called *Wysgar*), from *Wysg*, the Gælic for water, whence *Usk*, *Esk*, &c., situated on a spot called the Warren, on *Gadlys Farm*. The water of this well is remarkably cool, and was formerly credited with medicinal virtues. In past years many visited it for the purpose of bathing their limbs, as well as drinking the water, and removing various ailments.

Ffynon y Gilfach.—A mineral spring on *Gilfach Mountain*. Some thirty years ago, this well was in high repute, and scores of people resorted to it to drink the water, some lodging during their course of treatment at *Llangynwyd Village*. The water is foetid in smell, and unpleasant to the taste; but there is no account of a chemical analysis of it having been made.

Ffynon Gilfach Isaf.—A strong stream of water, which springs from the living rock, at a height of several yards. The spring is not affected by the driest seasons, and is in high repute in the treatment of broken and sprained limbs. It is not, perhaps, so frequently resorted to for those purposes as it might be were it more conveniently situated.

Ffynon Rhysfa.—*Rhysfa*: a feeding place, a sheepwalk, a course.—This well is on the road side, on the hill leading from *Maesteg* to *Llangynwyd Village*. The water is of excellent quality, pipes are now laid from it, and its water utilized by the inhabitants of a large district.

REMARKABLE EVENTS, &c.

About the year 1680, a sister and brother, twins, under three years of age, left their bed at night, and wandered from Pyle through darkness, and over a rough mountain road to Llangynwyd, a distance of five miles, where they were found on their mother's grave, who had lately been buried there.

Y tywydd brwnt oedd o'u bron,
Gwynnt a gwiaw hyd gerllaw'r Llan,
Dan nawdd a'n gweleawdd Duw gwyn.

Defydd Edward o Fforgan a'i Cant.

On July 14th, 1825, the lower half of a child was seen conveyed by a dog, by a certain woman living at Llangynwyd. It was supposed that the child had been murdered, mutilated, and concealed in some place, where it had been discovered by the animal. No clue was ever obtained to the parentage of the child, or the perpetrator of the crime.

November 4th, 1847, Dr. Bowring (afterwards Sir John Bowring, the distinguished diplomatist and scholar,) and his brother, Mr. Charles Bowring, were robbed while driving from Bridgend to Maesteg. The gentlemen had been at Bridgend obtaining the money for the ensuing pay day at the Llynfi Iron Works. Near the roadside house called Greenmeadow, they were stopped, their horse shot, and themselves so intimidated with pistols that they gave up the money. The robbers, who turned out to be two Irishmen formerly employed at the works, having secured their booty, which amounted to several thousand pounds, made off across the fields to the mountains, and buried the money in a copse, and the Messrs. Bowring separated, one hurrying forward to Maesteg, while the other returned to Bridgend. On the matter becoming known at Maesteg, nearly the whole of the men engaged at the works, turned out in pursuit of the thieves; and, after some search, captured them in the neighbourhood of Margam. Nearly the whole of the money was recovered, and the thieves received the full punishment of the law. An iron column was erected to commemorate the event, on the exact scene of the robbery, but was some years ago pulled down.

The Asiatic Cholera has ravaged the parish on three several occasions—in 1832, 1849, and 1866. The Local Board of Health for Cwmdu district was established in 1858, and on the district being, in 1877, extended so as to include part of the Upper Hamlet, when the title of the Board was changed to that of the "Maesteg Board of Health." It is understood

that the Local Government Board contemplates a still further extension of the area under the control of the Board of Health.

The new church-yard at Llangynwyd was completed in 1859.

December 26th, 1864, a serious explosion took place at the Gin Pit, at the Llynfi Works, when 14 lives were lost.

An explosion also took place at Oakwood Colliery, January 11th, 1872, and 11 lives were lost.

The Llangynwyd Burial Board was established in 1870, and the Cemetery on Britdir was completed in 1882.

Some of the old measures in use in this Parish, previous to the passing of the "Uniformity Act" of weights and measures in the year 1826:-

			quarts.	
1 Provincial bushel	40	... 1½ Winchester bushel.
2 Llestriad	80	... 2½ do.
2 (teals) telaid	160	... 5 do.
2½ quarts	1	quarter.
4 quarters	1	peck.
4 bushels	1	barrel of lime.
3 pecks	1	bushel of 10 gallons of Corn.
5 quarts	1	pedwran or quarter.
1 pedwran	1	pecaid of corn, and 1 hobe of lime.
4 pecaid	1	llestraid of corn of 20 gallons.
4 llestraid	1	crynog, or cranwg of lime, and 10 Winchester bushels.

Measures varied much in different localities, even in the same county, in olden time; there were measures called "Llath Eglwysilan," "Erw Llangiwc," a "Chyfar Merthyr."

The word "Cyfar," in Glamorganshire, means as much as a day's ploughing of one yoke, or team.

CHAPTER XIII.

Nursery Rhymes.—Ancient customs and observances.—Gwyl Mabsant.—
The Parish Wake, or the Vigil of the Patron Saint.—Carol Singing.—
Wassailing.—Y Gaseg Fedi.—The Cooltrin Feast.—All Hallows' Eve.—New Year, &c., &c.

NURSERY RHYMES.

HE history of Nursery Rhymes is lost in the mist of antiquity. They are a species of literature which cannot now be produced. All juvenile literature worth the name comes down to us from the dark ages ; and children are the most conservative creatures in their tastes, for, spite of the floods of new books that are annually written for them, and that litter the nurseries at Christmas, none of them take the place of the old ones. The stories of "Jack and Jill," of "Cock Robin," of "Jack Horner," are immortal. No child is ever heard singing "Alice in Wonderland," "Through the Looking-glass," or "Water Babies," admirable as these are ; but "Sing a Song for Sixpence," or "Old Mother Hubbard," are lisped by countless thousands, and they promise to stand on the summit of eternity, and see time itself into its grave.

Nursery Rhymes are very mysterious things, the secret of their vitality defying analysis. In them, nonsense is epitomized, etherealized, and immortalized. They are perfect perorations, insomuch as nothing can be added to them, nothing subtracted from them. "The house that Jack built" has been built to last for ever, requiring no repairs, no furnishing, nor cleaning, nor polishing. It is as bright to-day as on the day it first burst on the vision of the first child. There is no scamping work in it ; no contractor made a profit out of it ; no landlord claims any rent for it. It is the common property of the juvenile race of mankind, and, strange to say, there are no quarrels for its possession, for it is vast enough to contain the affection of every child born. It stands as firm as the Pyramids, is, probably, much older, and will certainly outlast them.

Welsh Nursery Rhymes, so far as can be discovered, are *sui generis*. They are not derived from any other language, or

people ; but are a home product. They have not been imported from another tongue, or speech, nor are they exported into any other language. The few specimens that follow have been collected in the neighbourhood of Llangynwyd. They are not, perhaps, so rich, or so suggestive of childhood, as the mass of English rhymes ; but they are of the soil and race, whilst nearly all Nursery Rhymes in English, German, French, and Italian, are derived from one common source—that of Scandinavia. Were Wales searched over, no doubt a goodly volume might be collected. Their fault is (if they have one) in being too ethical. Most of them contain a lesson, or a moral.

Your true abstract Nursery Rhymes are above and beyond all that sort of thing. They are a law unto themselves, subject to no court, no pulpit, and no school. In the juvenile republic of letters, no child wants the " Sparrow " punished for murdering " Cock Robin," or the " Dish " lectured for running away with the " Spoon." They may go on committing those enormities till Doomsday, and will be all the more beloved for their continuance in wrong doing. Even Blue Beard's deeds are not wished undone. The juvenile world would lose a thrilling sensation were " Sister Anne " silenced, and the six headless ladies abolished. There is a time for everything, and there is room for, and an age set aside for, the enjoyment of nonsense. Many things that are habitually said by grown up people are only saved from that realm and age by mere assumption. The line of separation is frequently too thin for human vision. A mind that contains no corner in it for the enjoyment of trifles is an imperfect mind. What a grand corrective nonsense is to the over assumption of wisdom ; to the ponderous pretensions of science. Who does not sympathise with Sidney Smith, when after listening to a long and dull lecture on the " fly's eye," took upon him mockingly to dispute the fact of its being abnormally large as insisted upon by the lecturer on the ground of ancient testimony against that fact :—

" Who saw him die ?
I said the fly
With my little eye,
I saw him die."

One can picture the amazed " Professor," and Sidney's face must have been a fine subject for study. Was it not Southeby who said, that " amidst very learned talk he always felt disposed to burst out in a long farrago of nonsense just to correct the atmosphere," and he had formed in his mind the sentences to use, which were wildly absurd ?

Llanbedr ar synydd, Llanbedr ar Fro,
 Pen y Casnewydd, ac esail y Go' ;
 Llanbedr ar Fro, Llanbedr ar synydd,
 Esail y Go', a phen y Casnewydd.

Rho'wch imi fenthyg cefyl, i syned tros y lan,
 I garu'r ferch beufelyn sy'n byw gyda'i thad a'i mam ;
 Ac oni ddaw yn foddog, a'i gwaddol gyda hi,
 Gadawaf hi yn lloeydd, gwaeth bachgen part wyf fi.

Mae gen' i ebol melyn o gwmpas tair blwydd oed,
 A phedair pedol arian o dan ei bedair troed ;
 Mi neidias ar ei gefn i s yn'd tua Phen-y-lan,
 I garu'r ferch fach ifanc sy'n byw gyda'i thad a'i mam.

Siglo'r cawell canu Hiw—dyna waith na wnaï'n fy myw ;
 Siglo'r cryd a chanu Lwli—dyna waith na wnaif eleni.

Pan o'wn i'n myn'd tua'r ysgrif,
 A'r llyfr yn fy'n llaw.
 Heibio'r Eglwys newydd
 A'r cloc yn taro naw.
 Mali, Mali, cwyn, mae heddyw'n forau mwyn ;
 Mae'r adar bach yn tiwno, a'r gwew yn y llwyn.

Mae'n dda gan hen-wr iwd a llaeth,
 Mae'n dda gan gath lygoden ;
 Mae'n dda gan 'radwr flaen ar swch,
 Mae'n dda gan hwch gael mesen.

Marc. a Meirig, b'le buoch chwi'a pori ?
 Ar y waun las tuhwnt i 'Berhonddu' ;
 Beth gawsoch chwi yuo yn well nag yma ?
 "Porfa fras, a dwr fynona".

Dere, Pegi, cwyd yn wisgi,
 Nid oes adeg i ti oedi ;
 Dere i gynu tan i'r teulu,
 Bwyd yn barod wy'n ei beru.—
 Hi ddaw yn glau yn bump o'r gloch,
 Mae'r ceiling coch yn canu.

Ding, dong, medd y gloch,
Passing-bell y bachgen coch ;
 Os y bachgen coch fu farw,
 Ffarwel i'r gwin a'r cwrw.

Ding, dong, Bela,
 Canu cloch 'Bertawe' ;
 Tynu'r rhaiff o dan y drws,
 A chanu cloch y Bettws.

Bachgen ofer wyf, medd rhai,
 Ni allaf f' hunan dd'wedyd llai ;
 Eisiau mod ya gwella'm bai
 A gadael tai tafarnau ;
 Yfed cwrw llanw'm boli,
 Brag a hōps ya cario'r gôl ;

Swn y rhai'n yn sigo'm siol—
 Cwympo'n fud ar fy hyd,
 Colli ngolwg ar y byd.
 A chysgu ar hyd y cloddian.

Tipyn bach yn gwrs yr haf,
 Peth ffein a braf yw bedwen;
 Ond pan ddeilo'r gauaf dig,
 Mae'n well dan frig celynen.

Mi ddodwas wy heddyw, mi ddodwas wy ddoe,
 Mi wn i'r lle aeth,—
 Morwyn y ty holws, gwraig y ty triniws,
 Gwr y ty bytw—*a dyna lle'r aeth.*

Barcud y wiw, a synu di gyw?
 Myna ddau, —os ca'i 'nbw'n fyw.

Y 'deryn du pigfelyn, a ai di drosto'i'n dâl,
 Oddiyma i Ynoys Forgan a disgyn ar y wâl;
 A d'weyd yn fwyn wrth Gweni am dd'od i ma's yn boest,
 Fod ar ei charwr llawen eisiau'i gweil'd yn dost.

Mi gana'i chwi Ebrill a Mai
 A phart o Fehefin, ffarwelwch bob rhai. (Says the Cuckoo).

I'll sing in April, and in May,
 When cometh June—I'll fly away.

MABSANT.

The origin of Gwyl Mabsant was the celebration of the day upon which the Church had been dedicated to the patron saint. The day dedicated to the patron saint of this Parish was the 29th of September. In former ages, these feasts partook much of a religious character—the early part of the day was spent in religious exercises and processions, and the evening in dancing and harmless mirth. But they survived Catholic times, and gradually deteriorated, till they became mere saturnalia, scenes of debauchery and drunkenness. Still, great weight was laid by the young people upon attending them. We find in the Rev. J. Parry's Diary, 1790-1829, several entries of sums of money paid to his servants, that they might attend *Mabsant*, as well as purchases of new stockings, shirts, &c., no doubt bought in order to present a holiday appearance. As may be expected, when the mead and beer got uppermost, mirth often turned to combat, and battles were apt to take place between rival candidates for the hand of some buxom *Mari* or *Shuned*. On the whole, it is as well that these celebrations are now numbered with the things of the past, and that they have thus earned a place among our antiquities.

The same may be said of the "*Cwrr Bach*." These were

occasions when some poor man or woman, desiring to make up a certain sum for a purpose, brewed a goodly quantity of mead (latterly it has been beer), and announced his or her intention to hold a *Cwrr Bach* on a certain night. Excise or Inland Revenue restrictions were in all probability not enforced at that time, for, at the appointed hour, the house would be filled with young men and young women ; and with the inspiring presence of the fair sex, and the warm desire to do good to a neighbour, even at the expense of harm to themselves, the drink flowed abundantly, the fun waxed fast and furious, and doubtless the warlike consequences already alluded to were not always absent.

Cans Cwndidau, or Carol Singing.—This was a Christmas celebration, held on the old Christmas Day, twelve days later than at present. In the morning, between four and five o'clock, the Church would be lit up, when a short religious service was conducted, and carol singing practised. This was called in Welsh "*Plygain*" (*Pulli Cantus*).

When this practice was discontinued in the Church, strange to say, it was taken up by the Nonconformists ; and as late as the year 1865, a real Candle-mass was held at each of the dissenting places of worship at Llangynwyd Village. No less than 70 candles were lit (which had been given, and decorated by the ladies of the congregation), when a prayer meeting was held, and carols sung.

Wassailing.—This again was a new year's custom, and was the occasion of most elaborate preparations of the "*Mari Lwyd*" (Holy Mary), the actors in which were the following :—First and foremost was the head of a horse fantastically decked with ribbons, and draped with white. Beneath the drapery was concealed the bearer of this "*Mari*," whose duty it was to make the necessary genuflexions and bows outside the doors of those who were visited, while "*Punch and Judy*"—also dressed in character—accompanied him, as well as a party of men, chiefly selected for being ready rhymesters, witty companions, and for having a most exemplary thirst. The party, thus composed, halted at the doors where they believed they would be welcomed, and where good cheer was usually bestowed. At their coming the doors would always be found closed and barred.

The whole party then began (to a tune that seems to be somewhat doleful, although it must be owned melodious,) to chant some introductory verses,—craving, first of all, for permission to sing ; then recounting the perils and trials of the journey thither ; and most feelingly concluding with an appeal to those within, to be liberal with the cake, and

especially to tap the barrel, and distribute its contents freely. To this, those inside the house would reply—pleading that they had no cake, no beer, no anything; upon which those outside would again most pathetically entreat the mercies of the season.

Upon this would commence a conflict of wits,—those *inside* proposing in rhyme, sung to the tune aforesaid, riddles, or questions to those outside, and being answered by them in rhyme also. Most important it was that each party should be ready in their wit, adepts at rhyming, and able to mix a little sarcasm with the dialogue which they conducted. This conflict of wits was carried on till one party was defeated. If those outside were the conquerors, they were admitted to the house, the wassailing bowl was produced, and the feast was commenced. One of the ancient wassailing bowls is still preserved at the Vicarage. It has a capacity of about a gallon and a half; it has eighteen handles, but some are now knocked off. Each of the company took hold of a handle, and in turns drank—probably enunciating some verse, or toast, previously.

The following are a few specimens of the introductory rhymes, sung in the Parish :—

Wel, dyma ni'n dwad,
Gyfeillion diniwad,
I ofyn cawn genad—i ganu.

Os na chawn ni genad,
Rhowch glywed ar ganiad,
Pa fodd mae'r 'madawiad—nos heno.

Ni dorson ein crimpas',
Wrth groesi'r sticeila',
Yn dyfod tuag yma—nos heno.

Os aethoch rhy gynar,
I'r gwely'n ddialgar,
O codwch i'n hawddgar—roesawu.

Y deisen fras, felus,
A phob sort o spicas,
O torwch hi'n radus—y gwylian.

A thapwch y faril,
Gollyngwch yn rhigl,
A rheawch e'n gynll—y gwylian.

The challenge from without :—

Os oes yna ddynion,
All biethu englynion,
O rhowch i'n atebion—nos heno.

The following was sung, when the "Mari Lwyd" was introduced to the company inside :—

Wel dyma'r hoenus feinwen,
Sy'n codi gyda'r seren ;
A hon yw'r *Wassail* wych ei chlod,
Sy'n caru bod yn llawen.

Before leaving, if the Wassailing Company had been hospitably entertained, they sang the following verses :—

Duw rhoddo i'ch lawenydd,
I gynal blwyddyn newydd;
Tra b'o crwth a thianian cloch,
Well, well, y b'orh chwi beunydd.

Ffarwelwch, foneddigion,
Ni gawsom roesaw ddigion;
Bendith Duw fo ar eich tai,
A phob rhyw rhai o'ch dynion.

Y GASEG FEDI.

This singular *Harvest* Custom, which was once prevalent in this Parish in some form or other, was also prevalent in many parts of Wales; but it is remarkable that here, as is often the case with sports of great antiquity, the *play* was often rough—the jest sometimes became earnest—and what was sport to some came very near death to others. There are but very few now living who can remember having witnessed, or taken part in this sport, which was performed thus :—

A handful of corn was left uncut by the reapers, and carefully plaited. All the rest of the field having been reaped clear, and the corn placed in shocks, the reapers retired a certain distance, where a mark was placed, at which they stood, and behind them the spectators. Beginning with the foreman, all the reapers, in rotation, would now aim and throw their sickles, and endeavour to cut down the "Gaseg Fedi," or the still standing corn. The sport was, of course, not a little dangerous to the onlookers, for, often, the sharp sickle would, from the hand of an inexpert thrower, fly backward into the crowd; and when this took place, it was only to be expected that awkward, or even dangerous wounds, would be the result.

But imagine the coveted shock of corn cut down by a well-aimed shot; then came the struggles for its possession, which were severe, and often ended in a fight. The fortunate captor of it had by no means an easy task before him: it was his duty to carry it safely, and place it on the centre of the table whereon was, ready spread, the harvest dinner. To do this, he must be swift of foot, and quick at dodging, for his

way to the farmhouse door was beset with wicked damsels, each with a pail of water, whose aim it was to souse both the corn and its bearer before he could reach the house ; and especially was this the desire of the Mary or Jane who had cast eyes of love upon the doughty clod-hopper who carried the trophy. If, by swiftness of foot and good fortune, he escaped all these dangers, and planted his precious charge upon the table, he was, indeed, a lucky man, and hero of the feast. But, presently, doubtless, after the consumption of much harvest beer, and a corresponding increase of valour, the festive crew would bethink themselves of some neighbouring farmer, who had been lazy and dilatory at seed-time, and whose corn was, consequently, still uncut. Forth would they sally with the "Gaseg Fedi," with the intent to plant it in a conspicuous place in the slothful farmer's cornfield. If he took the matter in good part, and pocketed the affront, all was well ; but, oftentimes, it was not so, and the jokers would find that on arriving at the field, they were met by an opposing army, armed with sticks, and often with reaping hooks ; and the upshot would be a fight, the results of which would afford topics of conversation, probably, till harvest came round again.

GWYL Y CWLTRIN, OR THE COOLTRIN FEAST.

This was another of the local customs, which has not, it appears, been observed in this Parish for over seventy years.

It generally was held on the same day as "Gwyl Mabsant;" and its object was the holding up to public reprobation, men and wives who had during the year been fighting. Probably it recognized as perfectly lawful and right that the man, being the head of the family, should occasionally discipline the weaker vessel, for the "Coltrin" was not customary or lawful, unless the wife had punished the husband, and not then, unless she had drawn blood. However legal the whole thing may have been, there was, certainly, a belief that, while certain formalities were carefully observed, the actors in the game were safe from the grasp of the law, but, without this observance were certainly punishable. These formalities were as follow :—Judge and jury were to be selected in one Parish, say at Bettws ; the judge appointed counsel to represent the belligerent powers. This being done, the court and its officers formed themselves into solemn procession, a great feature in which was a car drawn by horses ; perched in this car was a huge wooden horse, on which were placed two men, disguised, sitting face to face and fighting. This procession

was made to pass, and most likely to pause, by the house where the quarrelsome couple lived; and then had to proceed to try the case in another Parish. Margam Mountain would be the most convenient; but in some cases, it is stated that the Llangynwyd people had taken their court to Saint Brides Minor. The counsel argued sometimes very ably, the witnesses swore to the circumstances, and, doubtless, to much that was mirthful, if not strictly true; the judge summed up, and the jury consulted. Sentence was passed in solemn burlesque form, and then the court would adjourn again to the house of the criminals of the day. These, by this time doubtless thoroughly ashamed of themselves, would welcome them, and would have ready a goodly quantity of beer they had prepared. It was the bounden duty of those who conducted and attended the Cooltrin trial, to drink and pay for it, probably, by way of drowning, if possible, all ill-feeling at the day's doings. In any case, this part of the proceedings had one good effect: it replenished the pockets of the quarrelsome couple, and thus, perhaps, conduced largely to their peace and comfort for some time to come.

We are told that "when poverty comes in through the door, love flies out at the window"; if this be so, then, certainly, the filling of pantries and pockets would help to still the tongue of a scolding wife of 70 years ago, and, possibly, to keep her *ten commandments* off the *dial plate* of her husband.

All Hallows' Eve.—On this night, in every house where there were children, it was customary to prepare a goodly quantity of apples, and nuts, for the observance of this feast. A large tub was brought to the hearth, and filled with water, and the children amused themselves in catching the apples from the water by their teeth. It was also necessary for the evening's enjoyment, that a trunk of an old tree should be provided and placed on the fire. The old people enjoyed themselves by repeating old fairy tales and ghost stories until very late, while the younger folks devoured the apples and nuts.

In olden times the Churchwardens gave, out of the Church-rate funds, one shilling per bell to the bell-ringers for beer. This was called Churchwarden's beer. It was generally given on New Year's eve.

One pound was given in beer by the Overseers of the Hamlet in which a fox was killed, to the huntsmen.

Five shillings were paid also by the Overseers, for killing a polecat; one penny each for all rooks killed, and two pence for killing a carrion crow.

The bells were played during Christmas time and New Year. They always played the old year out, and the new one in.

It has always been customary with the children to go round the neighbourhood early on the morning of New Year's day, wishing the neighbours a "Happy New Year," and soliciting a gift, repeating at every house the following:—*"Blwyddyn newydd dda i chwi, a chalenig i finau."* An apple or orange is dressed up for the occasion, and they generally succeed in collecting a goodly number of pence, and get plenty to eat. It is considered not lucky to see a girl first on this day.

The Parish Clerk was entitled, in olden days, to twopence per hearth throughout the Parish, as his dues for his services. Thomas William, about 60 years ago, was the last to collect these dues in this Parish.

A Court Leet was held twice a year, up to about ten years ago, at Llangynwyd Village, by the representatives of the Lords of the Manor; where it was customary to appoint a constable each for Llangynwyd and Bettws; and a reeve, whose duty it was to collect the chief rent, &c. It was necessary that a person should own some land in either of the above Parishes to be qualified for this office. The chief rent amounted to about £50, and was collected every six years.

The Court Leet was a Court of Record, ordained for punishing offences against the Crown; also, it was customary to settle any disputes that took place between the inhabitants, with respect to boundaries, fences, trespasses, &c. A jury of 24 grown-up persons were sworn for the purpose of transacting the business of the court, the expenses being defrayed by the Lords of the Manor. It is said to be the most ancient court of the land.

The hiring of male and female servants takes place every six months, on the first Wednesday after old May-day, and the first Wednesday after All Hallows' tide; these days are called "*Mercher Amodau*"—Covenant Wednesdays—when the terms are agreed upon between master and servant; the master pays the servant a shilling, which is called *earns*, and this agreement cannot be broken until the time of service agreed upon is expired.

CHAPTER XIV.

Supernatural beliefs.—Love Spells.—Phantom funeral.—Signs of the approach of death.—Experiences premonitory of accidental deaths.—A young Samuel in the pit.—A familiar spirit, &c., &c.

INTRODUCTION.

 BELIEF in the existence of supernatural beings, in a sense altogether independent of religious views, is co-extensive with the entire human race. From the comparatively highly educated Greek or Roman, from whom we inherit our modern civilization, to the Red Indian of the American continent and the Aboriginal Australasian, who represents the lowest form of humanity known, the mind of man has ever been awed and influenced by impalpable illusions. Their variety and attributes are endless, whether taken as operating upon terrestrial affairs, or merely indicative of another and an unknown world. So deeply rooted is the disposition to believe in them, that no amount of reasoning can shake the hold they possess, and even entire inexperience or absence of personal proof is held of no account when weighed against the innate inclination to belief. The greatest minds the world has any knowledge of, from the earliest dawn of history downwards, if not themselves persuaded, have used the popular tendency to terrify, to elevate, and to sooth, the minds of men. Kings have been brought to bow down low under its influence; Roman augurs turned it into a source of mighty material profit, and charlatans, gipsies, and spiritualists, still furtively follow their example, and will continue to do so whilst man's metaphysical nature remains as it is, prone to obey his impulses rather than his reason.

Poets in all ages have found food for their art, and exercise for their genius in its alluring and sensational attributes. Dante made a glorious use of it in his "*Divina Commedia*," and Shakespeare still terrifies, elevates, melts, and amuses us all by means of it, arousing into action the profoundest depths of our intellectual being, and teaching the most exquisite sentiments by means of the airiest creations. Whether it be the stately ghost of Hamlet's father or of

- Banquo, the weird unholy doings of the witches in "Macbeth," the graceful spiriting of "Ariel" in the "Tempest," or the crowds of tricksy and amusing fairies and elves peopling thickly earth and air on a "Midsummer's night"—there is in all his supernatural creations a kind of consistency and fitness for his purpose, which awakes the heartiest admiration, and satisfies the most fastidious understanding.

The rapid progress of education is supposed to be uprooting the old faith and belief in apparitions and omens, and, no doubt, it makes men more reticent in revealing their secret feelings. But spite of this, had the question to be settled by popular vote and by secret ballot—even in these days called "enlightened"—the majority would be found to be greatly in favour of retaining the "Ghosts." A good ghost story may be backed to beat in general interest the best of love tales; and where is the person to be found, however much given to decry ghosts in the abstract, who, after the perusal of a ghost-story at midnight, does not feel a creeping sensation in the system on retiring for the night? What is this but involuntary homage paid to popular belief? Unfortunately, superstitious beliefs have not always been as harmless as they have now become. Civilization, though it has not killed, has robbed them of their stings, and the most pernicious of them, that of witchcraft, is the form that has suffered most from enlightenment. Belief in witchcraft has given some terrible chapters of cruelty and suffering to the history of the human race. Occasionally, the journals report examples of a lingering belief in the existence of living witches in Somerset and Dorset even at this period, where old women are subjected to the pains of blood letting, by means of the point of a pin or pen-knife, with a view to destroy their supposed occult influences; but in Glamorgan, that belief has happily entirely died out. There are few aspects of the question more curious or more fatal to consistent belief than the nationality and topography of different forms of superstition. It adds greatly to the difficulties of classification to find that every country and nation has its own distinct set of phantoms and goblins, and that a range of mountains, a narrow sea, or even an ordinary river, act as invincible boundaries to the spread of old, or the reception of new forms. True, there are a few that enjoy almost universal acceptance, but by far the greater number are national, and even local. Thus the Welsh "Phantom Funeral" and "Corpse Candle" are utterly unknown across the Severn, whilst many that find favour amongst the English are treated with scorn by the Welsh. It is useless to plead philosophy in such a case, or a proper

respect for the foreign ghostly element should be displayed if our own is to be respected. That supernatural belief is wide-spread amongst us still is abundantly proved by the fact that the following instances have been recently collected within the comparatively confined space of the Parish of Llangynwyd and its immediate vicinity.

LOVE SPELLS.

There were sundry methods adopted in past days by love-sick damsels and swains to peer into the future, and discover permanently for themselves their future lots and lovers. One of those, called a "Trick," was performed as follows:—

A Welsh Bible—that contained, bound up with it, a copy of the Book of Common Prayer—was brought into requisition. Upon the page of the marriage service were placed a key and a gold ring; the key being supposed, or intended, to open the chamber of dreams, and the ring suggesting the state into which lovers desire to enter. The utmost privacy was to be observed, if the "Trick" was to work properly; and the closed Bible was to be placed under the pillow, before proceeding to rest. If the formalities were properly performed, the operator would dream of his, or her, future wife or husband. This "Trick," which, probably, is the cause of its being so-called, could be played upon any person, without consent or connivance, with the same result, if the Bible, with the key and ring, be placed under the pillow without the knowledge of the sleeper. It will be necessary to get the dreamer's account of the dream.

Another "Love Spell" was worked as follows:—An under-garment (shirt or shift) was to be taken without the knowledge of any inmate, to the nearest spout, or well of water, to be thoroughly soaked, and carried home, without wringing, by the teeth, and untouched by hand, and placed over the back of a chair before the fire. The operator was then to retire to a remote part of the apartment, and await results. If properly performed, the shade or wraith of the future partner in life would appear, turn the garment around, and then depart. A story is told by some elderly folk, even at this day, that a young woman, having duly performed this spell, was horror-struck to find, that instead of the swain she had expected to see, after waiting patiently for hours, a coffin appeared on the hearth. Her terror and alarm were so intense that scarcely strength

enough remained in her to crawl to her bed, from which she never again rose.

"*The Knife and the Sheath Spell.*"—This was performed as follows:—If the operator was a girl, she was to place a knife, stuck on end, in the corner of the leek-bed in the garden, retaining the sheath in her hand, on a dark night, and after ten o'clock, in absolute secrecy. She was then to walk backwards around the bed, carrying the sheath in her right hand. She was on no account to look behind her, and was to be very careful not to stumble. If her destiny was to be matrimony, her lover's shade would appear, take out the knife from the earth, and place it in the sheath. It is said that a young girl, on one occasion, in performing this trick, was beset by two shades at once. The consequence was that she became a victim of the wicked wiles of one of them, and eventually wife of the other.

THE PHANTOM FUNERAL.

In the past, the farmers of Llangynwyd had to haul the limestone they required to manure their land with, from Porthcawl. This was done over the old tramroad which led to that port. It was done chiefly in the winter months, and the journey being long, it was necessary to start very early in the morning, some hours before daylight, to make it possible to return the same day.

The following story was told me by a person who affirmed that he had witnessed the circumstances:—

"One morning, at two o'clock, I started from my home, with the horses, for Porthcawl. Having been so fortunate as to send my empty trams down, the day before, in the care of a friend who was doing hauling work on the tramway, I was enabled to take a shorter route by way of Llangynwyd Village, and over the mountain to Pyle. When I arrived near to Pontrhydycciff, on a cross-road that led to the main highway, my horses suddenly halted, and, looking before me through the darkness to discover the cause, I thought I could see a great crowd of people coming out of the cross-road into the main, on which I was proceeding. It was too dark to see anything very distinctly, or to recognise features; but I could plainly distinguish the footsteps and bustle of a moving crowd. After a time, something resembling a coffin borne on men's shoulders passed by, followed by a number of horses and horsemen, amongst them being prominent a white horse. After they had passed on, I followed them slowly, and could distinguish the sounds of movement in front of me. When I

arrived at the Village of Llangynwyd, I paused for a short period to permit of sufficient time for them to get into the Church, and then proceeded on my journey without delay.

"A few weeks later, an old neighbour of mine died, and his remains were brought along the same road from which I had seen the phantom funeral emerging. Following the coffin, there was, amongst many others, a man on a white horse. He was quite a prominent figure in the crowd. I attended the funeral myself, and feel quite convinced that it was the real procession of which I had seen the phantom on the morning I went to Porthcawl."

Such is a specimen of the stories frequently told by persons, whose credibility, in ordinary matters, no one even doubts.

The following were believed to be sure signs of the approach of death in the Parish of Llangynwyd:—

- The howling of dogs at midnight.
- The crowing of cocks before midnight.
- The crowing of hen birds.
- The birth of twins to a cow or mare.
- The ticking sounds of the death watch.
- The blossoming of fruit trees at an unseasonable time of the year.
- The dreaming of being present at a friend's wedding.
- The beating of screech owls against the windows of a sick room.*

The sound of a bell humming in the ear.
The above are all natural signs; but there were also supernatural omens, such as,—

The Howling Wraith (*Y Gyhraeth*), or the *Dracholaeth*—a frightful sound of lamentation that proceeded from the house of death to the Parish Church.

The sounds of barking dogs (*Cwn Anwnt*) in the air, which were supposed to be driving lost souls to the infernal regions.

The Corpse Candle (*Cansyll Gorff*), the most generally accepted of all. This was a light, which passed along in the night, quite noiselessly, from the house of death to the grave, along the path the funeral was sure to follow.

Experiences premonitory of Accidental Deaths.—Two men were working together at a mine level on the side of a hill, the path leading to the spot being steep and narrow, having a

* When owls were much more numerous than now, this was not an uncommon circumstance, as they were attracted by the light kept burning in a sick room.

thick growth of furze and thorns on either hand. Returning to their homes rather late on a dark night along the path, they suddenly were beset by difficulties of an unusual nature. They found themselves struggling with what seemed to be an invisible crowd of people; and they found it impossible to keep their footing on the steep path, and were pushed on either hand against the furze and underwood. They did not recover a proper footing until they got to the bottom of the steep. They could distinctly realize the bustle of men that they seemed to be among. They could see nothing whatever, and yet they were crushed, and even trampled upon. Alarmed beyond measure, they were glad to get away from the spot where they had been subjected to such remarkable experiences. The next day, a man was killed at the level, and all the workmen came out and assisted in carrying the body to its home along the identical path down to the road. The two friends found in this circumstance ample explanation of the difficulties they had suffered from the previous night.

+ Mr. James Motley, whose name we have mentioned in connection with the Maesteg Works, published a small volume entitled "Tales of the Cymry"—the subjects being—*The Cwn Anwn*.—*The Torrent Spectre*.—*The Canwyll Gorff*.—*The Ceffyl Dwr*, &c. The scenes are all laid in Glamorganshire. The volume contains some pleasing descriptive writings of the wild scenery of the district of which Maesteg forms the centre. Natural phenomena are also touched upon, as for example:—

"The bog fire.—The writer has repeatedly seen this singular light upon the bogs, and even upon the mountain roads of Glamorganshire, dancing along before him, and apparently adapting its pace to that of his horse, and so closely does it resemble the light of a lantern carried by a person walking that it requires a little resolution on a dark night to avoid following it, when it leaves the road for some boggy place, as it almost always wantonly does. In such cases the luminous appearance arises from phosphorated hydrogen gas, produced by the decomposition of some organic matter, like the light of decaying wood; but in many instances the nocturnal wanderers seem to be of electrical origin, when the ears of the traveller's horse, the extremity of his whip, his spurs, or any other projecting point, appear tipped with pencils of light. The writer was once witness to this in a very extraordinary degree during the cold weather of January, 1842, on the mountain road from Maesteg to Aberavon. Upon this occasion the toes of the rider's boots and even the tufts of hair at the fetlocks of his horse appeared to burn with a steady blue light, and on the hand being extended every finger immediately became tipped with fire. All these appearances are known to the Welsh by the name of '*Ellyll Ddn*', or '*goblin fire*', and '*Jack o' lantern*'. A small valley, a tributary of the Rhondda fawr, on the Monmouthshire frontier of Glamorganshire is said to be remarkable for the brilliancy and frequency of these appearances, which have gained for it the reputation of being haunted by spirits of darker character. The superstition of the '*Ceffyl Dwr*' is thus spoken of:—

"The '*ceffyl dwr*' or '*water horse*' is a superstition common in one form or other to all the Celtic race. Believed to be an evil spirit, who in the shape of a horse would induce the unwary stranger to mount him,

and soaring over river and mountain would suddenly melt into air or mist and precipitate his rider to destruction. He is acknowledged by the Britons and Basqueans, and is identical with the Kelpie of the Scotch, and the Pocoah of the Irish. The rude figures of horses formed on British coins, of which such vast numbers have been found in the Druidical hills of Carnbre, in Cornwall, are supposed by some to be representations of the horse of *Melan*, or *Cyd*, or *Cridawr*, or *Cres*, or the Goddess herself in that form which she was supposed to assume."

Upwards of twenty years ago, a man was employed doing repairs at the bottom of the shaft of the "Old Gin Pit." Everything was perfectly still, excepting such noises as emanated from his own work. Suddenly he heard the sound of something falling down the shaft, and he stepped aside out of its way. He distinctly heard it strike the bottom with a dull thud, and it sounded to him like the fall of a sack of sawdust, but he could see nothing whatever. He felt greatly surprised, and even frightened, and had not courage left to continue his work. He went up the pit, and meeting some of his fellow-workmen on the landing, told them of the strange circumstance he had heard. They stood wondering around him, and all concluded that he must have heard some sound ominous of a death.

They had not long to wait for a verification of their fears, for the very next night, about the same hour, two men were down in the pit doing repairs near to the spot where the first man had been at work. They had availed themselves of the swing door to protect themselves from anything falling down the shaft. All at once they heard a sound as of something coming down, and the next instant it fell upon the door. They at first took it to be a bag of chaff for the horses, but on lifting up their lights, they discovered, to their horror, a man's hand forced through the doorway. It proved to be one of their fellow-workmen, who, having to cross the shaft, in the upper workings, had not observed in the dark that the bridge over which he would have to pass had been withdrawn, so the poor fellow had perished.

The following story was told by a collier, a highly respectable man. He was one of several lodgers at a house in Maesteg. Sitting up rather late one night, reading, which was his habit, the clock had just struck twelve, when he heard sounds as though a crowd of people were approaching the house. Suddenly the door was opened, and the room became filled with confused sounds as of the bustle and tread of men. With some difficulty he made for the stairs, having observed that the house door remained closed and locked as he had before left it. There seemed to be confused sounds as of speech amongst the phantom crowd, but

he understood nothing they said, and saw nothing whatever. He felt very much alarmed, and lay awake the greater part of the night. Next day he went to his work as usual, but low-spirited from the effect of the previous night's experience, and full of thoughts concerning it.

A few minutes after his return from work on the evening of the following day, the body of one of his fellow-lodgers was brought to the house by a large gathering of his comrades. He had been killed by a fall of rubbish in the mine, and had been extricated with much difficulty. The trampling sounds, the bustle of the men, and the opening of the door, exactly corresponded with those which he had heard the previous night.

When Coed-y-Garth level was being worked, a man and boy had occasion to go there earlier than usual. It was quite dark when they approached the entrance, and the man proceeded to the lodge to light his candle. The boy, left alone, called out that there was a light coming out of the level, and, the next moment, a tram passed by him, in which an elderly man was seen to support a young one, while two other men pushed behind. This phenomenon was seen by both man and boy, and was revealed by them to their fellow-workmen. Some of them made light of the matter, whilst others blamed them very much for having mentioned it, as they felt sure it must have been a death omen. For more than a year, it was a constant topic of conversation among the workmen, especially when they collected together to enjoy what they called their "*Spell Whiff*," which was a short rest they took whilst enjoying a pipe of tobacco, the workings being free from any danger of fire-damp. After a full year had passed, it occurred to a workman, one day, that a young man working at a distance alone, was longer than usual in sending down his tram of coal. Proceeding to the spot, he found that his comrade had been prostrated by a fall of rubbish from the roof, which had stunned but not killed him. Extricating him from under the *debris*, with the assistance of other workmen, he had him lifted into a tram, into which an old man climbed to support him, whilst the others pushed it out.

In all respects the circumstances corresponded with those that had been seen twelve months before.

About 30 years ago, two men were loading hay into a cart in a meadow through which a tramway ran from a colliery near. It was dusk, and they were hastening their labour, when they heard a tram coming along from the works. There was a considerable incline from the mouth of the

level, and it was customary with the workmen, when later than usual, to get into an empty tram to travel home, as by so doing they saved both time and the fatigue of walking; although it was contrary to the rule to do so. One of the haymakers remarked to the other on hearing the tram, "Well, there are others at work as late as we are." Suddenly the sound of the tram ceased, and the man who was pitching the hay observed, "What light can that be that is passing under the car?" At no great distance there was a farmhouse, and the light travelled slowly in that direction, and seemingly entered it. They left the hayfield soon after, and communicated to the household what they had heard and seen.

In about a week afterwards, a man who had remained at work in the level later than his fellows, seized an empty tram to travel home in. At the very spot where the haymakers had observed the sound to cease, the tram ran off the track, was upset, and the collier was badly crushed under it. He was carried to the nearest house, which was the farmhouse mentioned, across the meadow in the very line along which the light had travelled. He was treated medically, and carried home, but died in a few days.

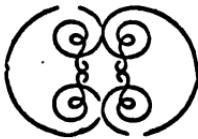
An Engineer's Story.—A man attending to a pumping engine at night all alone, as the pit was only worked by day, heard about midnight the stir and tumult of an excited crowd of people moving to and fro between the mouth of the shaft and the lodge at the entrance of the pit premises. He went himself in the direction of the lodge, expecting to find it occupied, but to his great surprise could neither see or hear anything there. He felt so alarmed that he had to muster a considerable amount of courage and resolution to remain at his duties for the rest of the night. When the men came to their work in the morning, he told them of the strange sounds he had heard. They treated the matter lightly, told him he must have been asleep and dreaming, or had unduly given way to his imagination; but nothing could induce him to go to work there again alone and unaccompanied. A few weeks later, the man who had the charge of the crab, at the pit's mouth, neglected to put in the catch at the right time, when lifting a weight up the shaft. This neglect causing the handle to run wild, it struck him down, and killed him on the spot. The excitement over the accident was extreme, and there was a rush of men to the spot. His body was carried to the lodge, where a medical man pronounced him to be dead. The engineer's story was now called to mind, and the truth of his statement acknowledged.

"*A young Samuel in the Pit.*"—About forty years ago

there were a number of men employed at the level called the "Scwd." Amongst them were two who held extreme views of the supernatural. One denied its existence wholly, whilst the other believed thoroughly in signs and omens, and the war of words on the subject between them oftentimes grew warm and fervent. One of their fellow-workmen brought his little boy with him on one occasion to the pit for company's sake, and the lad, getting sleepy, was placed by his father to lie on his coat, where he slept soundly for some time. On waking, he asked his father what the noise was which he heard. His father replied that there had been no noise excepting, perhaps, from the rats. The lad addressed himself to sleep again, but after a time awoke, and asked his father the same question. He got the same reply with the assurance that nothing should hurt him. He again went to sleep and continued undisturbed until the morning. The new relay of men now arrived and the father remained with him during the "*spell whiff*" before he left. Being struck with his son having been disturbed, and what he had himself heard, he warned the workmen to be careful of what they did that day; for that probably something serious would happen, which would cause them to fly for their lives, perhaps an explosion. Should such take place, they would collect in a certain spot to consult with each other, and then another explosion would occur. They all laughed at him, and taxed him with trying to frighten them by means of a hoax, the sceptical man making himself quite prominent in scouting the warning. The man and boy then left for home. In the course of the day, through a door having been carelessly left open, an explosion took place. The men all rushed to one spot to consult about it, when another and louder explosion made them all fly to the open air. They all came out safely, and the sceptic was compelled to confess that some knowledge of "coming events" must have been obtained by the father of the boy by some means or other which could not naturally be accounted for.

"*A familiar spirit.*"—Quite early in the present century, a man named David Vinten, took a farm named *Gelly Siriol*, which had been vacated by one Richard Hugh. The common room in the farmhouse had an upper story, but was very high, with windows to correspond. On the window sill high up, out of ordinary reach, was an old straw basket (*cawnen*) left there by the former tenant. A visit was paid to the farm one day by a tall man named *Sion Bivan Vawr*—and it occurred to some one to make use of him to get down the basket from its high perch. This he succeeded in doing, and

it was found that the basket contained a quantity of hazel nuts of an excellent quality. No one could tell how long they had been there, and as a superstition prevailed that it was possible to bewitch or charm such products, the family declined to touch them. It had been a matter of common report and belief for a considerable period, that a familiar spirit resided at *Gelly Siriol*, and that it was impossible for any stranger to approach the house at night without finding himself accompanied by this shadow, which took the form of a man. After the removal of the basket, this apparition disappeared from the place altogether. It is somewhat difficult to connect the apparition with the nuts, but it is certain that the belief in such occult connection existed.



CHAPTER XV.

Ieuau Vawr, the Son of the Dewless.—(1170), Twm Ifan Prys.—The Maids of Ty-talwyn.—Anthony Powell, of Llwydarth.—Pedigree of the Powells, of Maesteg.—David Nicholas, the Family Bard of Aberpergwm.—The Gelly Family.—Mrs. Pendril Llewelyn, Llangynwyd Vicarage.—Instances of unusual Longevity.

IEUAN FAWR AB Y DIWLITH.

HE bards of Tir Iarll having gone to the Dewless Hillock on one of the St. John's Midsummer Festivals, to hold there a chair of vocal song, found a new-born child, half alive, on it. Rhys, the son of Rhiccart, the son of Einion, the son of Collwyn, took it home with him, and placed it under the care of a foster mother. The child lived, was put to school, and brought up to a learned profession. He imbibed knowledge with all the avidity that a child would suck its mother's milk, and early in life he took the lead of all preceptors in Wales.

He wrote several books, one of which was called "The preservation of the Welsh Language, the art of song, and all that appertained to them; according to the rights and usages of the Welsh nation, and the judicial decisions of wise men." Others were called the "Greal," "The Mabinogion," "The nine tropes, and twenty-four embellishments of diction," "The book of Fables," and many more. He also composed a work for the preservation of the moral maxims and lands of the Welsh nation. He received the name of John, the son of the Dewless, because he was found, as already mentioned on the Dewless Hillock, on St. John's midsummer festival; and because he was a large man, he was called Big John, the son of the Dewless. He lived and died at Llangynwyd, where he was buried with the family of Llwydarth. It was currently reported that in all probability, he was the son of Rhys, the son of Riccart, the son of Einion, by a lady of high rank, and when it was asserted in his presence, he merely held his tongue, allowing that belief to continue. (From "Cofion Ieuau Bradford, from the book of Anthony Pywel of Llwydarth, at Covtrehn."—Iolo MSS.

TWM IFAN PRYS.

We are entirely indebted to the late Ed. Williams (*Iolo Morganwg*) for our information relative to "Twm Ifan Prys," or, as he was better known in this Parish, "Twm Celwydd Teg."

The following is based upon some "Notes" upon "Twm Ifan Prys" contained in a paper given by Mr. Williams to a Glamorganshire gentleman, which were afterwards communicated to the "*Cambrian Quarterly Magazine*," vol. 5, p. 94. The fact of Twm having lived in the Parish is deemed a sufficient reason for giving his name a place in the present work.

The original MSS. is said to have been once in possession of Mr. E —, of P —, by whom it was given to Mr. Ed. Williams. It was not in the writing of "Twm Ifan Prys" himself, but of another person who lived in his time, whose name is subscribed thereto (this name is not given).

Iolo himself states that Twm died about 1617, and was one hundred and forty-three years old. Twm was born at Bryn Cynllan, in the Parish of Llanharan, but appears to have been brought up at Pen-hydd, in the Parish of Margam (whither his father removed shortly after this son was born). He entered the Monastery of Margam, but, it is thought, did not stay beyond the year of his novitiate there, and having adopted what was known as Lollardism, was imprisoned at Kenfig Castle. He addressed a poem to Sir Mathew Cradock, praying for liberation from the latter place. This poem is extant with several others, chiefly religious, and they show him to have been a man of great piety and rigid morals. After his liberation he went to his father at Merthyr Cynon. How long he remained there is unknown, and, in fact, nothing appears to be known of him between this period of his early manhood and his old age, when he turned up at a small farm called *Ty'n Gorest*, in Llangynwyd, and had a young wife. The couple are poor, and his wife urges him to go round the country and solicit a *cymorth*—of wheat to sow in his fields. He did so, and has left a poetical account of his journey through the Vale of Glamorgan. He described the inhabitants,—“The people of Wick spoke English.” About the year 1610 he was at Tythegstone, and is there said to have earned his living by threshing. At Tythegstone, it is believed, he died and was buried, though the *Iolo* MSS. state that he died at Margam. He pretended to be a prophet, and wrote and uttered many things in mystical language. Most of these are obviously applicable to the events of the age in which he lived, and especially the Reformation from

Popery. There are a few, however, of a different and more unaccountable cast, the tone of which is directed towards the support of Protestant principles, and the confirmation of the Christian religion.

The following are some prophesies attributed to "Twm Celwydd Teg" (*Twm of the fair lies*), taken from the *Iolo Manuscripts*:—

After the birth of the son and heir of Sir George Herbert, of Swansea, a feast was held, and great rejoicing, at the christening of the child, and they shod the horses with silver, and many other costly things they did likewise. Twm, seeing this, said: "Ha! here is parade, and great pride about the baptism of a child born to be hung by the string of his forehead-band." He was seized, and put in prison, in Kenfig Castle; and the child was placed in the care of a nurse, who was ordered to watch him narrowly and carefully, night and day: this went on some time, when it was reported in the house that the nurse had the itch. Sir George and his lady sent for her to the hall to them, that they might see whether it was true or not, and when they saw that there was no itch upon her, they went with her back to the chamber where the child was, and the first thing they saw was the child in his cradle, having twisted his hands under the strings of his forehead-band, and entangled them in it in such a manner that he got choked, and died from that cause, or, as it might be said with truth, he hung himself in the strings of his forehead-band. Then they sent in haste to liberate Twm, and gave him some money.

Another time he was threshing in a barn, and a young lad went by and addressed him as follows:—"Wel, Twm Celwydd Teg, what news have you to-day?" "There is news for thee," said he: "thou shalt die three deaths before this night." "Ha! Ha!" said the youth, "nobody can die more than one death," and he went his way laughing. In the course of the day, the lad went to the top of a great tree, on the brink of a river, to take a kite's nest; and in thrusting his hand into the nest, he was wounded by an adder, brought by the kite to her young ones, as she was accustomed to do. This causing him to lose his hold, he fell down on a great branch and broke his neck, and from there into the river, and thus he met with three deaths,—To be wounded by an adder, to break his neck, and to drown.

That he lived to a great age is proved by the following rhyme he composed:—

"One thousand six hundred exactly,
And four years complete,
The beginning of January (fair computation),
I am one hundred and thirty."

Out of the book of Mr. Lewys, of Penllyn.

THE MAIDS OF TYTALWYN.

Translated (from the "Cymroddor" for January, 1881).

The following curious and interesting account is taken from one of the unpublished *Iolo Morganwg* MSS. now in the possession of the Right Hon. Lady Llanover, by whose kind permission it is copied. It is written in the spoken dialect of Glamorgan, which was often used by Iolo. Perhaps some of the readers of the *Cymroddor* may be able to add to the information here given about these poetesses, and to supply other verses ascribed to them.—W. Watkins.

"I heard an old man at Llangynwyd sing a curious kind of a song. It consisted of the names of all the rivers in Glamorgan, and their fountain heads, said to have been written by one of the Tytalwyn poetesses. One stanza of it is as follows :—

Blaen Gwrych, Blaen Gwrach, Blaen Gwrasgon,
Blaen Ffrwdwylt, Blaen Cynaeron,
Blaen Afan sy', Blaen Llyfni syw,
Blaen Garw yw'r Blaen creulon.

"It is said of the Poetess that her lover had committed some offence against her, and had angered her; and that she would not be reconciled to him upon any account, until that he should visit all the rivers of Glamorgan and their fountain heads, and connect their names together in a song of his own composition which he should shew her. This he took upon him, and spent many a month wandering along the riversides to their fountain-heads, until he had become so wasted in his flesh that scarcely anything of him remained but the skin and the bones.

Yet, for all that had been, there remained some tenderness in the heart of the Poetess, and she had compassion upon her lover; and what did she, but herself visited all the rivers, unknown to her lover, and placed their names in a song in the metre of the Glamorganshire Triplet (*Triban Morganwg*). At this time she was in the dress of a boy. She knew right well of the house of a friend of her lover's where he often lodged. She went there and asked for a night's lodging.

"You may have half a bed, if that please you," said the

housewife ; " I have but that, because a fair youth cometh here to-night to occupy the other half."

" That will please me well," said the strange lad, and went into the house.

In a little while he requested that he might go to his bed, for he was sore tired, having walked far that day. " You may go," said the housewife, and he went. Shortly there came the poor lover to his lodging ; he was shewn to his bed, and was told that a very handsome youth was to sleep with him, and that he had gone right early to bed because he was very weary, having walked far that day.

" God bless him," said the lover, " and sweet rest to him. Would that the hour of rest had come to me."

And he went to bed, but could sleep but little. With the light, the strange youth arose, and, leaving the blessing of God upon that house and the family within it, went his way. But upon his pillow he left a paper, with the song written upon it, containing the names of all the rivers of Glamorgan and their fountain heads, and above the song, these words—all being written in a hand strange to the lover—" *Take the help of a song from one who loveth thee.*"

The lover took the paper, and read it, and read it, and read it again. At one moment, leaping with joy, at another, casting himself upon the bed with tears and sobbing ; but at the last, girding himself, and going with flying feet to the house of the maid, to win whom he had suffered so much. He was admitted to her ; but was not granted a kiss of reconciliation until he had shewn the song. Upon hearing this, he drew the song from his bosom, and laid it before her.

" Now, upon thy truth," said she, " tell me whether thou hast made this song."

Said he, answering, " I wandered along every river in Glamorgan, from its mouth to its fountain head ; but sickness came upon me from being in the weather so greatly as I was,—wet and dry, frost and snow, heat and cold. But though I did to the utmost power of body and soul to put the names of all of them in a song, yet could I not satisfy myself with one little word. And there for thee is the truth, as I shall answer before God. Look upon my face and my pale cheeks. Having given up everything, heartbroken, almost distracted, there came one day a fair youth to a house where I lodged, and he left upon the pillows, where he lay for one night in the same bed with me, the paper I have laid before thee. I will believe no less than that he was an angel from heaven. For his sake, do what thou wouldst not do for my sake.

Have compassion upon me. Do this for the sake of the angel, and for the sake of God who sent him."

"Since thou hast besought me in the name of God and his angel," said she, "I will be reconciled to thee."

And so it was; they were married speedily afterwards, and lived long in love and happiness, the father and mother of many children, and the Adam and the Eve of all the poets of the land, save of those who are descended from the other sisters; for it is said that there is no poet in the county that is not descended from the maids of Tytalwyn, and this saying is a common proverb in Glamorgan to this day.

It is not clear at what time or period of the world the Maids of Tytalwyn lived, but there appear to be some grounds for believing that it was some two hundred years ago, or thereabout. From the language of the Poem of the Flowering Bush, said to be the work of these Maids, it might be gathered that they lived some five or six hundred years ago. But it is well-known that the peculiar metre of these verses—and the peculiar rhyming of sounds in them (*cwngannedd unodl heb gwngannedd o gydsain*), have remained in use in Glamorgan up to very recent date.

The following are the verses:—

The First Maiden :—"Docco lwn yn fwyn ei drwsiad,
Glasliw glwysion dirion dyfad,
Yn ochr y maes a'i laes ganghenau,
Tew gofieidiog teg ei fiodau."

The Second Maiden :—"Docco lwn yn fwyn wedi'i drwsio,
Gwyn ei fyd a gai fyned dano,
Dail mor ioyw llwyn hoyw a hyfryd,
Gwn fod wrtho law fanwylyd."

The Third Maiden :—"Llwyn meillionog deiliog dulas,
Hardd i gampau gwyrdd o'i gwmpas,
Plebiad gwead gwiaill tirion,
Tew gwyn gliad torriad tirion."

This is what I have procured of the seven stanzas of the song which was composed and sung between the six sisters and their brother in honour of the Flowering Bush. I knew another a year ago, but I have forgotten it. I think it is to be found in local tradition even yet, and that it is known to a few here and there. But one thing is somewhat strange to me, and that is, that, notwithstanding the amount of tradition that is found in Glamorgan relating to the Maids of Tytalwyn, I have not hitherto seen one word concerning them in writing. And it is, moreover, a remarkable thing,

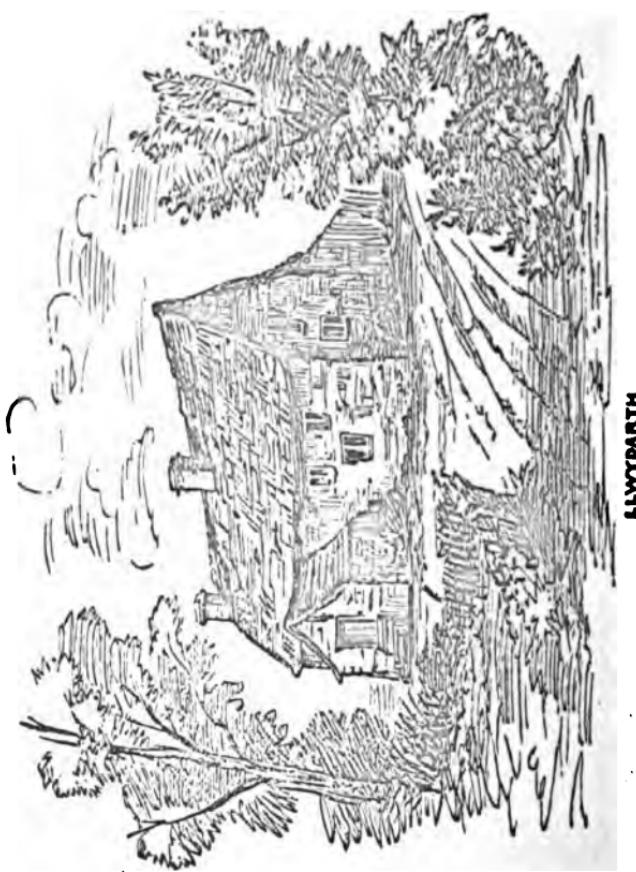
considering how many of the writings of Poets and Orators are preserved in Glamorgan, above all the shires of South Wales, and indeed, I must say, above any county in all Wales, North and South, for all these things, I have not met so much as one word concerning the Maids of Tytalwyn, save a little written by Sion Bradford from his own memory. The brother of the maids died young and unmarried. All the maidens were married, and, according to country tradition, more or less of the Poetic Awen has inspired every generation of their progeny unto this day. I have often heard a proverbial saying alluding to this. "It is not strange that he is a Poet,—he comes from the Maids of Tytalwyn." Tytalwyn is to the South of the Parish of Llangynwyd in the Commot of Tir Iarll, and near the border of the Parish of Margam. It is a good farmer's house, that is, good among the farmhouses of Glamorgan, the best houses in Wales, beyond all comparison."

ANTHONY POWELL, OF LLWYDARTH.

The name of Anthony Powell, of Llwydarth and Tir Iarll, is often mentioned by Iolo Morganwg, and other Glamorganshire writers; but, apparently, he was not of sufficient note to obtain a niche in the "Cambrian Biography," or the "Eminent Welshmen." That he was a man of celebrity is, however, apparent from the fact of his having written the history of the whole of Britain. He is spoken of by Lewis Dwn,^{*} as one of the few scribes who had laboured to preserve the history of the Welsh nation:—"Anthony Powell, o Dir Iarll, gwr boneddig a 'sgrifennodd am holl Ynys Prydain'." ("Anthony Powell, of Tir Iarll, gentleman, wrote about the whole of the Isle of Britain.")† His manuscript book is frequently quoted in the *Iolo MSS.*, and other collections as well. What became of this book, we are not in a position to say; it appears to have been in good hands in Iolo's time, at Coetrehen House. It is to be regretted that so little is known of this distinguished man; even the date of his birth we cannot trace, neither have we been able to find his name appearing in any old documents, excepting an old assessment now lying in the Record Office, London, taken in the 39th year of Queen Elizabeth, in which he is assessed at £ij : xii : o. It is believed that he was a near relative of

* Lewis Dwn, an eminent historian and genealogist, who flourished between A.D. 1550 and 1580.

† Anthony Powell married Ann, daughter of Edmund Matthews of Landaff, and some of his MSS. Works is said to be in the library of Thomas-town Castle. See *Red Dragon* for March, 1887.





Rees Powell, of Maesteg, of that date. It is evident that he was a man of letters, and was much interested in everything pertaining to Welsh literature, and particularly that of the Bardic Chair of Tir Iarll. He has left a few fragments of poetry, which may be seen in the book called "Cyfrinack Beirdd Ynys Prydain." Also his love letters, which are preserved in "Talissin"—a quarterly magazine, edited by the late Rev. J. Williams (*Ab Ithel*), and they are reputed by that learned critic to be among the very best compositions in the Welsh language. His name is the first inscribed on the family tombstones, the date of his death being 1618; and the shield, with arms, inscribed upon his sepulchre, is in itself sufficient to prove that he was locally, at all events, a man of note and consideration. Llwydarth, — the house which he inhabited, also, although it is now only a substantial farmer's house, contains evidence that it was built to be the dwelling of a man who held a position of importance and regard among his neighbours. It is substantially built, in a commanding situation, and in a spot chosen by one who had evidently a taste for the beautiful. It is curious to contrast the present outlook from the eminence occupied by Llwydarth, with the scene which met the eye of Anthony Powell, when he looked out in search of inspiration, or wrapped in contemplation of the beauty of nature. Then, doubtless, there lay spread before him a peaceful valley—covered with verdure, and dotted here and there with white farmhouses, above which Llwydarth stood, like a chieftain surveying his vassals. Beyond, the silvery Ilyfnyw wound through the valley, with its placid current disturbed only by the leaping of the trout, and the skimming of the swallow as it brushed the water with its wing. And the back ground to the whole picture was the *Moel y Garth*, *Gelly Eblig*, and the distant hills, then probably wooded to the summit, the home of the raven, and perchance of the eagle.

To-day, Llwydarth commands a view of collieries, with their adjacent black tips; coke ovens, with their fiery mouths gaping; tinworks, with their volumes of smoke. The ear is assailed with the bang of the steam hamnier, the clatter of machinery, and the roar and the scream of the locomotive on the railway below. One might possibly lament the old days, did not one remember that these sights and sounds—so offensive to the æsthetic and artistic, are evidence of industry and science, of power and wealth, of comfort and prosperity, that even the great knew not in the days of Anthony Powell.

Maesteg Farmhouse, as it is now called, must have been beautifully situated,—standing, as it did, deep in the valley,

near the river bank, and in the midst of green fields. If Llwydarth may be said to have resembled a proud chieftain on the heights, Maesteg may be likened to a hermit, contented, though lowly, and happy in the peace of the valley. This house also bears evident traces of past importance and venerable age. The apartments are spacious, though low and dark, the walls are thick and massive. Very curious is the old malting-floor, which was discovered some years ago between the false floor of one of the upper rooms and the ceiling of the one below; a relic, presumably, of the days of smuggling. There is also an old reading desk in the kitchen, where formerly some itinerant preacher was wont, perhaps in defiance of the then existing law, to meet and exhort a body of worshippers who periodically assembled there. Altogether the place has an ancient look; although now encroached upon by the coke ovens and pit refuse of Oakwood Colliery, which threaten, at no distant date, to cover the old house, and to obliterate one of the links that connect Llangynwyd with a glorious, though peaceful past.

PEDIGREE OF THE POWELLS OF MASTEG.

The Powells claim to be descendants of Eynon ap Collwyn, according to the received pedigrees, which, in the great majority of cases, *must* be fictitious. John Gwyn Powell, of Maesteg (with whom the really authentic part of the pedigree begins), was the thirteenth in descent from that odious man Eynon. It is impossible to understand why so many of the Glamorganshire families, when they *invented* their pedigrees as we now see them, in the beginning of the Tudor period, had not better taste than to choose, while they were about it, so despicable a person as their common progenitor. It is a consolation to think that certainly not more than a tithe of the persons who claim descent from Eynon ap Collwyn, and Jestyn ap Gwrgan, can be entitled to that very doubtful honour.

I.—John Gwyn Powell (thirteenth in descent, as it is said, from Eynon ap Collwyn) was the *third* son of Howel ap John Goch, mard. Felice, dau. of Richd. Rees Lloyd, of Havod y Porth, ap Ieuan David Fychan. They had 1, Rees; 2, William; 3, Edward; 4, a daughter, mard. to William Llewelyn, of Bettws; 5, Margaret, mard. to Evan Madoc, or Efan ap Llywelyn ap Hopkin, of Bayden; 6, Catherine; 7, Wenlian. John Gwyn Powell had also two base children—John and Mary.

II.—Rees Powell, of Maesteg, mard. Catherine, dau. of

Thomas ap William ap Hywel, *gent.*, and issued 1, John; 2, *Thomas; 3, Catherine, and 4, Felice.

III.—John Powell, of Maesteg, mard. Susan, dau. of Evan Phillips, *gent.*, and issued

IV.—Rees Powell, of Maesteg, *gent.*, who mard. Joanna, dau. of the Rev. Morgan Jones, B.D., Rector of Llanmaes, by Mary, dau. of Arthur Yeoman, Alderman of Cardiff, and issued John (living in 1677); 2, †Gervace; 3, Anthony (whence Powell, of Goston); and two daughters, one of whom (Mary) being the first wife of the Rev. Samuel Jones, of Brynlylwarch.

V.—Gervace Powell, of Maesteg, mard. 1 Catherine, dau. of Oliver ——, and heiress of St. John the Baptist Chapel, at Llantrissent, called Capel Ieuan Fedyddiwr. His second wife's name is unknown. By Catherine, he had Alice Powell, to whom he bequeathed Maesteg. She mard. Phillip Louger, of Hendre-Owain, and had, 1st, a dau., who died young; 2, ——, heiress of Maesteg and Hendre-Owain, mard. to Richd. Turberville, of Ewenny. Gervace Powell's second dau., Florence, mard. John Williams, of Park, and had several children. One of the daughters—Catherine—mard. Samuel Price, of Tynton, Llangeinor, and had issue, whence descends the Lewis, of Green Meadow. By his second wife, Gervace Powell had a son Rees, who became

VI.—Rees Powell, of Llanharan, mard. Elizabeth, dau. of Rev. Goodwin Lewis, Rector of Neath, whose brother, William Lewis, settled on her *Crigau*, near Neath. Her first husband was Anthony George, of Llansair (?). She died 5th January, 1743; aged 63. By Rees Powell, she had, 1, John; 2, Rees; 3, William (who became a barrister, and died intestate, and single, 5th Feb., 1770; aged 52); 4, Gervace; 5, Florence, mard. Edward Lloyd, of Cardiff, and had Joan, married Robert Jones, of Fonmon; 6, Mary (died 1773), mard. 1st, Thomas Roberts, of Llandaff, died 1740; 2nd, Thomas Edwards, of Llandaff; 7, Alice, mard. William Gibbon, of Trecastle.

VII.—Rees Powell, of Llanharan, "one of the mos worthy gentlemen that ever was bred in Glamorganshire, for

* Was Under Sheriff of Glamorgan in 1549, Christopher Turberville, of Penline, being Sheriff. He filled the office in 1554, when Sir Rice Mansell was Sheriff.

† The name Gervace still survives in the present owner of Maesteg—Gervace Powell Turberville, Esq., of Ewenny Abbey.—(1858).

learning, piety, and pity for the poor," died unmarried 16th Nov., 1738; aged 25. Gervace Powell, of Llanharan, LL.B., Rector of Llanfigern and Merthyr Tydfil, and Preb. of Llandaff, died 8th July, 1795; aged 72; the last male of the Powells of Llwydarth. He was mard. to Margaret, dau. of Charles Vaughan, of Ysgethrog, Co. of Brecon. They had, 1, Gervace, died an infant; 2, Elizabeth, co-heir, mard. Richard Turberville Picton; 3, Catherine, co-heir, mard. Sir George Glyn; 4, Joan, mard Major Ollney, of Gloucestershire; 5, Margaret, died young.

These three co-heirs executed a deed of partition of the Estate, and Llanharan House was sold to Richard Hoare Jenkins, of Pant-yn-awel.

POWELLS OF BAYDEN AND TONDU.

This branch of the Powell family are of the same descent as the Powells of Maesteg, taking its rise from Howell ap John Goch, of Llwydarth, reputed to be twelfth in descent from Eynon ap Collwyn.

I.—John, sixth son of Howell ap John Goch, of Llwydarth, mard. Crisby, dau. of Rees ap Jenkin, of Llangeinor, and had Howell and Rees.

II.—Howell ap John, of Bayden, mard. Anabel, base dau. of Jenkin Bevan Madoc; they had Thomas, and four other children.

III.—Thomas Powell, of Bayden, mard. Barbara, dau. of Edward Lewis, of Llanishen.

IV.—Thomas Powell, of Tondu, mard. a dau. of Spencer, and had Thomas.

V.—Thomas Powell, of Tondu, mard. Rachel, dau. of William Turberville, of Heol-lâs, ap David, second son of Edward Turberville, of Sutton; they had four children.

VI.—Thomas Powell, of Tondu, mard. Ann, dau. and co-heir of John Thomas, of Llanbedr-ar-Fynydd, by Ann, dau. of George Gibbon, of Trecastle; they had three children.

VII.—Thomas Powell, of Tondu, Sheriff 1747, died single. Had a natural dau., who mard. William David, of Coychurch, and had issue.

VIII.—a. Edward Powell, of Penywain, in Llanharry and Tondu, Sheriff 1767, died single. Settled Tondu and Llanbedr on John, second son of John Nicholl, of Llanmaes, and Penywain on David Griffiths—his right heirs.

DAVID NICHOLAS.

This eminent bard and literate was the son of one Robert

Nicholas, and Ann Rees, whose marriage is recorded in the Parish Registers as follows :—

" Robert Nicholas, of Llangynwyd, and Ann Rees, of the same place, were married on the 12th day of Febr., 1699."

In the same Register, we find the baptism of their son, David, which took place on the 1st day of July, 1705. It appears that he spent a good portion of his early life in the neighbourhood of his birth, for in a law case in which he was the plaintiff (*Nicholas v. Powell, of Llanharan*), filed November 17th, 1737, he is mentioned as of Llangynwyd. We are also informed by tradition that he conducted a day school for some time at Llangynwyd Village.

The author of the "Cambrian Biography" tells us that he was a native of Ystradysfodwg, which is not correct; he lived but a short time at that place, where he followed his profession of a schoolmaster, and he afterwards resided at Glyncorrwg; for we find in a letter which is still extant, addressed to his friend, the Rev. Edward Ifan, of Aberdare, that he lived at the latter place in the year 1754, and, possibly, still following the same profession. Iolo Morganwg speaks of David Nicholas as his "intimate friend," and the "learned Bard of Aberpergwm." He was a distinguished bard of the "Glamorgan Gorsedd," a disciple of David Hopkin, of Coety, and a contemporary of Rhys Morgan, of Pencraig Nedd; John Bradford, of Bettws; and Lewis Hopkin, of Llantrissant, &c.

However, as regards his native place, he may be better known in Wales as the family bard of the ancient house of Aberpergwm, at which place he ended his days, and was buried, and on his grave there is placed a tombstone, which bears the following concise inscription, which may be regarded as an epitome of his useful life :—

MAEN GORWEDDFA

DAFYDD NICHOLAS, Bardd Teulu Aberpergwm dros go mlynedd,
a'r diweddaf, fe allai, o'r cyfrw yn Nghymru.
Bu yn athraw i'r anghyddoedd,
Yn feddyg i'r claf,
Ac yn bryddyd anianawl tryddawn,
Ganwyd ef yn 1693; bu farw yn 1769.

The inscription on the tomb is misleading, the date given as of his birth making him appear much older than he really was.

His letter on Welsh Poetry is considered masterly, and he was looked upon by those of his contemporaries as a great authority on the Glamorgan Rules of Poetry. His Ballads are among the choicest in the Welsh language, and several

of them have been translated into English.* Perhaps the best known of them are the "Aderyn Pur," and "Fanny Blodau'r Ffair." These, with others, are set to music in that excellent collection of Welsh Airs, published by the late talented Miss Jane Williams, of Aberpergwm.

THE GELLY FAMILY.

Although some of the most distinguished families in Glamorganshire are descended from more than one illustrious stock, who at one time resided, and possessed a considerable portion of Llangynwyd parish, we regret to say that, within the whole of the "Old Parish" at the present moment, with the exception of Mr. G. T. Jenkins, of Gelly, there are none who may be regarded as resident landowners.

The Gelly House is situated in the extreme north of the parish, and presents a good specimen of the old Cymric style of building, comprising the characteristic thick walls, low entrances, massive oak beams, and stone tiles, &c.

The land is mountainous, having an aspect wild and picturesque, and is extremely rich in minerals.

The Gelly Farm, according to the parish map, consists of 872 acres and 3 perches of land. We have no account shewing at what period the ancestors of the present owners first settled in the Parish, nor the circumstances connected with their becoming the owners of that exceedingly mountainous part of it.

Doubtless the transaction took place at a very remote time. We are, however, able to trace the family at the end of the 17th century, in a release from Thomas Jenkins to his daughter, bearing date 1693. There is also a record at the same period of another Thomas Jenkins, who was the son and heir of the estate, and eldest branch of the family, who died in the year 1700.

From the last named, the lineal descendants and heirs of the property were as follows:—

Jenkin Thomas, died 1727.	Thomas Jenkins,	died 1832.
Thomas Jenkins, "	1753.	Jenkin Thomas Jenkins "
Jenkin Thomas, "	1821.	1876.

J. T. Jenkins was the last of the eldest branch of the

* In this place it may be observed that Mrs. Pendril Llewelyn, wife of the present Vicar, has translated some of them, but they have not been published in a collected form. Many of that lady's verses appeared in the *Cambrian* and *Merthyr Guardian* newspapers, and some in the *Archæologia Cambrensis* (Vols. I. and II.). Mrs. Llewelyn translated also a small collection of Williams of Pantycelyn's hymns, and published them in the year 1857. She was born at Cowbridge, 12th March, 1811. Died at the Vicarage, 19th November, 1874.

family, which upon his death became extinct, and the property has now devolved upon the younger branch, after descending from father to eldest son for nearly 200 years, in an unbroken line. The last named gentleman was greatly esteemed in the Parish ; he had a kind and sympathetic nature, and was animated with high principles ; a practical man of business, and honourable in his conduct. He was educated at Cowbridge School, and studied for the legal profession. He did not, however, exercise his legal acquirements beyond advising gratuitously his friends and neighbours. The parishioners in their adversity had no better friend or counsellor than the respected Squire of Gelly. In this capacity he was often waited upon, and he cheerfully gave such advice and directions as would meet the case before him. The immense cortege which followed his remains to Llangynwyd Church testified to the great respect with which he was regarded. He served the Parish in various capacities, and was churchwarden for many years. The present National Schoolroom was built under his supervision.

The gentleman living in Gelly at present, Mr. G. T. Jenkins, is the only surviving son of Gwilym Trehearne Jenkins, who died March 9th, 1859, and nephew of the above J. T. Jenkins.

The Jenkins of Hendre-Owain were originally the Corrwg-Fechan family, the first of whom to own Hendre-Owain being Griffith Jenkins, the son of Richard Jenkins, who died in 1741. His brother, Richard Jenkins, of Corrwg-Fechan, was High Sheriff of Glamorgan in the year 1750. Elias Jenkins, an eminent lawyer, who possessed a considerable portion of the Parish, was the son of the same Griffith Jenkins, of Hendre-Owain ; he was buried at Llangynwyd in the year 1814.

Mr. Hopkin Llewelyn, of Margam, married Elizabeth, daughter of the above Griffith Jenkins, and sister of Elias Jenkins, and is also buried with his family at Llangynwyd. The Jenkins, of Gelly, Corrwg-Fechan, and Blaen-Corrwg, were, originally, three distinct families. The Blaen-Corrwg family emigrated from the Vale, but they are now connected. The Gelly family have been ever distinguished for their unexampled hospitality, and generous and kindly conduct towards the poor and afflicted. Outside the Parish, the family was, perhaps, better known as being the proprietors of a celebrated pack of black hounds, which, during the last 50 years had gained a remarkable notoriety in the County of Glamorgan by their performances and power of endurance in the chase. The hounds were originally owned by Sir Thomas

Mansell, of Margam, who gave them up, to be afterwards followed, for a time, by his agent, Mr. Hopkin Llewellyn, who also gave them up. They were then taken by Thomas Jenkins, of Gelly, in connection with John Hopkin, of Cwrt y Mwnws, and John Crook, of Maesteg Isaf. The last two gentlemen soon withdrew their patronage, and left the pack in the entire possession of Mr. Jenkins, who was master of them until his death in 1832.

But it appears that at no time was the chase supported with such popularity, and followed with such ardour, as when the late lamented Mr. G. T. Jenkins was master of these hounds. He was a thorough type of the country gentleman of the "old school," hunting being one of his favourite pastimes; and many are the exciting runs of the famous *Cŵn Duon*, and feats of horsemanship related of the hunts of those days. Songs and ballads were composed and sung, recording some of the most noted of them, such as "*Helfa'r Carw*" (The Stag hunt), "*Craig y Tewgoed*," "*Y Gareg Lwyd*," and "*Craig y Bwlfa*," &c., &c.

Space will not permit us to place more than one of those songs before our readers, the author being no less distinguished a bard than the late Rev. John Blackwell, M.A. (*Alun*), Vicar of Manorafon, in Pembrokeshire.

CERDD IIELA CRAIG Y BWLLFA.

MAZ awelon dydd yn deffro,
Gwelwch ruddiau'r boreu'n gwrido;
A glywch chwi sain corn hela'r Gelli
Yn rhoi tafod i'r Clogwyni;
Twrf helyddion—cŵn yn udo,
Pob peth megyg yn cydfloeddio,
‘ Heddyw ydyw'r dydd i ddala
Cadno cyfrwys Craig y Bwlfa.’

Dacw'r fywiog dyrfa'n cych wya,
Ac yn mlaenaf yn y fyddin
Gwelir ar ei helfarch gwiagi
Foneddigaiad wr y Gelli;
A'i gâr ymfrost Blaen-y-Corrwg,
Môl ac enaid hil Morganwg:
O gwm i snyddid, dacw'r dyrfa
'Nawr ya ymyl Craig y Bwlfa.

Oergri'r cŵn sydd acw'n dangos
Fod llochesau'r cadno'n agos,
Clywch y floedd a'y crygo'r creigian,
Iacw'r cadno'n llamu'r rhiewiau,
I Gwm-Aman, i Gwm-gwynygal,
A chŵn y Gelli yn ei ymyl:
Rhy ddiweddar edifara
Gadael cîfach Craig y Bwlfa.

Gwelwch, ni wna nant na chlogwyn
Beri i Nimrod wyro mymryn;
Leader, Guide, Topper, German,
Fel yn hedeg drwy Gwm-Aman:
Ringwood, Famous, Countess, Collier,
Blucher, Stately,—am gyflymder
Haeddert sylw yn ngherdd hela
Cadno cyfrwys Craig y Bwlfa.

Gan mor gyflym y mae'r cwmni
'N gado ar ol y coed a'r llethri,
Y mae'r llethri fel yn neidio
A'r coedwigodd fel yn dawsio.
Gwelwch fel mae'r holl helyddion
Yn neidio'r cae—yn rhedio'r afon;
Hwy na bir y cofir hela
Cadno cyfrwys Craig y Bwlfa.

Troes yn awr, am nawdd a chysgod,
I'r Garreg-lwyd, hen fflau llwynogod;
Ond gwylwyr effro a chŵn yr Ystrad
Yma doren ar ei fwriad,
At Graig-y-llyn cyfeiria'n brysur,
Ond prysurach ei erlidwyr;
Rhy ddiweddar edifara
Gadael cîfach Craig y Bwlfa.

Clywch y floedd sy'n rhwyo'r en-
trych,

Mae'n carlrama'n Nghwm-greflych;
At Bont-walbi bwylia'r cidwm.

A thrwy'r coed wrth Aberpergwm;

Mae'n Nghwm-Nedd, oed ofer iddo

Ddysgwyl hamdden i orphwyo;

Rhy ddiweddar erifara

Gadael cifach Craig y Bwlifa.

Helwyr, meirch, a chwbs yn ymlid,

A'i troes yn ol, er cadw'i fywyd,

At Graig-y-llyn A'r Gorngoch etc.

I'r Garreg-lwyd am le'i ymguddio;

Methai gyrrhaedd ffau ddiyogel;

Dyna'r fonlief ar yr aewl,

'Daliwyd, daliwyd, daliwyd yma,

Gadno cyfrwys Craig y Bwlifa."

Nid hyn yw'r cyfan—dacw'r cwmwl

Wrth groesawgar fwrd y Gelli,

A gwydraid llawn, a chalon lawen

Yu yfed 'hedd a llwydd y nem-

bren';

Yfed 'teulu Blaen-y-corrwg,

A helwriaeth gwlad Forganwg,

A phob gwroa a fu'n hela

Cadno cyfrwys Craig y Bwlifa.

INSTANCES OF UNUSUAL LONGEVITY.

It was not until the year 1813 that the ages were given in the Registers of the Parish, when the present form was issued according to an Act of Parliament. Those appearing in this list, who were buried previous to the above date, are copied from the tombstones in the old Churchyard:—

1774 Jane Jenkins	aged 110	1856 Elizabeth Griffiths	aged 95
1775 Elizabeth David	aged 91	1857 Marv Griffiths	aged 94
1777 Evan Lewis	aged 89	1854 Wm. Evans (Penian)	aged 89
1800 Gwenllian Lewis	aged 94	1860 Mary David	aged 93
1807 Ann Treharn	aged 91	1862 Morgan Daniel (Gilsach).	
1813 Madoc Efan	aged 93	(isba)	aged 88
1814 Maud Samuel	aged 95	1862 John Hopkin (Cwrt-y-	
1817 Jennet David	aged 91	mwnws)	aged 92
1822 Jenkin Thomas (Gelly) ..	91	1862 Morgan Sion (Troedyrhili)	94
1827 Mary Thomas	aged 89	1863 Joan Thomas	aged 93
1831 Charles Fisher	aged 91	1875 John Evans (Brynmawr)	95
1832 Llewelyn David (Llwyni)	88	1878 Elizabeth Llewelyn	aged 89
1832 William Thomas (Nant-		1878 Thomas Rees (Traveller's	
yffylon)	aged 89	Rest)	aged 94
1839 Lyson Lewis	aged 89	1879 Jane Rees	aged 88
1845 Ioan Evans	aged 89	1881 George Edwards	aged 94
1845 Mary Hopkin	aged 89	1882 Mary David (Tonybaili)	89
1847 David John	aged 90	1882 Mary Rees	aged 92
1847 Catherine Treharn David		1882 Mary McMara	aged 92
(Ty'nywain)	aged 90	1883 Jenkin Jones (Caergymrig)	92
1849 Sarah Bowen	aged 91	1814 Ann Jenkins (Sychbant)	91
1851 Prudence Morgan	aged 92	1885 Thomas Davies	aged 88
1853 Mary Dunn	aged 91	1885 David Maddock (Varteg)	91
1855 Mary Smith	aged 88	1886 David Davies (Glan yr	
1856 Ann Thomas	aged 90	Afon)	aged 93
1856 Mary Watkins } buried	{ aged 100.		
1856 William Bevan } same day	{ "	87.	

In the above list, only those who had reached the age of 88 and upwards are mentioned; and had we thought it of sufficient interest, as many more could be added by a com-

plete scrutiny of the whole of the Registers. We are informed by an old lady of 87 summers now living in Llan. Village, that she remembers being in the funeral of an old dame, known as *Bess o'r Capel*, who was buried at Llangynwyd, at the ripe age of 109. Presumably she was born at the end of the 17th, lived through the whole of the 18th, and died in the 6th year of the present century, but this we cannot certify from the Registers of the Parish.

THE END.



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